The Saturday Evening
POST
May 30, 1959 - 15¢

CADET PETER DAWKINS
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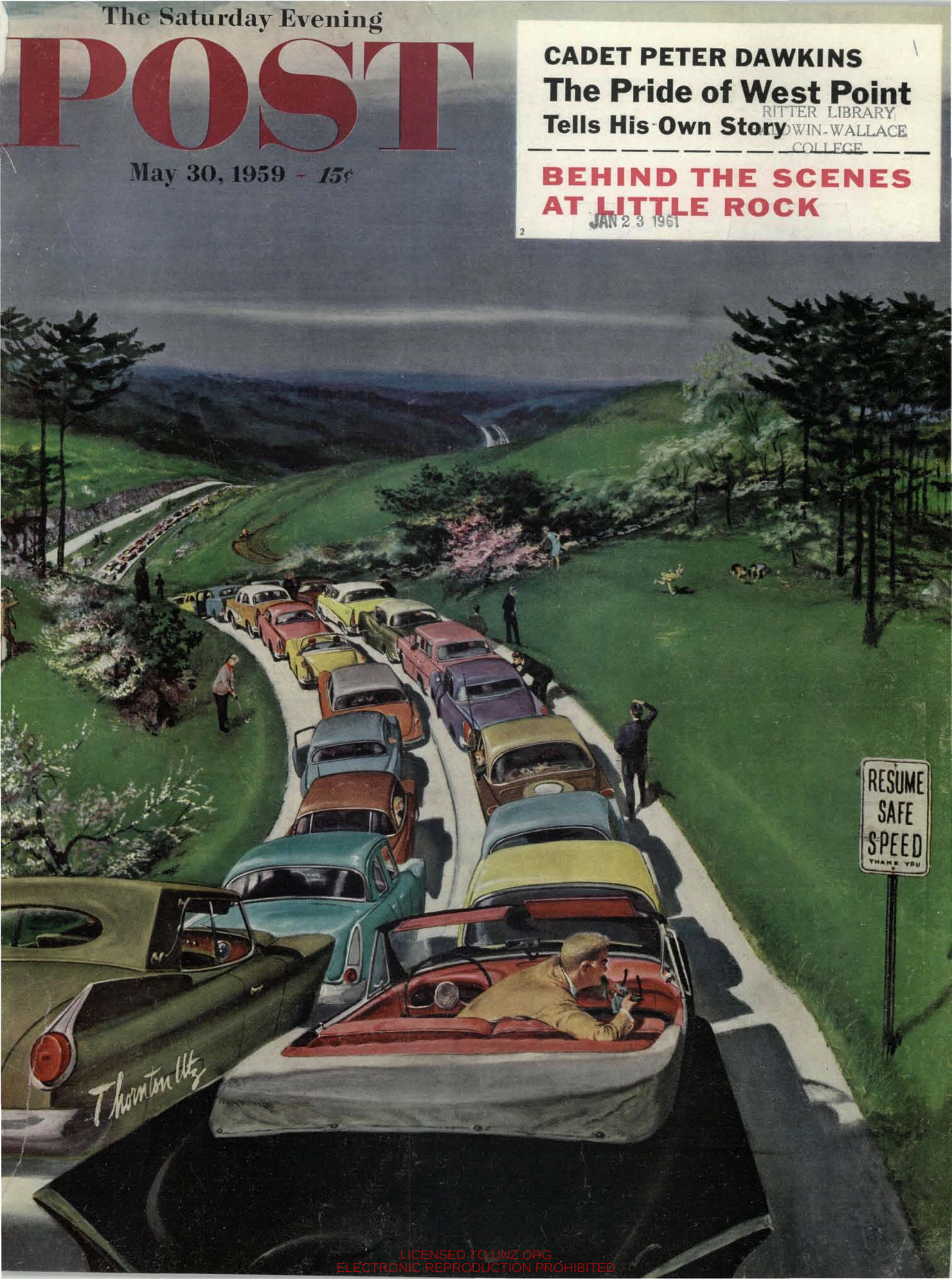

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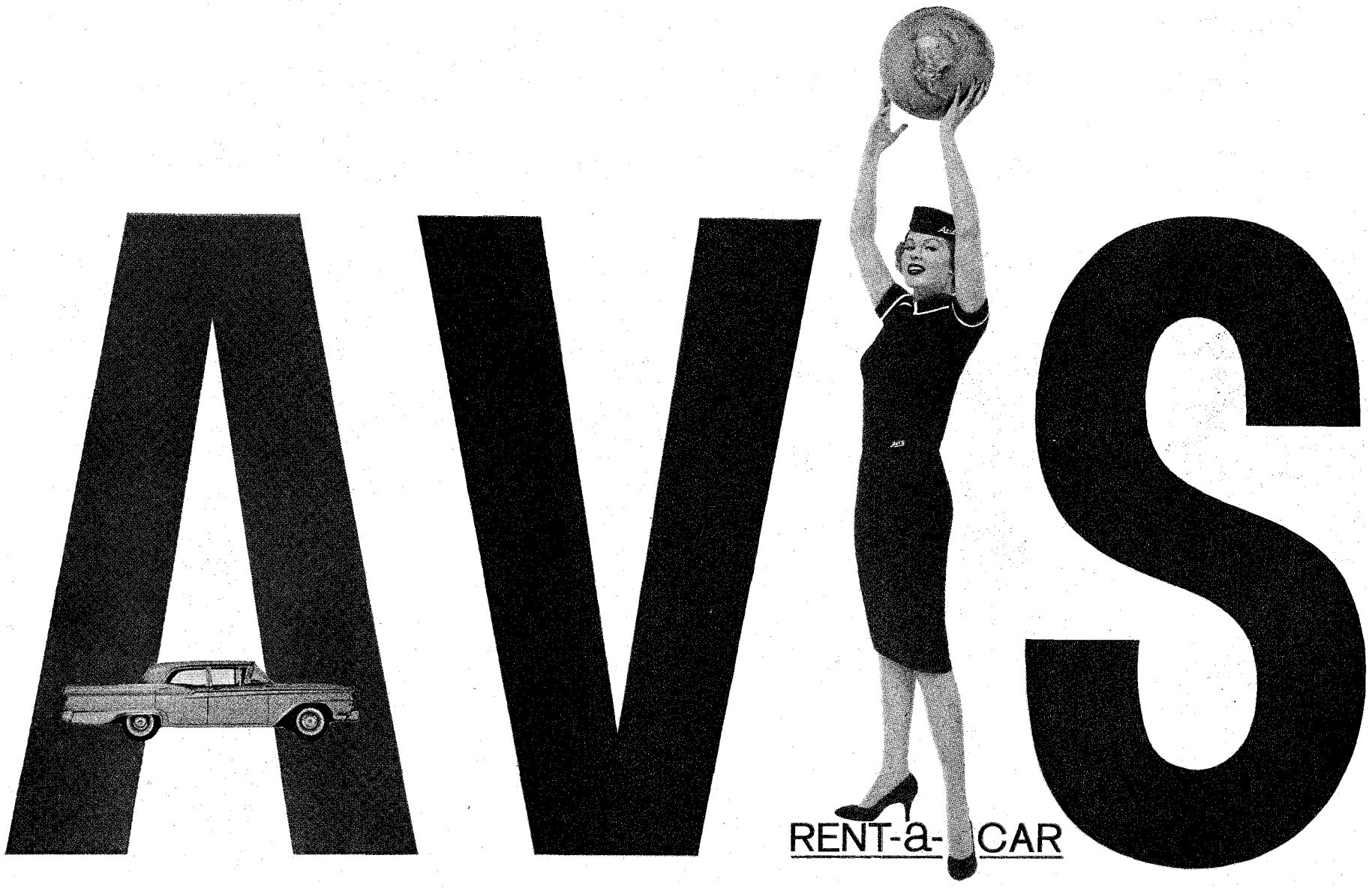

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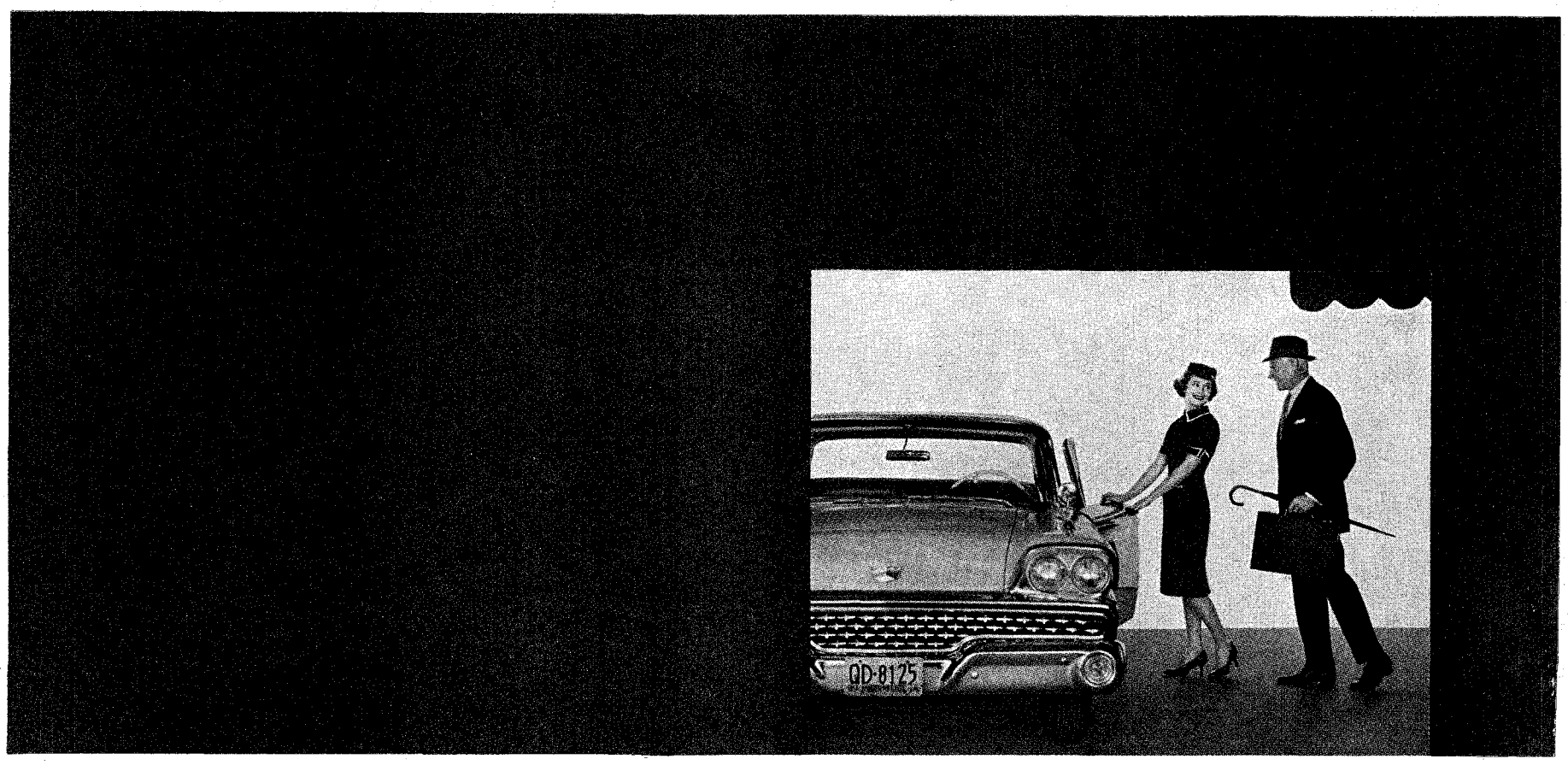

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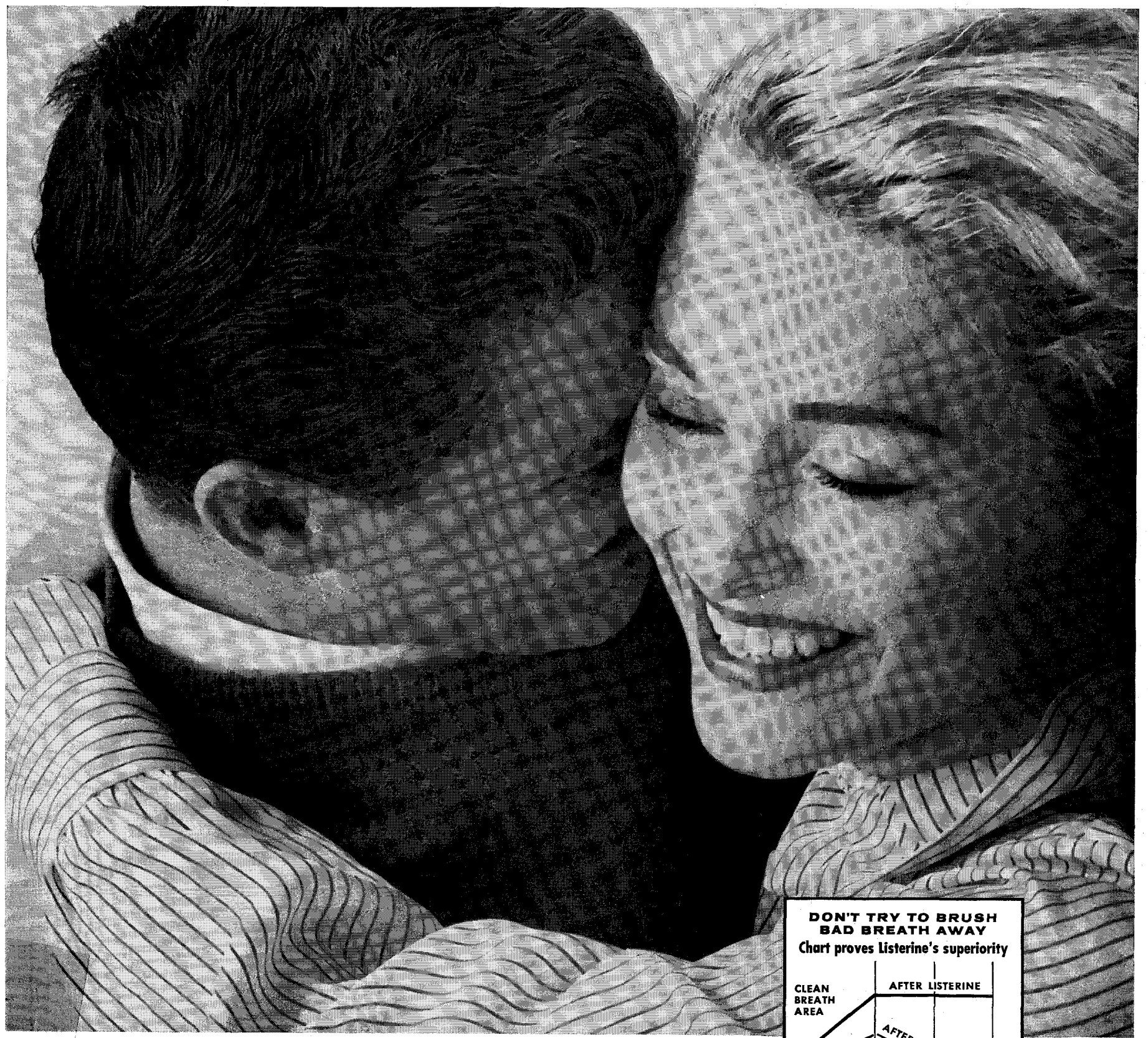

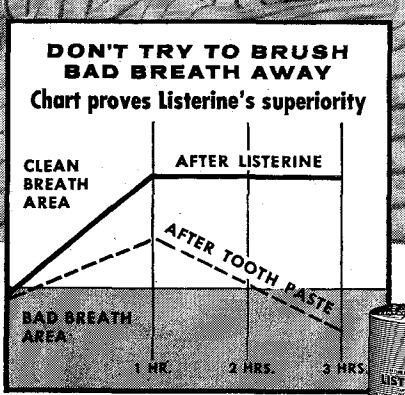

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Reach for Listerine

. . . .Your No. 1 protection against bad breath

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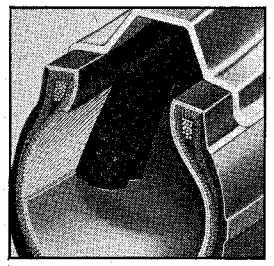

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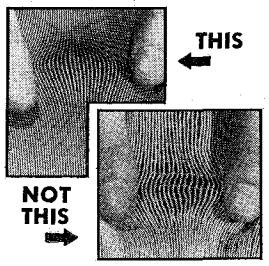

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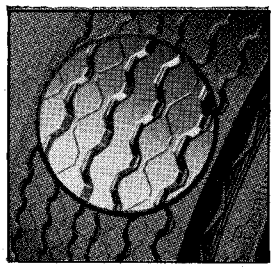

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IN THIS ISSUE

May 30, 1959 *Vol. 231, No. 48*

4 Short Stories

Strangers in Town . . . . . *Shirley Jackson* 18
Last Time for the Marshal . . . . . *J. R. Moon, Jr.* 24
Fifteen Years After . . . . . *Zachary Ball* 28
Slightly Indiscreet . . . . . *Joseph Carroll* 31

7 Articles

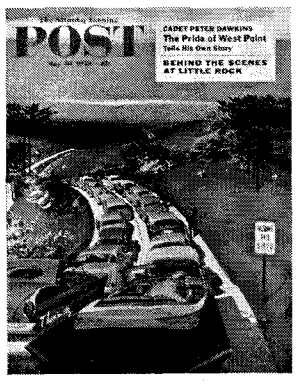
My Life at West Point . . . *Peter Dawkins, as told to Harold H. Martin* 15
You Can Get Away From it All . . . . . *Paul Schubert* 20
Adventures of the Mind, 28: Your Brain and Your Behavior *Dr. R. W. Gerard* 22
Lady Umpire of the Social Game . . . . . *Robert and Patricia Cahn* 25
The Untold Story of Little Rock, Part II: "Where Does the Governor Stand?" . . . *Virgil T. Blossom* 26
Mayor Under the Soviet Gun . . . . . *James P. O'Donnell* 30
The Face of America: Music in the Park . . . *Photograph by Bob Smallman* 32

2 Serials

Timberbeast (Conclusion) . . . . . *Verne Athanas* 34
The Case of the Mythical Monkeys (Fifth of eight parts) *Erle Stanley Gardner* 39

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 36
Verse 46, 67, 73, 79
Hazel 86
Keeping Posted 88



THE COVER

It is so refreshing to get away from it all, to glide out through the far-horizoned open spaces on the super fastways. If there is a slight hitch in the gliding, how soul-calming it is to savor at leisure the beauty of the land. Now the man with a camera—especially a motion-picture camera—can trace out the long course of the ribboning highway where countless other travelers bask in the same motionless peace. Now the man with a putter can putter to his heart's desire. And all along the relaxed miles strangers can strike up happy friendships, as people do on shipboard. Artist Thornton Utz agrees that the man immobilized beside the resume-speed sign is un-co-operative and is muttering, "X!*#X!!" If the approaching storm lets go before he puts his top up, he can say that again.

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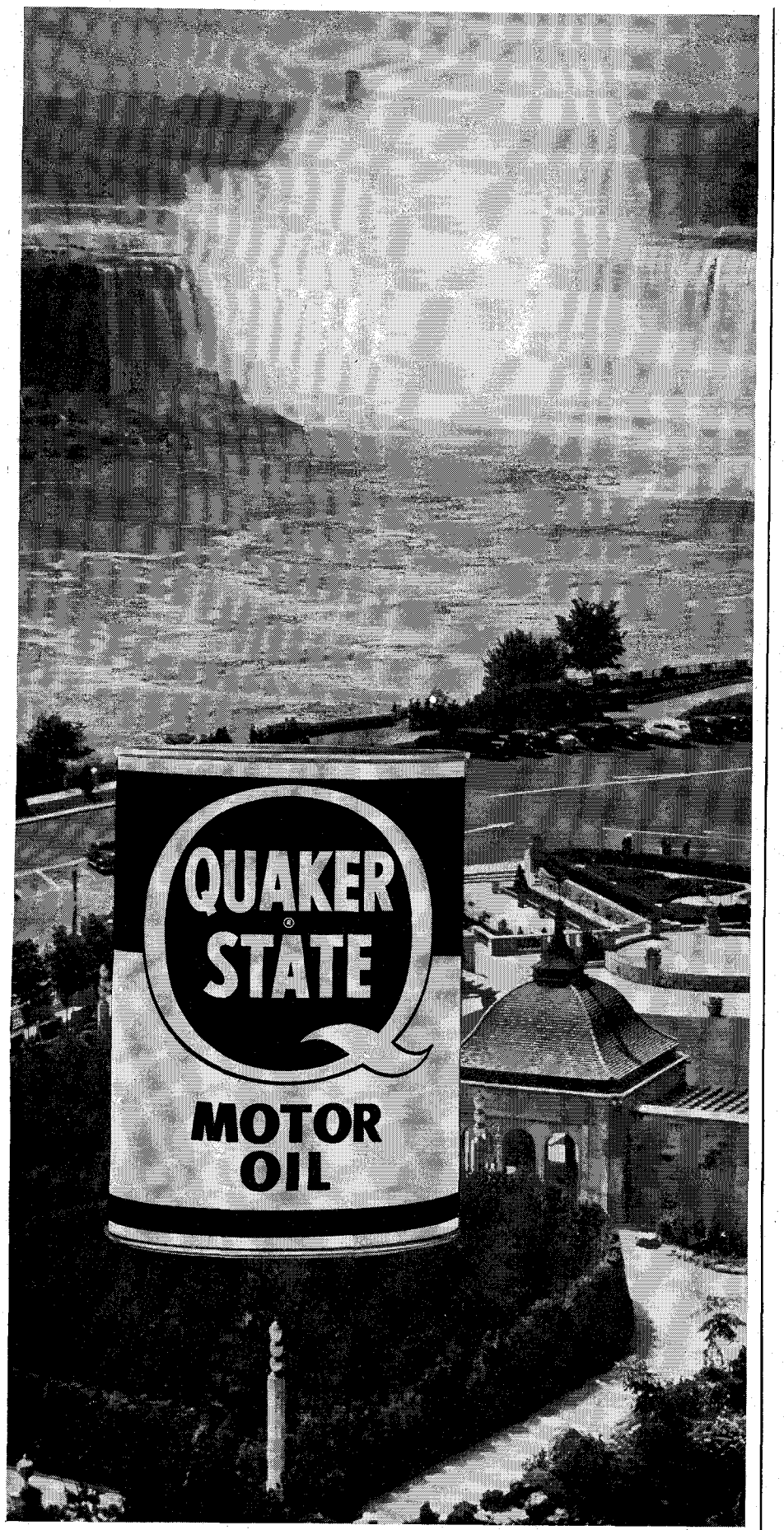

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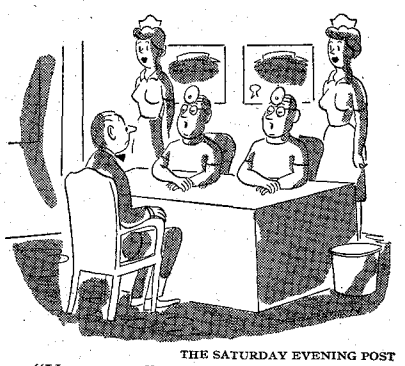
Letters

Double Trouble

Dear Sirs:

Please inform cartoonist Walter Goldstein that what he illustrated [below] on page 56 of your Apr. 25 issue is not double vision at all. In diplopia (the medical term for this malady) a person sees with



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

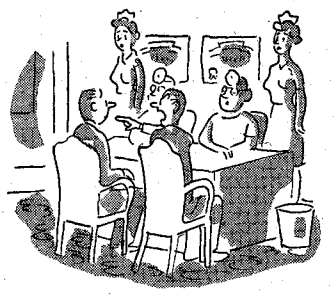
"You are suffering, Mr. Hayworth, from what we call double vision."

one eye *exactly* what he sees with the other eye, but these two pictures do not fuse into one. . . . The nurse should be situated on the doctor's left (or right) on *both* sides of the cartoon. Got the picture?

From a diplopic (and faithful) reader—

ORRIN M. ROSE II
Greencastle, Ind.

● *Funnyman Goldstein offers the cartoon below as proof that he has "a*



split personality with an alter ego who is totally responsible for this bobble."
—ED.

Abe Lincoln and the "Stinkweed"

Dear Sirs:

Warmest praise and thanks for the superb painting of "Mr. Lincoln" [by Carroll Jones] and the equally fine story it illustrated [DOOMSDAY AND MR. LINCOLN, by Paul Horgan, Apr. 18]. The loving, careful research behind them both speaks clearly.

W. A. MCDERMID
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Imagine my consternation at finding . . . a lieutenant named Amos Chittenden supposed to belong in 1865 to the Irish Ninth, which had been mustered out in 1864. Indeed, the Ninth Massachusetts was entirely composed of Irishmen, a fairly rambunctious crew who had resigned in a body from the Massachusetts militia when the newly-elected Know-Nothing governor threatened to disband militia companies made up of foreign-born. The old Irish Ninth never would have accepted a Yankee lieutenant, and no Yankee would have wished to belong to such an outfit, anyway. (For the benefit of the many careless users of the term, let me add that in Massachusetts, we are mightily particular who we call a Yankee.)

JAMES A. MULLEN
Milton, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

How long will that perennial stinkweed, the shabby and fraudulent fiction of the woman who made the "supreme sacrifice" by giving seven sons (or was it six?) to the Union, go on to plague those who do not join in the clamorous mania for old Abe Lincoln?

The disgusting hypocrisy bobs up continually in varied garbs and it is all based upon the recruitment propaganda letter of Abe's in which he commiserated with the noble Yankee woman who turned out to have had that many sons; but they were all, instead of heroic dead, disreputable malingerers, deserters, bounty jumpers, thieves and what-not.

MILES HAMMOND
Williston, Fla.

● *The "Mrs. Grimes" in Horgan's story suggests Lydia Bixby, a Boston widow. Two of Mrs. Bixby's sons were killed, two deserted and one was honorably discharged. But Lincoln was misinformed and he wrote—or someone wrote for him—a letter expressing grief that all five sons had "died gloriously on the field of battle."*
—ED.

Stoopball and P. S. 87

Dear Sirs:

I would like to . . . congratulate the Post and Ralph Schoenstein on the wonderful article, THE BLOCK I LIVED ON [Apr. 25].

As a past member of the 49th Street block across the river in Brooklyn, I felt like I was looking in a mirror when I read the article. For many years now, I have had to explain to out-of-staters what I meant by stoopball, stickball, punchball, etc. They always thought I was crazy. At least they now know I'm not alone.

DAVID J. ROGOFF
Albuquerque, N.M.

Dear Sirs:

He left out "skully," a game involving bottle tops filled with wax, which was almost as prevalent during the period he describes as "Chinese," a wall game with spaldeens.

JERRY ADLER
Baltimore, Md.

● *"Bottle tops were collected by girls, small children and garbage men," Schoenstein recalls. However, he did play Chinese handball—"which had as little relation to the Chinese as it had to handball. In fact, a Chinese boy visited the block one day and he was the worst 'Chinese' player we ever saw."*
—ED.

Dear Sirs:

What a wonderful treat for an old tomboy like me to pick up the Post and read shades of my past. Well, just about. I was actually a 77th Streeter. . . .

I remember Ralph Schoenstein vividly. My mother prided herself on knowing everyone in the neighborhood including Izzie the delivery man at La Rochelle Pharmacy. (He kept his trousers up with a rope.) My mother once said hello to Ralph's father on the street.

I was in 4A with Ralph. Mrs. Pollitzer was the teacher. . . . That was the winter the war began; we all had to have our names and addresses sewn into the linings of our coats, and we had to sit on those coats all day long in case of air

(Continued on Page 6)

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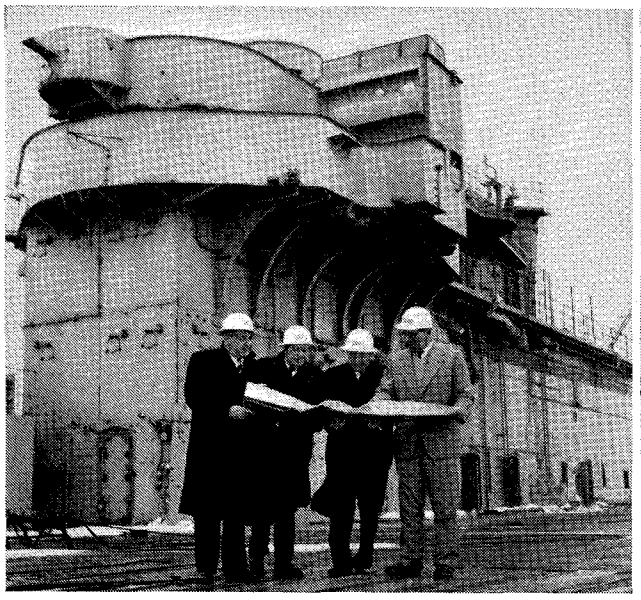
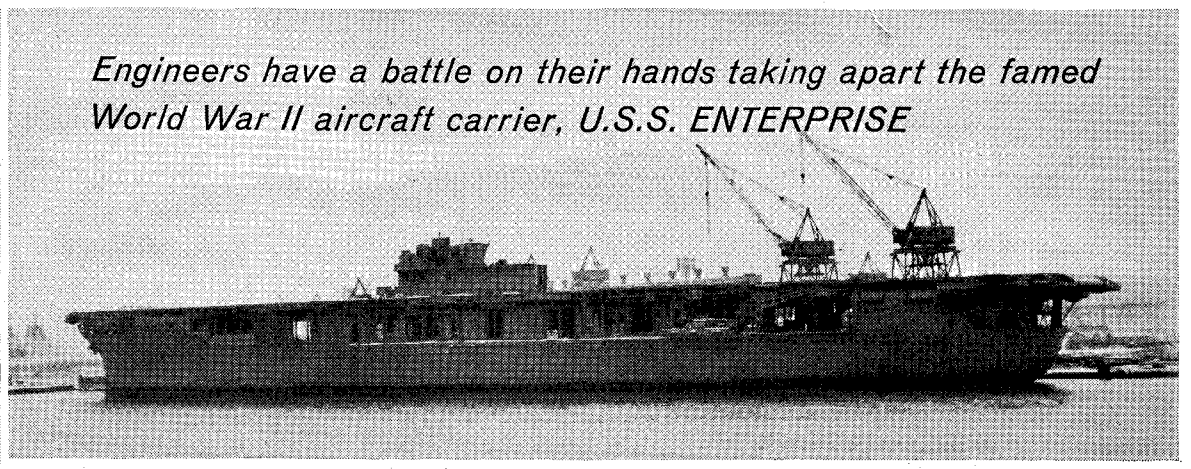


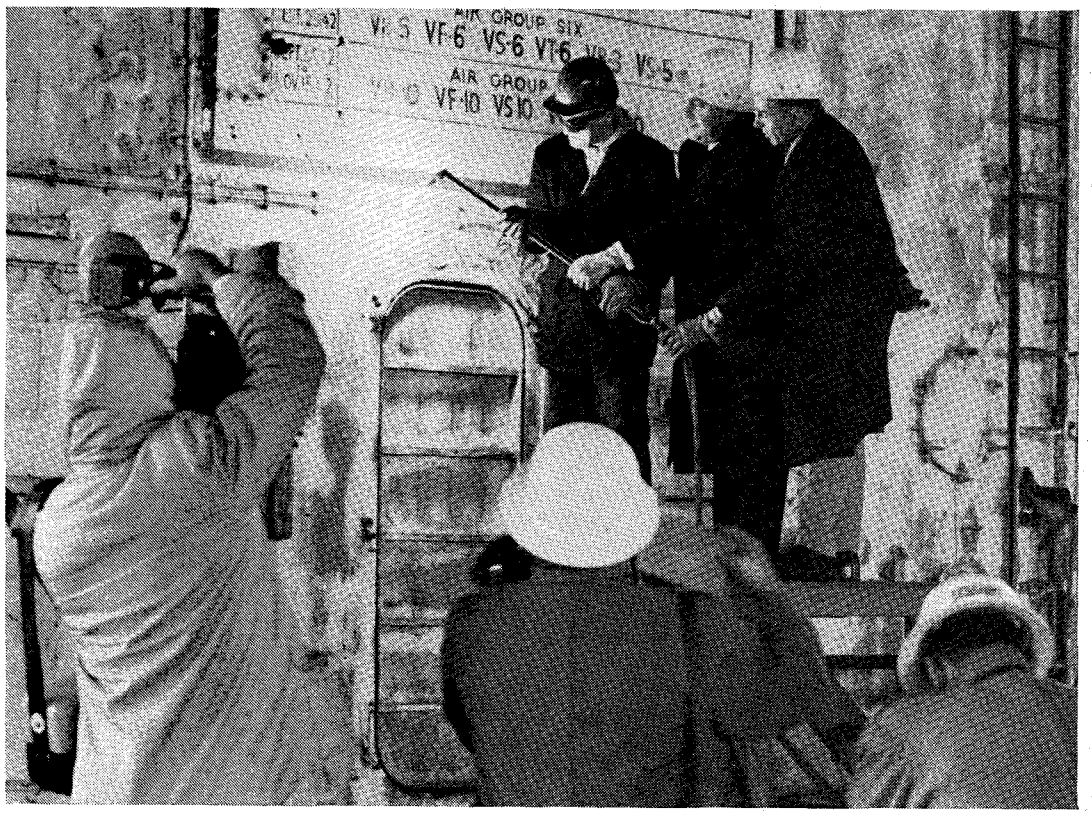
On the flight deck of the Big E, the construction blueprints are studied as a guide to taking the ship apart. Left to right: Morris Lipsett, President of Lipsett, Inc.; Robert Smith, Employers Mutuals safety engineer assigned to this job; Julius Lipsett, Lipsett, Inc. Vice President; and W. Henry Hoffman, naval engineer in charge.

Engineers have a battle on their hands taking apart the famed World War II aircraft carrier, U.S.S. ENTERPRISE



Wausau Story

at the **Naval Industrial Reserve Shipyard**
Kearny, New Jersey



News photographers cover the story the day dismantling begins. A workman uses an acetylene torch to cut apart steel plates on the hangar deck. Watching are Morris Lipsett and Harrison Welton, president of the association of enlisted men who served aboard the Enterprise.

The U.S.S. Enterprise was known as "the fightin'est carrier in the fleet." For good reasons. In her nine years of active service, this 20,000-ton floating airfield took part in 20 of the 22 major naval engagements in the Pacific during World War II.

Even now, as the New York salvage firm of Lipsett, Inc. is dismantling the Enterprise, the engineers in charge of the work have great respect for the ship's fighting qualities. But this time it's a battle for buoyancy, balance and safe working conditions.

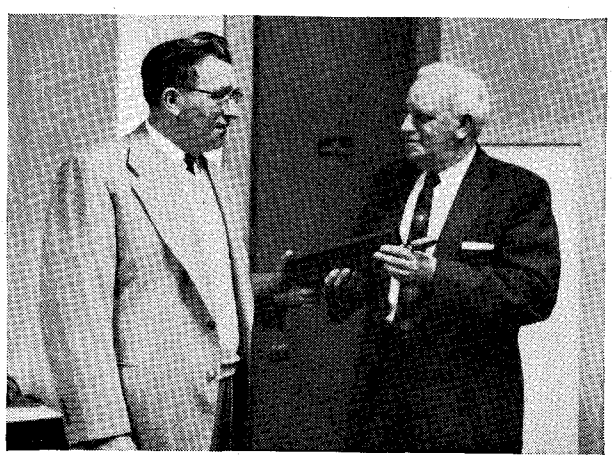
All during the dismantling, the ship will be kept afloat. The center will ride high so the hulk is like a giant see-saw. Sections will be removed first from one end, then the other, working toward the center. Maintaining this floating balance is a big challenge. W. Henry Hoffman, Lipsett engineer in charge of the work, spends hour after hour studying blueprints and carefully plotting every step.

The same precise planning and careful study go into making this job a safe one for the dismantling crews. That's why this is a Wausau story, too. Employers Mutuals of Wausau is the insurance carrier for the work—liability and workmen's compensation. And, as is the Wausau Way on every job, the close working partnership of Employers Mutuals and its policyholders begins long before a workman steps on the job. Safe working conditions are planned right from the blueprints. Employers Mutuals helped in the selection of protective devices and equipment including a unique strain machine and explosion meters. Every man on the crew is given a physical examination before going on the job. A first aid room was set up at the shipyard.

Morris Lipsett, President of Lipsett, Inc., says: "We've been policyholders of Employers Mutuals for many years. This association adds competent men to our team, gives us the advantages of thorough and experienced safety engineering, and saves money on our insurance costs. Employers Mutuals of Wausau are good people to do business with."

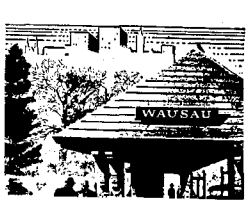
★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Employers Mutuals of Wausau has offices all across the country. We write all forms of fire, group and casualty insurance (including automobile). In the field of workmen's compensation we are one of the largest. We are proud of our reputation for fast claim service and our leadership in preventing accidents. Consult your telephone directory for your representative or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.



A "Strain Machine," an electronic measuring device that helps keep the ship in balance while it's being taken apart, is discussed by naval engineer W. Henry Hoffman (left) and safety engineer Robert Smith. Employers Mutuals of Wausau has worked with Lipsett, Inc. for many years . . . on a variety of projects, including construction as well as planned destruction.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau



"Good people to do business with"

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Defense Weapon

The telephone is a defense weapon—and an important one.

A manufacturer of rockets, for example, needs data or delivery on a specific part. He picks up his telephone, makes several Long Distance calls, and his problem is solved.

An unidentified aircraft is detected in flight by a radar installation. The information is relayed automatically and instantly over telephone cables to a defense center.

It is then flashed over the network of special Bell System telephone lines which link the country's entire system of continental defense.

The role of the Bell System does not stop there or with the thousands upon thousands of calls that are a part of the manufacture of countless items of defense.

Its Bell Telephone Laboratories are engaged in many important research and development projects for the government. These include the Nike Zeus anti-missile missile system and the guidance system for the Titan intercontinental ballistic missile.

Western Electric, the Bell System's manufacturing and supply unit, is producing the guidance and control equipment which is the heart and brains of the mighty Nike Ajax and Nike-Hercules missile systems.

The Sandia Corporation, a subsidiary of Western Electric, continues to manage the Atomic Energy Commission's Sandia Laboratory, which develops, designs and tests atomic weapons.

Among many other Western Electric defense projects were the 3000-mile Distant Early Warning (DEW) Line in the Arctic and the "White Alice" communication system linking population centers and military installations in Alaska. Both were completed on schedule and turned over to the Air Force.

Another project for the Air Force was the design, production and supervision of installation of a communications system for a guided missile test range extending out to sea.

The backbone of this system is the special underseas cable that stretches 1370 nautical miles from Cape Canaveral in Florida to Puerto Rico. It provides an instant, secret, weatherproof means of transmitting data on missiles in flight.

Radar installations along the way spot the missile's flight position which is flashed continuously to the testing base by cable. So are signals from the missile itself.

Recently the U.S. Air Force asked us to add the communications phases of a ballistic missile early warning system to the other military projects handled by the Bell System.

The Bell System is primarily engaged in providing telephone service. But it gives top priority and its utmost effort to the needs of Government whenever it is called upon for work for which it is specially fitted by size and experience.

Particularly when it comes to protecting the country, it's good to use the best scientific knowledge available in the communications field.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

raids. I had a crush on Ralph, Paul Botts and Robert Ginsburg because they all were smart, and on Richard Lewis (from 79th Street) because he had a crush on me.

MARJORIE J. FATT
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Ralph Schoenstein and I were contemporaries at P.S. 87. . . .

I can still feel Mr. Feeney's "stingers." Many thanks for renewing those memories. [But] you did neglect poor Mr. Wallenstein, the shop teacher . . . who endeavored to make cabinet makers of us all. We always were sure that . . . a secret bombsight aided his aim immensely when he let fly an eraser or two.

DON A. HERZOG
Paterson, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

I lived on West 78th St. during the same years that Ralph Schoenstein and his "Block" were growing up. . . .

The story of his "bourgeois exploits" was a "drag." I hope you made him pay you for running it.

R. WATSON
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

The most heart-warming story I have ever read.

ERIK ANDERSEN
Revelstoke, British Columbia

"Unforgivable"

Dear Sirs:

I read with interest your article by Graham Fisher [MAKING A MAN OUT OF CHARLIE, Apr. 18]. . . . One mistake, gentlemen, I found unforgivable: The name is Charles, not "Charlie."

EDWARD LEIGHTON
London, England

Con Game Crackdown

Dear Sirs:

Readers of the article, BEWARE THE ADVANCE-FEE RACKET [by John Kobler] which appeared in the Dec. 20, 1958, Post, will be interested to know that the 1959 session of the New York State Legislature, acting on my recommendation, has passed a measure aimed at regulating and controlling the publications used to promote this racket. . . .

As your very interesting article pointed out, this confidence game has cheated thousands . . . through the glib promises of slick salesmen who get an advance fee on the promise they will sell the victim's business or property.

The bill which I recommended to the legislature with the full endorsement of real-estate boards and associations was unanimously passed. It will require any publisher of lists of properties and businesses for sale to file a full statement with the New York Department of State setting forth in detail the fees charged, forms of contracts and complete information relating to the names, addresses and criminal records, if any, of all persons connected with the publication.

I take this opportunity to express my appreciation to the Post for the informative article which I used as a guide in preparing the legislation.

LOUIS J. LEFKOWITZ,
Attorney General, State of New York
New York, N.Y.

In Hot Water

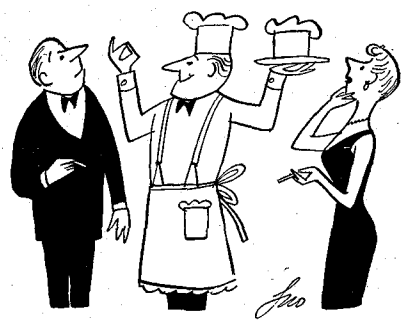
Dear Sirs:

In regard to George Bradshaw's soufflé article [THE SECRETS OF THE SOUFFLÉ, Apr. 25]—What does a mere man know of soufflés? He does not even mention that they *must* be baked with the dish standing in a pan of hot water. Then, they never fall and can be kept as long as an hour.

GYDA G. PLETTE
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Please ask him one question: What does he do with his guests while he is out in the kitchen . . . whipping up a chocolate soufflé? It is not time for the coffee and brandy. Does he leave them to cigarettes and conversation, let them peek over his shoulder, or what?



ELIZABETH A. RUTLEDGE,
Lt. Col., WAC
Chicago, Ill.

● *No problem. He assembles most of the ingredients in advance, excuses himself before the salad course to add the finishing touches and put the dish in the oven.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

How can you waste a lot of space telling about how to make soufflés?. . . What are they? Nothing more than a bunch of air and something to brag about. . . .

Yours for an article on oxtail ragout with a seidel of beer.

LEO BLUMBERG
New York, N.Y.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

15–George Burns. • 16–Wide World; U. S. Army. • 17–George Burns; United Press International; Jim Burns; George Burns. • 18, 19–Mike Ludlow. • 20–Ardean Miller from APA. • 21–Two by David Muench; Roy Pinney from Photo Library; William Belknap, Jr. from Rapho Guillumette. • 23–Arnold Newman. • 24–Stan Galli. 25–Ollie Atkins. • 26–United Press International. • 27–Three from Wide World; United Press International; Wide World; Larry Obsitnik. • 28, 29–Walter Skor. • 30–Two from Wide World; Claude Jacoby. • 31–Robert Meyers. • 32, 33–Bob Smallman. 34,35–Bernard D'Andrea. • 39–James R. Bingham. • 85–Bill Shrout. • 88–Three anonymous.

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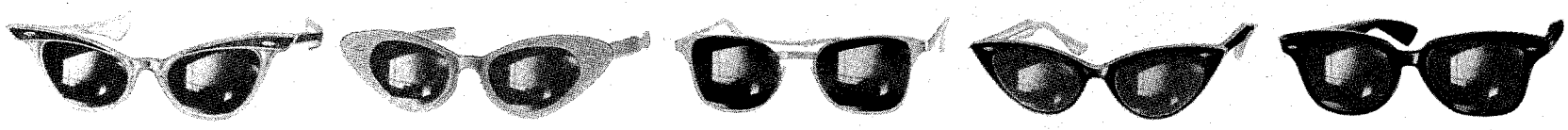

Choice of 19 frame styles, 46 colors, for men and women — lens types for every outdoor activity — $5.95 to $24.95

Ray-Ban Sun Glasses worn in the Antarctic. Photograph courtesy of the United States Navy.

Proved in the Antarctic — smartly styled for you

The U.S. Navy picked Ray-Ban Sun Glasses as standard equipment for the recent "Deep Freeze" expeditions to the Antarctic. The reason? Unequalled eye protection from the sun's blinding glare.

Ray-Ban Sun Glasses give *your* eyes the same fine glare protection, plus the season's most fashionable frame styles and colors. You may select either neutral gray G-15, gradient density, or Ray-Ban Green lenses.

For driving, fishing, or whatever you do outdoors, ask for Ray-Ban... the most distinguished name in sun glasses. Made only by Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., Rochester, New York. See them in optical offices, and fine stores everywhere.

BAUSCH & LOMB

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SUN GLASSES

Drive safely in the sun. *Stop road glare with Ray-Ban Sun Glasses.*

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When you join America's glorious midsummer migration, you'll find one certain pleasure at the end of the trail, Seagram's 7 Crown. For across the vast panorama of the American playground, this one whiskey more than any other is part of the picture and part of the pattern of millions exploring with rich enjoyment the best things a nation can offer.

BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

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wherever Americans choose to relax, sure pleasure awaits

1 DESOTO STATE PARK, ALA. Lookout Mountain, Little River Canyon

2 OAK CREEK CANYON, ARIZ. Scenic view from Rt. US 89A. Ranches

3 LAKE TAHOE, CALIF. Famous lake surrounded by forests. Boating, fishing

4 MYSTIC SEAPORT, CONN. Reconstructed waterfront town; shops, old ships

5 SARASOTA, FLA. Circus Hall of Fame. Yachting, bathing, fishing

6 SEA ISLAND, GA. Famous resort area. Fishing, swimming and golf

7 SUN VALLEY, IDAHO. Summer ice skating and other outdoor sports

8 STARVED ROCK STATE PARK, ILL. Excursion boat on Illinois River. Hiking

9 FRENCH LICK, IND. Famous Springs, golf, swimming, skeet shooting

10 SPIRIT LAKE, IOWA. Boating, fishing, complete recreation area

11 AVERY ISLAND, LA. Jungle, Chinese gardens. Picturesque bird sanctuary

12 BAR HARBOR, MAINE. Famous resort. Mountain and water sports

13 MARBLEHEAD, MASS. Long-established yachting center and resort area

14 ITASCA STATE PARK, MINN. Natural History Museum, Mississippi River

15 VIRGINIA CITY, MONT. Restored gold-mining camp, old-style playhouse

16 LAKE MEAD, NEV. Hoover Dam. Swimming and recreation area

17 ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. Also Asbury Park. Beaches, amusements, boardwalk

18 THOUSAND ISLANDS, N. Y. Alexandria Bay, water sports, camping, fishing

19 GREAT SMOKY NAT'L PARK, N. C. Scenic Mountain recreation area

20 THEODORE ROOSEVELT NAT'L PARK, N. D. Badlands area. Camping sites

21 PUT-IN-BAY, OHIO. Resort and historical site. Fishing, boating, swimming

22 CRATER LAKE, ORE. Volcanic Mountain. Beautiful lake, lodge

23 POCONOS, PA. Wooded hills, trout streams, resort area

24 BLACK HILLS, S. D. Famous Mount Rushmore Monument

25 GATLINBURG, TENN. Western Gateway to Great Smoky Mountains

26 SAN JACINTO BATTLEGROUND PARK, TEXAS. Historical Museum

27 DINOSAUR NAT'L MONUMENT, UTAH. Greatest collection of fossils

28 GREEN MOUNTAINS, VT. Historic battle site, War of 1812. Lodges

29 WILLIAMSBURG, VA. Famous restoration of an early American town

30 GRAND COULEE DAM, WASH. Largest concrete dam in the world

31 GREENBRIAR STATE FOREST, W. VA. Beautiful drive. Resort area

32 JACKSON HOLE, WYOMING. Dramatic, scenic national park

SAY Seagram's AND BE Sure

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Editorials

One Place Where Secrecy is Vital

By STEWART ALSOP

Not long ago an American technician and his Russian opposite number were having an informal chat in Geneva, during the abortive negotiations on the prevention of surprise attack. The American remarked that it would not be pleasant when both sides had missiles poised and ready to destroy the other side at the push of a button. Surely, he said, this was a situation which it would be in the interests of both sides to avoid.

"Ah," replied the Russian, with a smug grin, "but you don't know where our missile sites are."

That is quite true. We don't. Intelligence has a pretty good idea where some Soviet missile sites are, of course, but only some. In the closed Communist society it is impossible to identify more than a minority of the large numbers of missile-launching sites which the Soviets are building. The implication of the Russian's smug statement is also true. The Russians know precisely where we plan to put our first missile-launching bases.

They could hardly help knowing. The proposed sites of the first two Atlas ICBM squadrons, at Vandenberg Air Force Base in California, and at a base near Cheyenne, Wyoming, have been published in just about every newspaper in the country. In the missile era which we are now entering, the advantage to the Soviets of knowing where all our missile sites are, while we don't know where theirs are, is enormous. It could be quite literally decisive—it could mean the difference between destruction and survival. For as long as we grant them this advantage, we shall be like a blind man in a gun fight with an opponent enjoying 20–20 vision.

Must we grant them this advantage? Perhaps we must. Building an ICBM base is a very big undertaking, costing upward of $100,000,000, involving the moving of tons of earth and the pouring of tons of concrete. In a free society it is very difficult indeed to conceal this sort of undertaking. But at least we ought not to do the job of the Soviet intelligence agencies for them.

This writer has often been critical of the policy of secrecy for secrecy's sake. (See THAT WASHINGTON SECURITY CURTAIN, by Joseph and Stewart Alsop, The Saturday Evening Post, February 19, 1955.) But if ever anything was properly secret, it is the location of our missile-launching sites. And such things are not absolutely impossible to keep secret—Hitler never knew about the vast Manhattan Project.

Here, surely, is one subject about which every medium of communication in the country ought to be willing to exercise a strict self-censorship—including the local newspapers in areas which will be most intimately affected by the building of the missile bases. And even individual citizens who cannot help knowing about the location of the bases ought to learn to guard their tongues, just as we learned to guard our tongues during the war about such matters as ship sailings.

Even then, the Soviet Intelligence will no doubt pinpoint the location of some of our missile bases. Perhaps most of them. Perhaps all of them. But they will not *know*, with absolute certainty, that they have identified the location of all our launching sites, in the way that they know about the location of our first two Atlas bases. And that not knowing, that small margin of doubt, could quite conceivably spell the difference between peace and war.

So let's stop talking, from here on out, about where our missile bases are.

Controlling Farm Prices Leads to Controlling Farmers

Stanley Yankus, a poultry farmer at Dowagiac, Michigan, who fed his chickens with wheat grown on his own farm, has decided to emigrate to Australia, where he hopes to find farming less complicated. Over here he was fined more than $4000, for theoretically having increased the national wheat surplus!

Despite the furore aroused by the virtual confiscation of Yankus' property for this alleged crime, the Government continues to bring these suits. One concerns Evetts Haley, Jr., who lives in Texas and raises wheat in Oklahoma. He is a cattleman and got into trouble with the bureaucrats by raising feed for his cattle. He lost his case, although a Texas Federal district judge ruled in his favor on the ground that the law was unconstitutional. The Supreme Court reversed the decision, and Haley has to pay.

Secretary of Agriculture Benson, violating the pattern of bureaucracy, wrote to Yankus, congratulating him upon his courage, explaining that he had no way of making exceptions in the law that is administered by his own department.

More recently Mr. Benson told a gathering at the annual Farm and Home Week, Cornell University, that he, as secretary, is required to administer "the most costly, irrational, hodgepodge program ever patched together." He cited the results of a recent poll by a national farm magazine which "showed that eight out of ten of the farmers want greater freedom and less government in farming."

Since the price support—virtual subsidy—is the pivotal question, being the pretext for imposing fines for alleged overproduction, Mr. Benson quoted a breakdown of the ballot which showed that 55 per cent voted for "no supports, no controls, no floors, free market prices, get the Government clear out. . . . Another 15 per cent favored emergency supports only. . . . Another 8 per cent wanted adjustment supports such as recommended by the Administration. . . . Only 22 per cent wanted more Government price help."

His final conclusion was, "If this is what farmers want, what are we waiting for? What is Congress waiting for? We've made our recommendations, why don't they act?"

We have to face this question fairly: Does a sane agricultural policy require such unfair, unpopular and generally cockeyed laws?

An Inventor Could Starve While Waiting for His Patent

Suppose you have inventive genius and are patriotic enough to give the Defense Department a useful invention as soon as you have devised it. This may help the United States, but you lose your ownership of the invention. And Defense Department officials have no authority to reward you.

The way to protect your ownership, of course, is to get a patent. But you can't get a final patent overnight; it takes years. And meanwhile the Armed Forces are denied the benefit of your invention.

One evil result of this situation is the rank injustice to those inventors who divulge their secrets to the Government at once. Another is the harm done to our security because of the inventions that are held back awaiting patents.

Sometimes Congress consents to reward a person who has turned over his brain child at once. For example, the inventor of a device that notably helped the Navy during the Second World War received compensation under a special act of Congress, adopted last year. This seems a rather long time to wait.

If it is wise and right for Congress to reward one inventor, why shouldn't it reward them all, according to the value of what they have contributed? This is the question the Defense Department asks. It wants a law authorizing it to pay compensation.

Senators Saltonstall of Massachusetts and Capehart of Indiana have introduced a bill to this effect. Their Inventive Contributions Bill would authorize the Secretary of Defense to pay compensation for any idea "for the improvement of management procedure or technique . . . or . . . for any . . . technical or scientific innovation."

But Congress would keep a sharp watch to prevent unwarranted payments. Before the secretary could make an award, he would have to submit a written report to the Armed Services Committees of the Senate and the House. The committees' staffs would check on the merits of the award.

Senator Saltonstall describes the purpose of the bill as "to stimulate inventive contributions to the defense effort." We have introduced an incentive-pay system in the Armed Forces. Likewise, we offer what is called an "incentive contract" to manufacturers of defense items. Why not also give adequate incentives to inventors, instead of penalizing them for patriotism?

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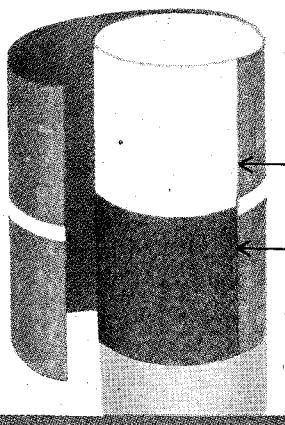
Filters as no single filter can!

You enjoy more than just high filtration! Tareyton's remarkable *Dual* Filter selects and balances the flavor elements in the smoke—as never before possible —to bring you both *the real thing in mildness—and in fine tobacco taste!*



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1. It combines an efficient pure white outer filter...

2. with a unique inner filter of ACTIVATED CHARCOAL...which has been definitely proved to make the smoke of a cigarette milder and smoother.

THE TAREYTON RING MARKS THE REAL THING!

POPULAR FILTER PRICE

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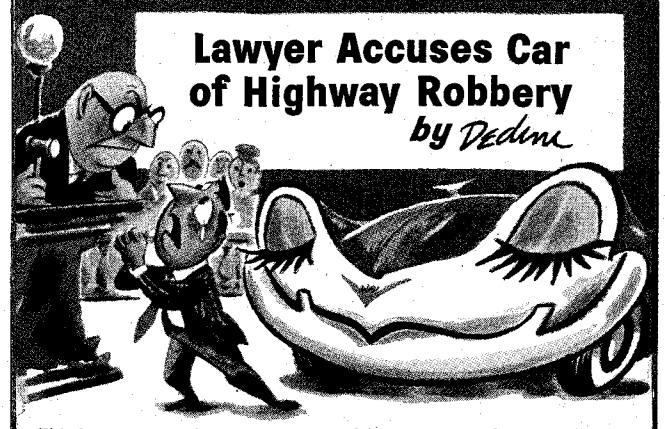
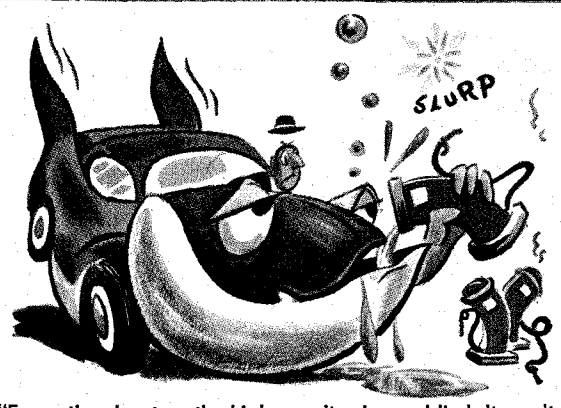
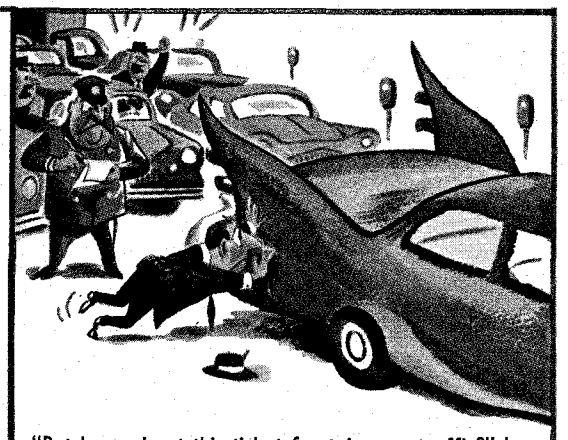


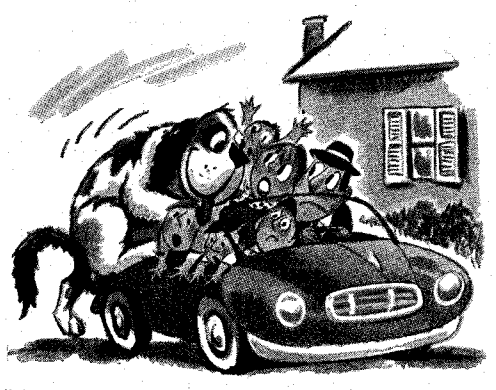
This lawyer was brought to court for not paying his bills. "Your honor," he said, "I plead not guilty. My big car is the culprit."



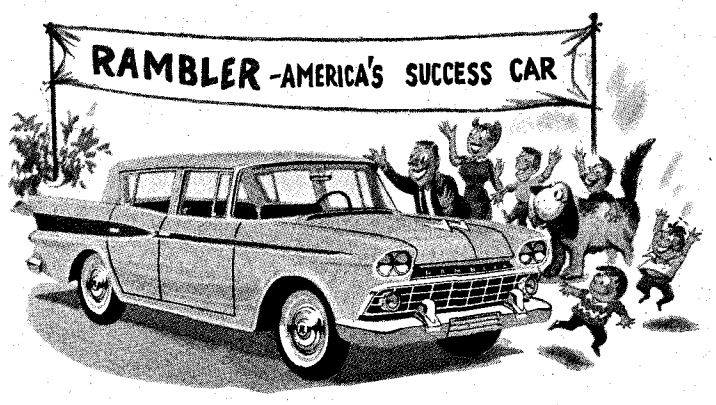
"Every time I get on the highway, it robs me blind. It won't pass a gas pump, won't drink anything but highest-priced, double-premium gas." The judge said: "You *are* in trouble."



"But how about this ticket for tying up traffic?" he asked. The lawyer winced. "Whenever I try to park, my big clumsy car ties up traffic. It's *unparkable!*"



"We looked at a small, foreign car but it was four kids and a Saint Bernard too small. What I need is big car room *and* small car economy."



"You need a Rambler," said the judge. "Get the *best* of *both!* Case dismissed, if you trade for a Rambler!" The lawyer did. Soon, instead of debts, he had a fat bank account, and no more parking headaches. He also enjoyed . . .

Personalized Comfort: front seats that glide back and forth individually. Why don't *you* stretch your legs and dollars—with Rambler?

Get the Best of Both: *Big car room, small car economy*

GO RAMBLER '59...the Compact Quality Car

*Rambler Cross Country Station Wagon

See why Rambler sales are passing car after car—breaking records everywhere. Get bigger savings on first cost, more miles per gallon, highest resale value. Get the only low-priced U. S. car with stronger, rattle-free Single Unit Construction! Easiest to turn and park. Offers Personalized Comfort, too: sectional sofa front seats that glide back and forth individually, Airliner reclining seats, adjustable headrests, lowest-cost All-Season air conditioning, new Twin-Grip differential. See—drive the Success Car of 1959. Go Rambler and *save* more than ever before.

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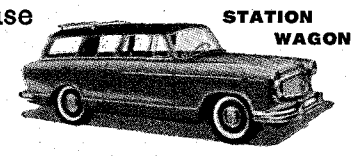
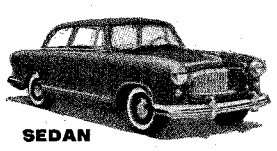
New 100 inch wheelbase
Rambler American





$1835

Suggested delivered price at Kenosha, Wisconsin, for 2-door sedan at left. State and local taxes, if any, automatic transmission and optional equipment, extra.

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It's a toaster and "oven" in one!

General Electric Toast-R-Oven* gives you a PLUS... the "oven" keeps toast warm... heats rolls, muffins, grills toasted sandwiches

Now, right at your table, you can do just about all your toasting and warming jobs.

"UPSTAIRS," the versatile General Electric Toast-R-Oven makes perfect toast.

"DOWNSTAIRS," it toasts buttered bread, heats rolls, muffins, frozen waffles . . . makes delicious melted cheese sandwiches . . . flavorful garlic bread. Or, keeps *six* pieces of toast crisp and warm until they're needed.

Nobody has to wait, there's *always* plenty of hot toast on hand for the whole family!

Toasts any shade you want—All you do is set the browning control and then press the button. Toast pops up *extra-high*—no digging or scorched fingertips.

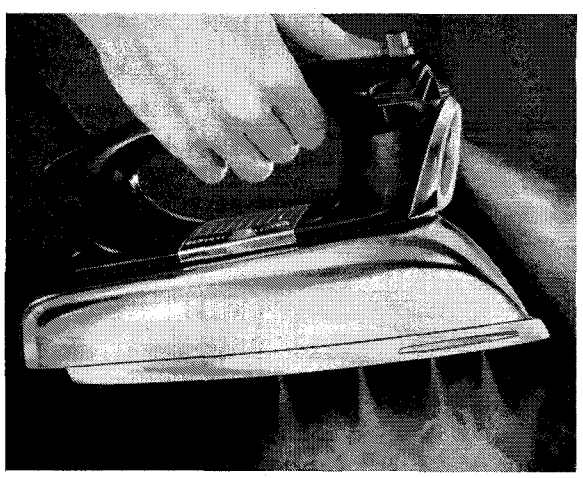
Be sure to see this exciting General Electric Toast-R-Oven at your dealer's *today!* General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Dept., Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

**Trademark of General Electric Company.*

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

There's always a PLUS in General Electric

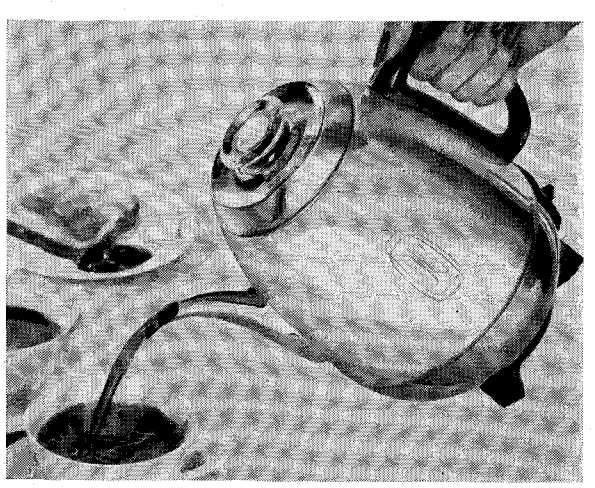


It's a steam and dry iron!
PLUS... a built-in sprinkler

General Electric Spray, Steam & Dry Iron lets you bring your clothes direct to your ironing board. Even heavy cottons, linens and starched things! This amazing iron sprinkles for you . . . *as you iron!*

New! Cooks a king-sized meal!
PLUS... completely immersible

General Electric Automatic Skillet in new *12-inch size*. Accurate temperature control maintains the just-right heat for each food—without constant watching. Fries, bakes and stews to flavorful perfection.



Brews delicious coffee every cup!
PLUS... now in stainless steel

General Electric Automatic Coffee Maker brews 2 to 9 cups perfectly. Set brew control; signal light glows when it's ready! Easy-to-clean stainless steel protects flavor. *Reheats without reperking!*

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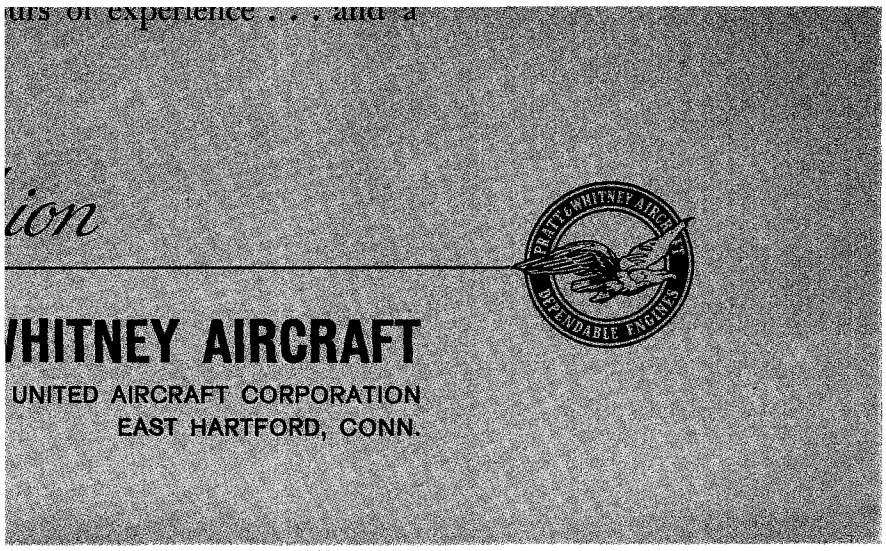

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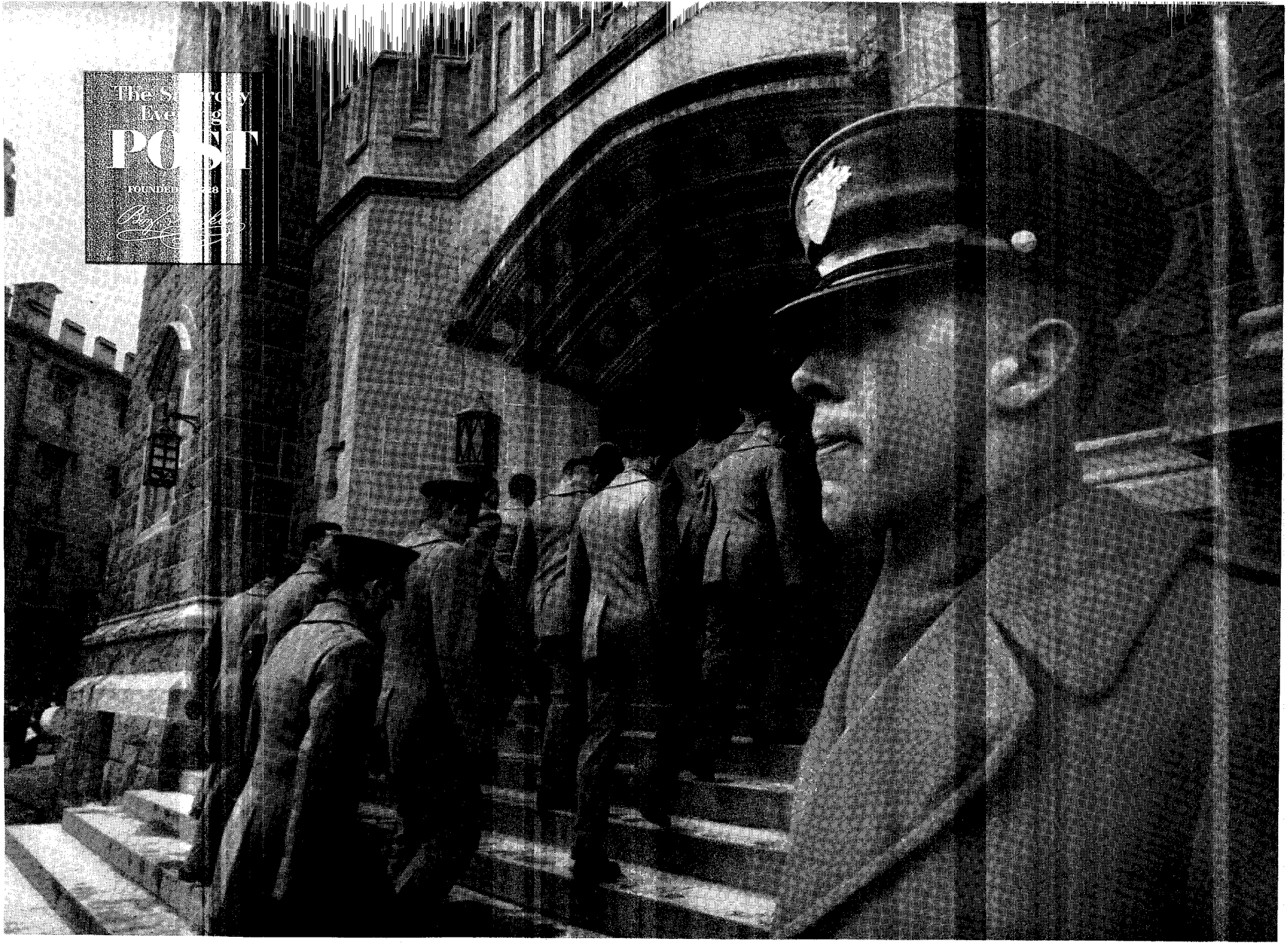
The Saturday Evening Post
FOUNDED 1728



As First Captain and Brigade Commander, Dawkins is responsible for the actions of every man in the corps. Here he oversees the cadets as they enter the mess hall.

My Life at West Point

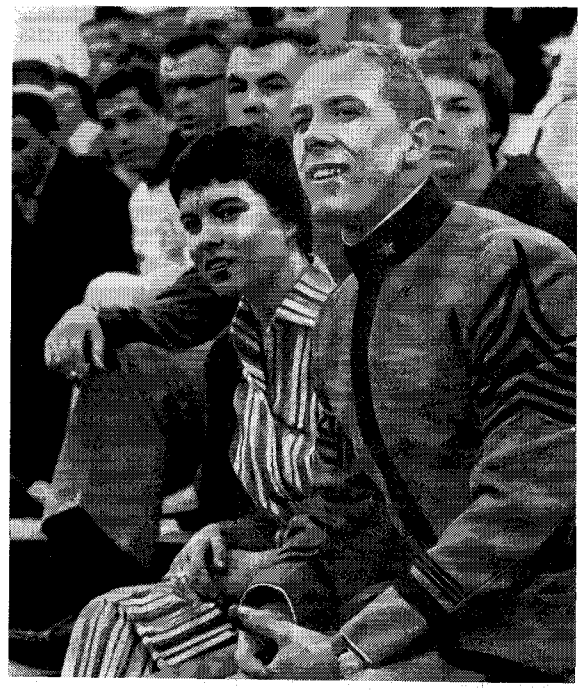
One of the most outstanding cadets in Academy history tells how the Point's discipline turned a sloppy teen-ager into a champion—on the gridiron and in the classroom.

By PETER DAWKINS as told to Harold H. Martin

WEST POINT, N.Y.

There are two days in the life of a West Point cadet that he will never forget as long as he lives. First is the day he enters here as a plebe, one of some 700 civilian youngsters drawn from all the corners of America. The second is the day he is graduated four years later, along with some 500 other men who have managed to survive the relentless weeding-out process that goes on throughout his stay here.

Cadets come to West Point as varied in their outlook and attitudes as America is varied. They go out, clutching their commissions as second lieutenants, shaped in a manner which West Point hopes will guide their actions and thinking throughout their military careers. From the mental standpoint, the cadet is supposed to have absorbed a broad-scale education in the arts and sciences. Physically, he is supposed to be strong and tough enough to endure the hardships of life in the field. Morally, he is supposed to have ingrained in him the idea that an officer will not lie, cheat or steal. He also is supposed to feel so strong a sense of duty to his country that he will carry out whatever legal orders are given him, no matter what personal dangers may be involved. Above all, if the system has done its work, he will look upon himself as a professional soldier



Pete's date for this lacrosse game last month was Judi Wright, a University of Maryland coed.

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whose destiny is to command, and he will willingly accept whatever posts of responsibility he is called upon to fill.

From the moment he takes the oath as a plebe to the day he is graduated, he is under constant daily scrutiny, both by his contemporaries and by the commissioned tactical officers who teach and test him. His deficiencies are pointed out with a brusqueness which wounds his feelings, and every day he knows exactly how well, or how badly, he is doing in comparison with his fellows. The brain who leads the class in academics may foul up at drill or find it impossible to keep his shoes shined. The man of commanding voice and bearing who excels in all aspects of the military may find himself stammering in the classroom.

It is West Point's task, of course, to bring each man up to an acceptable standard in each field. These standards are high. Meeting them calls for sweat, dedication and sacrifice, both on the part of those who teach and those who are taught. As First Captain, responsible for the actions of every man in the corps, I can attest to the fact that those in positions of command frequently know black moments of frustration. But the sense of accomplishment felt when the corps turns in a superior performance is a real joy.

Perhaps the easiest way to tell the story of a cadet's four years here, the challenges he faces and the trials he endures, is to describe my own experiences. I came here, like so many of my classmates, without any particular motivation to be an Army officer. As a boy in grammar school I had thought that I would like to be a surgeon, an interest stimulated, I suppose, by my father's being a dentist. By the time I got into high school I wanted to become a nuclear physicist. With this in mind, early in my senior year at Cranbrook, a private school near my home, I had applied for admission to the University of Michigan, where my parents had been graduated, and to Yale. I had been accepted at both.

While I was trying to make a choice, a friend of mine named Larry Asbury, a plebe at West Point, started writing me glowing letters singing the praises of life at the military academy. He talked about the hops and the pretty girls, and the football games, and how wonderful it was to be a cadet. The son-of-a-gun didn't say a word about what a tough life a plebe led, and how he got chewed out and bounced around until he didn't know up from down.

So I became interested in going to West Point, but I still wasn't really enthusiastic. However, my football coach at Cranbrook, Fred Campbell, kept urging me to apply for an appointment. He was an ex-marine and seemed to think I'd fit in all right with the military life. He also knew how I loved football, and he thought I'd do all right as a football player at West Point. He wrote Col. Earl Blaik, the Army coach, and told him about my being a pretty good split-T quarterback who could pass left-handed and run pretty well. He even sent a picture of me. But Blaik wasn't bowled over, and I don't blame him, if it was the picture I remember. My 170 pounds, skimpily distributed over a gangly frame, wasn't an impressive sight. So Blaik wrote back that he thought I had better take another year of seasoning before I tried to come up there. I would be only seventeen years old when I got there, and he felt I needed a little more age and beef on me.

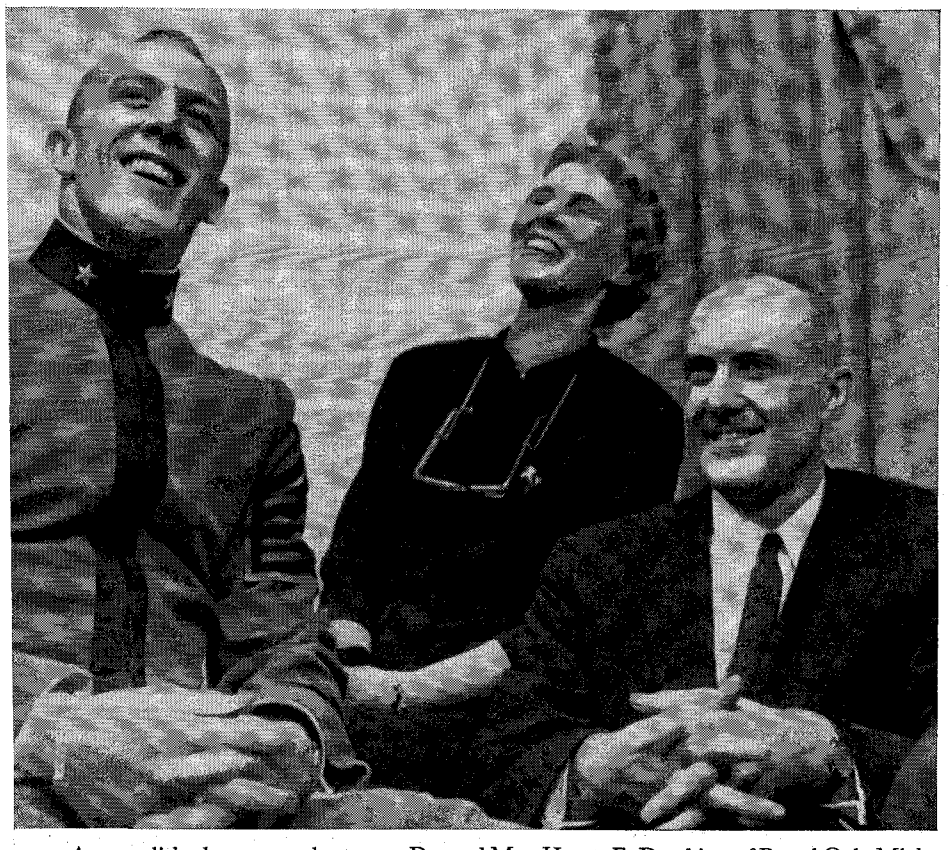
I think that's what made me determined to go to West Point. Finding out that they didn't particularly want me stirred up a stubborn streak, I guess. Throughout my childhood I'd had considerable experience in being more or less on the outside looking in. When I was in grammar school, there weren't any kids my age in my neighborhood. I had to play with the boys in my brother Dale's crowd, who were three or four years older than I, or with a group of smaller boys, who were two or three years younger. I insisted on playing with the older group, although they called me "squirt" and were generally indifferent to my presence. But I was determined to show them I could play any game they could play, and as well as they could. I don't believe I ever did convince them; but I got a lot of valuable experience and a lot of bumps and bruises in the process.

West Point's attitude seemed to be just a continuation of this same theme; but the challenge aroused me, so I set out to get an appointment regardless. By the time I finally got an alternate appointment and took the exams, I was convinced that West Point would be the only school where I'd be satisfied. Late in June I got a telegram saying I had been accepted, and ordering me to report the first week in July. I threw the telegram up in the air and whooped.

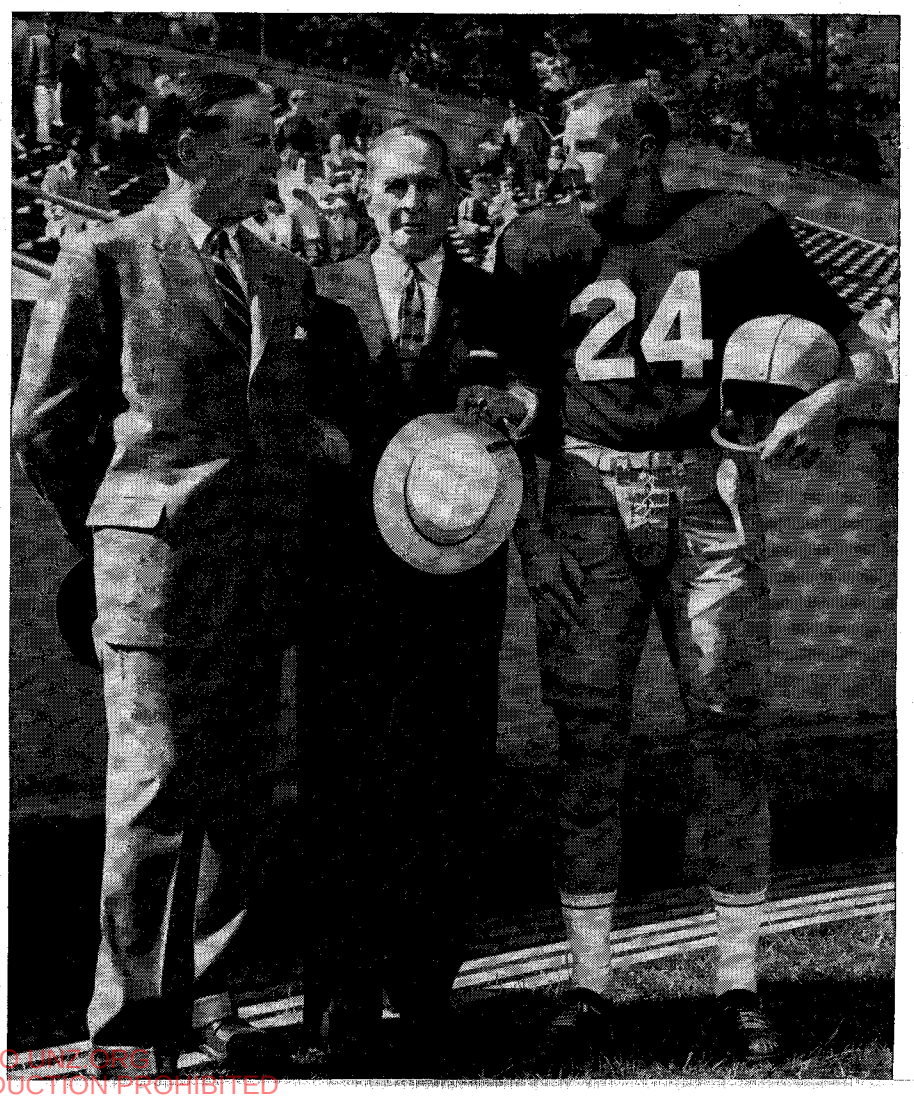
Fred Campbell drove me up. We got there a day ahead of time, so I could register early and have the rest of the day to look over the place and get oriented. I got oriented all right. Like everybody else, I had a civilian slouch and an easygoing attitude. These faults are what West Point corrects first. Every time I looked up, some first classman had his nose up against mine, yelling at me to "brace"—to pull my chin in and pop my chest up and suck my gut in, and to wipe that silly smirk off my face. They gave me a haircut that left only a little fuzz on top, and whenever I moved from one place to another I moved at double time.

It was a hideous day, and I've got my plebe picture to prove it. It was taken that first afternoon, and I have the drained, haggard and imploring look of a man who has been picked up by a tornado, blown forty miles through the air and has landed in the top of a tree.

(Continued on Page 69)



Accomplished son, proud parents: Dr. and Mrs. Henry E. Dawkins, of Royal Oak, Michigan. Pete's father, a prosperous dentist, encouraged him to play football and coached him in therapeutic exercises to overcome the effects of a childhood case of polio.



Right: Six-foot-one, 200-pound Dawkins with another Academy great, Gen. Douglas MacArthur (center). At left is Red Blaik, long-time coach.

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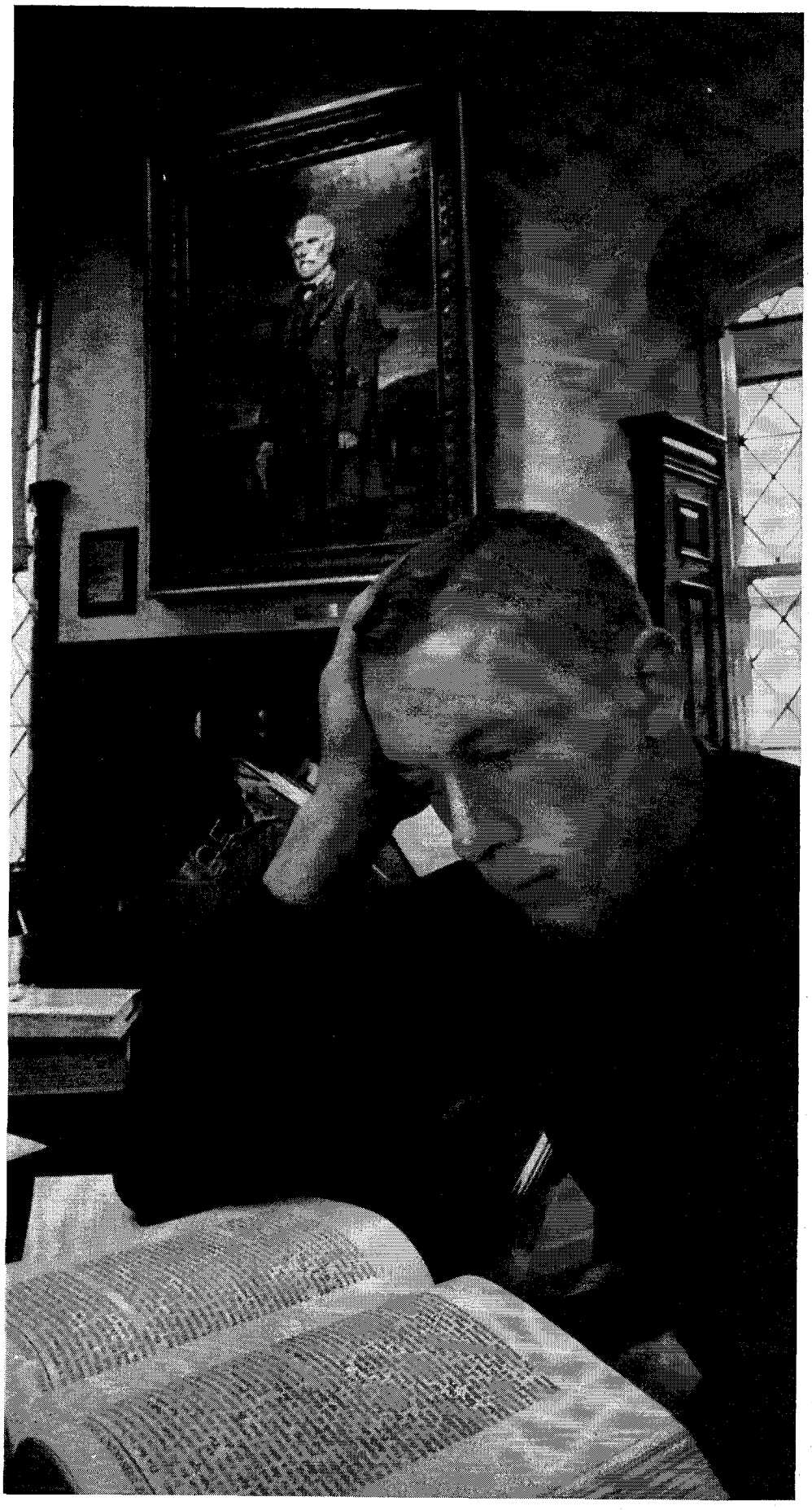
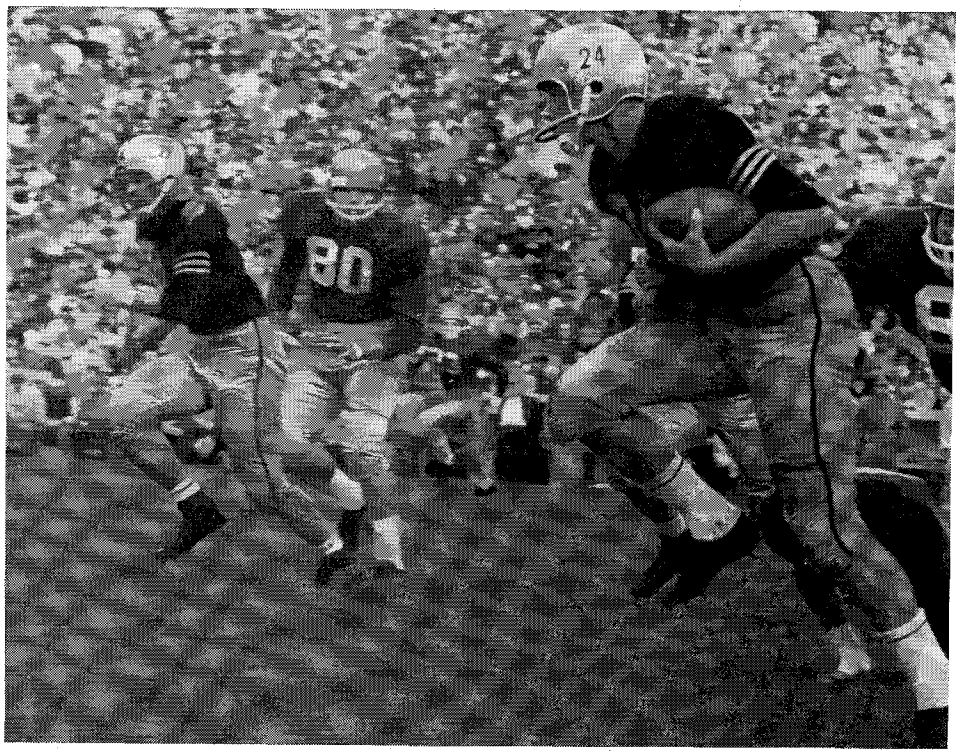
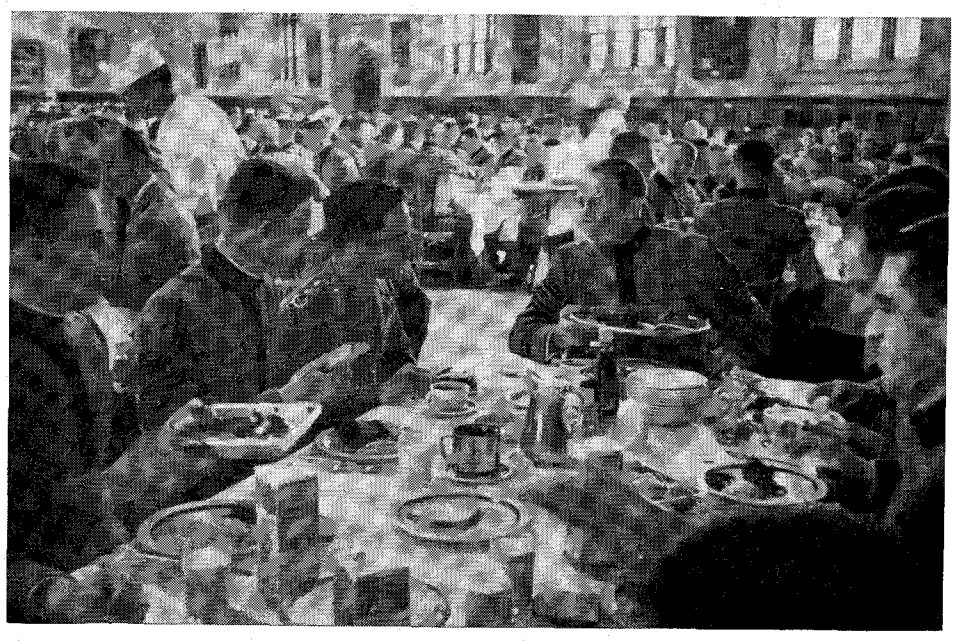
ALL-AMERICAN, SUPERIOR STUDENT, OFFICER, GENTLEMAN, AND LIFE OF THE PARTY



In the library, Dawkins (in the upper 5% of his class) studies under a portrait of Gen. Robert E. Lee, who also excelled at West Point. During his two years as a Rhodes scholar in England, Pete plans to specialize in liberal arts and play Rugby football.



Above: Dawkins (No. 24)—the team captain—in action against Notre Dame last season. "I've never been hit so hard in my life," he says of this game. "When I came off the field I was beat." Army won 14–2.



Four years at the Point have given Pete the poise to converse with heads of state. When Jordan's King Hussein (facing Dawkins above) visited the Military Academy this April, Pete played host at lunch.

The versatile Mr. Dawkins twangs a pretty fair guitar and sings folk songs entertainingly. Although Academy life agrees with him, he feels that a cadet's existence is more cloistered than it should be.

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Strangers In Town

What had these quiet people done to make the whole town ache to be rid of them?

By SHIRLEY JACKSON

I don't gossip. If there is anything in this world I loathe, it is gossip. A week or so ago in the store, Dora Powers started to tell me that nasty rumor about the Harris boy again, and I came right out and said to her if she repeated one more word of that story to me I wouldn't speak to her for the rest of my life, and I haven't. It's been a week and not one word have I said to Dora Powers, and that's what I think of gossip. Tom Harris has always been too easy on that boy anyway; the young fellow needs a good whipping and he'd stop all this ranting around, and I've said so to Tom Harris a hundred times and more.

If I didn't get so mad when I think about that house next door, I'd almost have to laugh, seeing people in town standing in the store and on corners and dropping their voices to talk about fairies and leprechauns, when every living one of them knows there isn't any such thing and never has been, and them just racking their brains to find new tales to tell. I don't hold with gossip, as I say, even if it's about leprechauns and fairies, and it's my held opinion that Jane Dollar is getting feeble in the mind. The Dollars weren't ever noted for keeping their senses right up to the end anyway, and Jane's no older than her mother was when she sent a cake to the bake sale and forgot to put the eggs in it. Some said she did it on purpose to get even with the ladies for not asking her to take a booth, but most just said the old lady had lost track of things, and I dare say she could have looked out and seen fairies in her garden if it ever came into her mind. When the Dollars get that age, they'll tell anything, and that's right where Jane Dollar is now, give or take six months.

My name is Addie Spinner, and I live down on Main Street, the last house but one. There's just one house after mine, and then Main Street kind of runs off into the woods—Spinner's Thicket, they call the woods, on account of my grandfather building the first house in the village. Before the crazy people moved in, the house past mine belonged to the Bartons, but they moved away because he got a job in the city, and high time, too, after them living off her sister and her husband for upward of a year.

Well, after the Bartons finally moved out—owing everyone in town, if you want my guess—it wasn't long before the crazy people moved in, and I knew they were crazy right off when I saw that furniture. I already knew they were young folks, and probably not married long because I saw them when they came to look at the house. Then when I saw the furniture go in I knew there was going to be trouble between me and her.

The moving van got to the house about eight in the morning. Of course, I always have my

Mallie held out a handful of cobwebs.

dishes done and my house swept up long before that, so I took my mending for the poor out on the side porch and really got caught up on a lot I'd been letting slide. It was a hot day, so I just fixed myself a salad for my lunch, and the side porch is a nice cool place to sit and eat on a hot day, so I never missed a thing going into that house.

First, there were the chairs, all modern, with no proper legs and seats, and I always say that a woman who buys herself that flyaway kind of furniture has no proper feeling for her house—for one thing, it's too easy to clean around those little thin legs; you can't get a floor well-swept without a lot of hard work. Then, she had a lot of low tables, and you can't fool me with them—when you see those little low tables, you can always tell there's going to be a lot of drinking liquor go on in that house; those little tables are made for people who give cocktail parties and need a lot of places to put glasses down. Hattie Martin, she has one of those low tables, and the way Martin drinks is a crime. Then when I saw the barrels going in next door, I was sure. No one just married has that many dishes without a lot of cocktail glasses, and you can't tell me any different.

When I went down to the store later, after they were all moved in, I met Jane Dollar, and I told her about the drinking that was going to go on next door, and she said she wasn't a bit surprised because the people had a maid. Not someone to come one day a week and do the heavy cleaning—a maid. Lived in the house and everything. I said I hadn't noticed any maid, and Jane said most things if I hadn't noticed them she wouldn't believe they existed in this world, but the Wests' maid was sure enough; she'd been in the store not ten minutes earlier buying a chicken. We didn't think she'd rightly have time enough to cook a chicken before suppertime, but then we decided that probably the chicken was for tomorrow, and tonight the Wests were planning on going over to the inn for dinner and the maid could fix herself an egg or something. Jane did say that one trouble with having a maid—Jane never had a maid in her life, and I wouldn't speak to her if she did—was that you never had anything left over. No matter what you planned, you had to get new meat every day.

I looked around for the maid on my way home. The quickest way to get to my house from the store is to take the path that cuts across the back garden of the house next door, and even though I don't use it generally—you don't meet neighbors to pass the time of day with, going along a back path—I thought I'd better be hurrying a little to fix my own supper, so I cut across the Wests' back garden. West, that was their name, and what the maid was called I didn't know, because Jane hadn't been able to find out. It was a good thing I did take the path, because there was the maid, right out there in the garden, down on her hands and knees, digging.

"Good evening," I said, just as polite as I could. "It's kind of damp to be down on the ground."

"I don't mind," she said. "I like things that grow."

(Continued on Page 76)

Illustrated by Mike Ludlow

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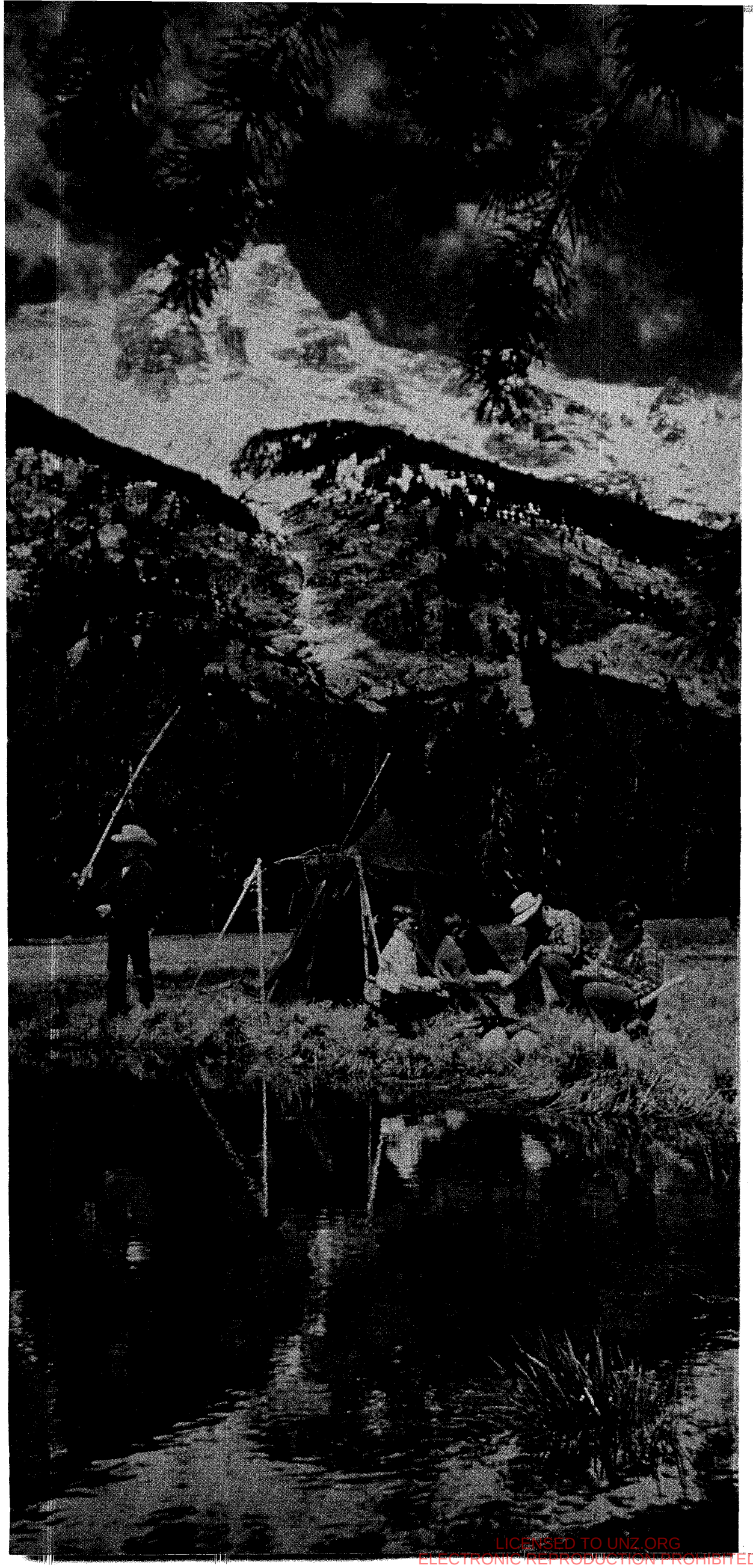

You Can Get Away From it All

A seasoned camper reveals some of his favorite spots in the enormous and unvisited back country of the West. Here is his advice for the adventurous.

By Paul Schubert

Back in 1946 I bought two sleeping bags and a pup tent. I didn't expect to go camping. The idea was to guarantee a place to sleep in case I couldn't find overnight accommodation on the 20,000-mile tour of the West I was about to start. The last time I had toured the West, years earlier, everybody carried camping gear as a matter of course, and had to use it every night.

In 1946, I discovered, my pup tent and bags were superfluous. We finished the trip without once being forced to use them. We did sleep in some rather primitive overnight abodes—in those days, just after World War II, you took what you could find without being too fussy. But we could always find accommodation.

In 1947 we took off on another big swing around the West, and once more I loaded those sleeping bags and the pup tent into the car. They took up lots of room, but they gave me a fine feeling of security. Maybe they were something more. Maybe my psychiatrist friends would have tagged them as possible symbols of an unconscious desire to escape from the overcivilized complexities of what we ruefully call this cockeyed modern world—to return to a state of simple, self-reliant ability to cope with nature in a direct and primitive way. You know, covered-wagon stuff.

At any rate, that year on our way home we reached Lake Tahoe. This high mountain gem, incredible (Continued on Page 65)

A secluded campsite in a meadow of Grand Teton National Park, in the Jackson Hole country of Wyoming. Twelve-thousand-foot Mt. Teewinot in the background is snow-capped throughout most of the summer.

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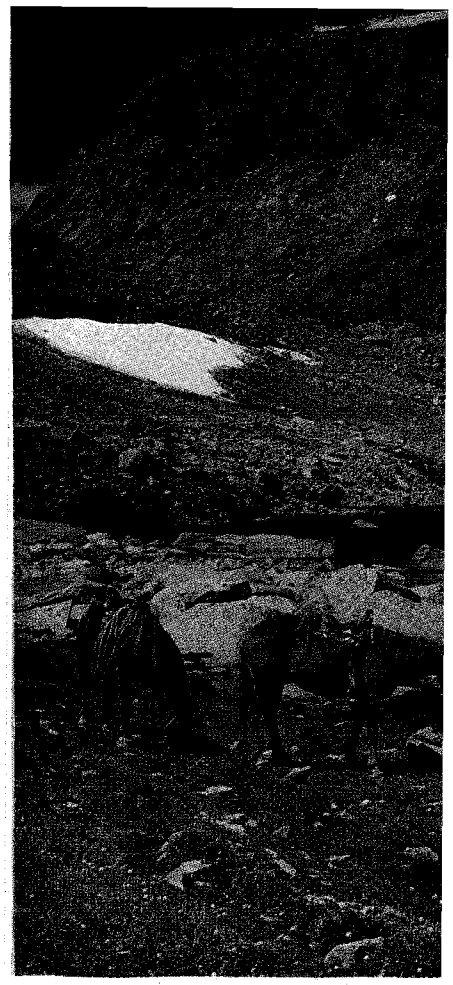
The Hanging Gardens in Glacier National Park, Montana, are famous for their wild flowers. Near this spot the Logan Pass road crosses the Continental Divide at 6664 feet.



Trout fishing in Florence Lak Wyoming's Big Horn Mountai the Bighorn without becoming

Lake Timagami in east-central Ontario, Canada, lies in the heart of a forest maintained by the province. It is accessible by car, yet wild enough to please the most dedicated campers.

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Your Brain and Your Behavior

By Dr. R. W. GERARD

Modern science, winning its way into the mysteries of nature, is now facing one of its sternest challenges. Does man's psyche—mind and sentience, will and purpose—lie beyond the scope of science? Or are the inimitable properties of man, whence flow the magnificent achievements of humanity, the outcome of comprehensible processes which can be explained through the disciplines of science? In search of an answer, we must turn to the relationship between brain and behavior.

A guided missile behaves as if it has purpose. It "seeks its goal" or evades a hazard, even though the maneuvers required twist its path like a pretzel. Such goal-seeking, self-regulating devices are known to engineers as servomechanisms. Neurophysiologists today are wondering whether the nervous system is no more than this.

Whether more or not, the human brain is at the least a marvelously spun servomechanism that can outperform its own inventions. The airman on a team of physicists and engineers is right when he objects to the idea that airplanes are now so automatically controlled that the pilot can practically be eliminated. "Before you throw out the pilot," he asks, "consider where else can you get a highly modifiable, versatile servomechanism, weighing only one hundred and fifty pounds, produced so cheaply by completely unskilled labor?"

A submarine, too, acts like a single living thing. It seems to show unified purpose. It keeps to a course, it corrects its errors. Yet the submarine and its machinery and cargo are products of many men, just as its crew is composed of many individuals. The structures and the functions of the many co-ordinate to form a larger unity, with a character and personality of its own. Any component may change—engines may be replaced, superstructure remodeled, hull repaired, crew rotated, a new captain placed in command—without interrupting the life course of the whole.

A submarine is like a man, at a different level. For a man, too, is composed of many individuals and their products, forming a greater whole with its own individuality. When egg and sperm unite, the single resulting cell divides into two cells, each of which in turn divide into two, and so on for some forty cell generations. The total number of cells so formed in a single human is a thousand times greater than the world's population. Under proper conditions each cell can survive separately. Some manufacture nonliving products—horn, hair, bone, blood, tendon. As cells develop *CONTINUED ON PAGE 79*

About the Author

Dr. R. W. (for Ralph Waldo) Gerard, physiologist, teacher and scientist-at-large, is best known for his extensive research on the metabolism, electrical activity, growth and organization of the human nervous system. Doctor Gerard has held professorships at five universities and has toured the world on teaching and research missions for private foundations and on government assignments. At the present time Doctor Gerard is directing an extensive research program on schizophrenia and psychopharmacology at the University of Michigan Mental Health Research Institute. Photograph by Arnold Newman

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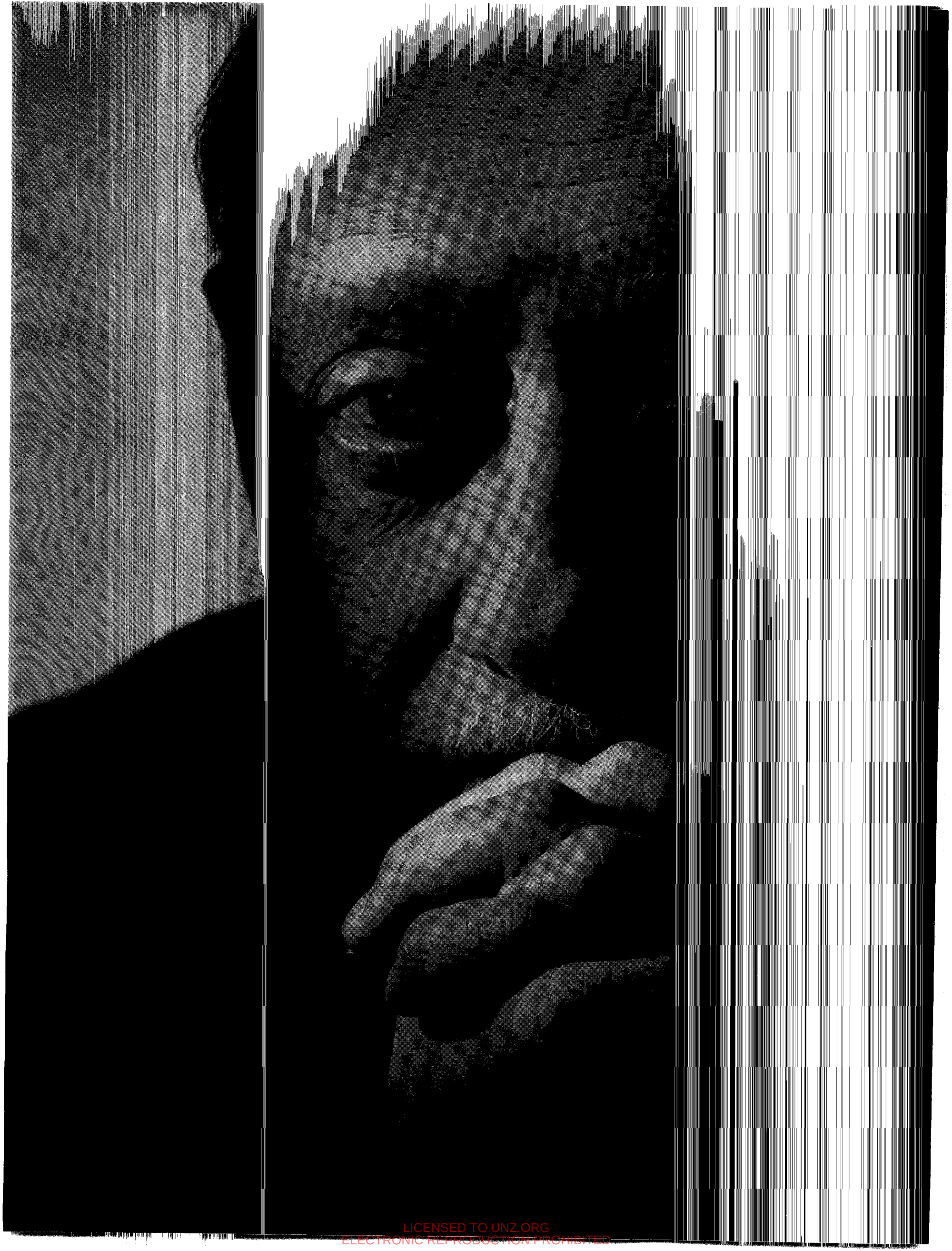

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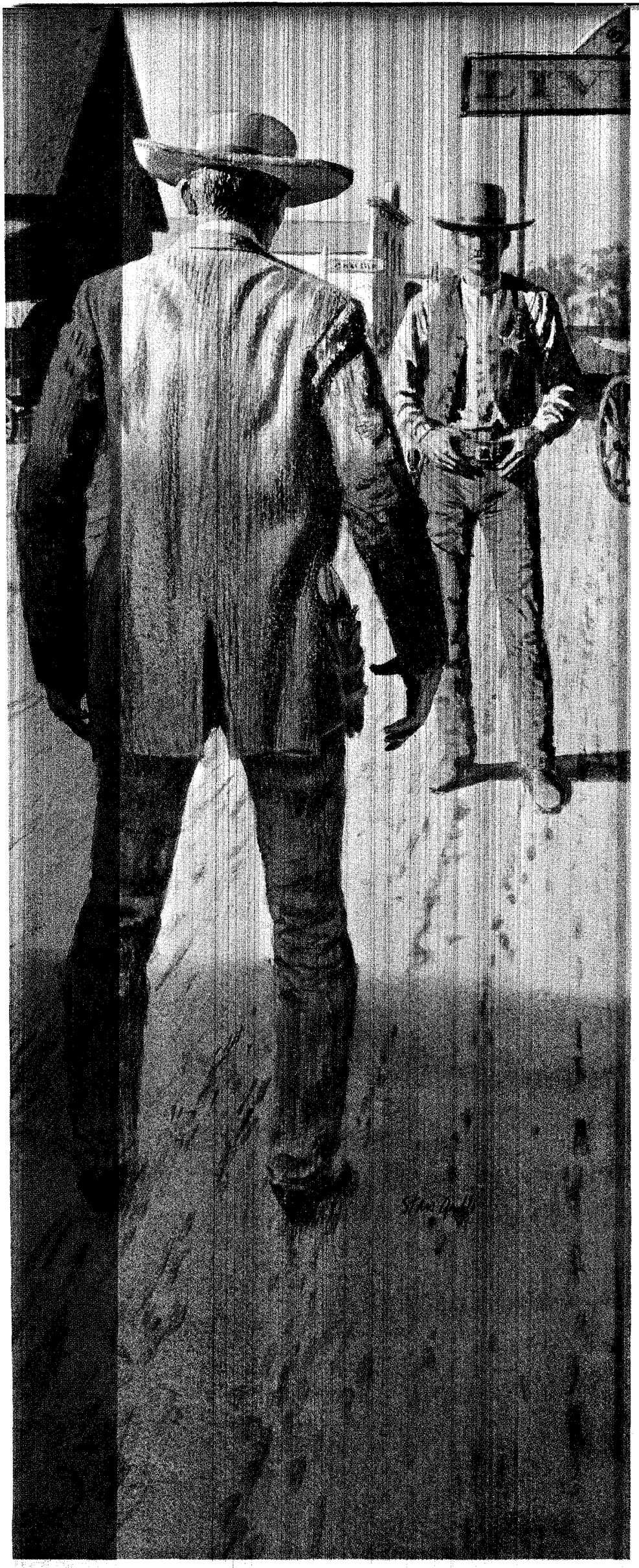

"If I didn't know better, I'd think you was scared, Mister Briscoe," said Jaeger.

Last Time For The Marshal

By J. R. MOON, JR.

He was too old to outshoot the kill-crazy kid.

I stepped out of the cool gloom of Sam's Livery Stable into the sun-shimmering heat of the street, caught sight of the two riders and froze.

I'd never laid eyes on either of the men, but it made no difference. I knew what they were, and the knowledge tightened into a stony fist somewhere back of my belt buckle.

As the two dismounted to tie their ponies to the hitch-rail across the street, I slid into the shadow behind Sam's hauling wagon. When I risked another look, both men stood looking up at the sign which hung above the board sidewalk. HENRY STAPLE, it read, and below this, hand-lettered by Henry himself, GENERAL STORE, SALOON, AND U. S. POST OFFICE, HUMBLETON, WYO.

The taller of the two nodded and slapped dust from his hat as he stepped up onto the walk. His partner, a stockier man with a stubble of coppery beard, stepped up behind him.

On the boardwalk the two paused to look the street over—a swift, practiced gesture—and I could see that the clean, oiled pistols rode high in the leather. They had loosened their guns in the holsters before riding in.

That cinched it. We hadn't seen a gun slinger in Humbleton for quite a while—but here were two, and that we could count on for certain.

I told myself it might mean nothing. It could be they didn't know that John Briscoe was marshal in Humbleton.

I wanted to believe it. But everyone knew who was marshal here. An older John Briscoe than the one men talked of in every cowtown and trail camp west of the Mississippi, true. But still a name that men knew. Still, most likely, the best man with a pistol in the territories.

I leaned my forehead against the cool metal of the wagon's brake ratchet and squeezed my eyelids together as if by shutting out the sight of the street I could blot out of existence the men I'd seen ride into it.

It had happened before. Twice, in my memory. Trail-dusty men riding in from the high prairie to seek out, for one twisted reason or another—grudge or glory—the aging marshal. The legend. The man, John Briscoe. My father.

I looked up. The two men had melted into the dimness of Henry's.

I broke into a stumbling run toward the small adobe jailhouse at the end of Humbleton's one short street. I ran cursing my sixteen years for not being half again their number. At least then it could have been two against two.

In the one-room marshal's office, dad was seated at his roll-top desk. His hat was off, the pink scalp of his balding spot moist with perspiration. He was writing some official letter or other, and the boyish slant of his mouth, which the effort of writing always gave him, twisted my heart.

(Continued on Page 48)

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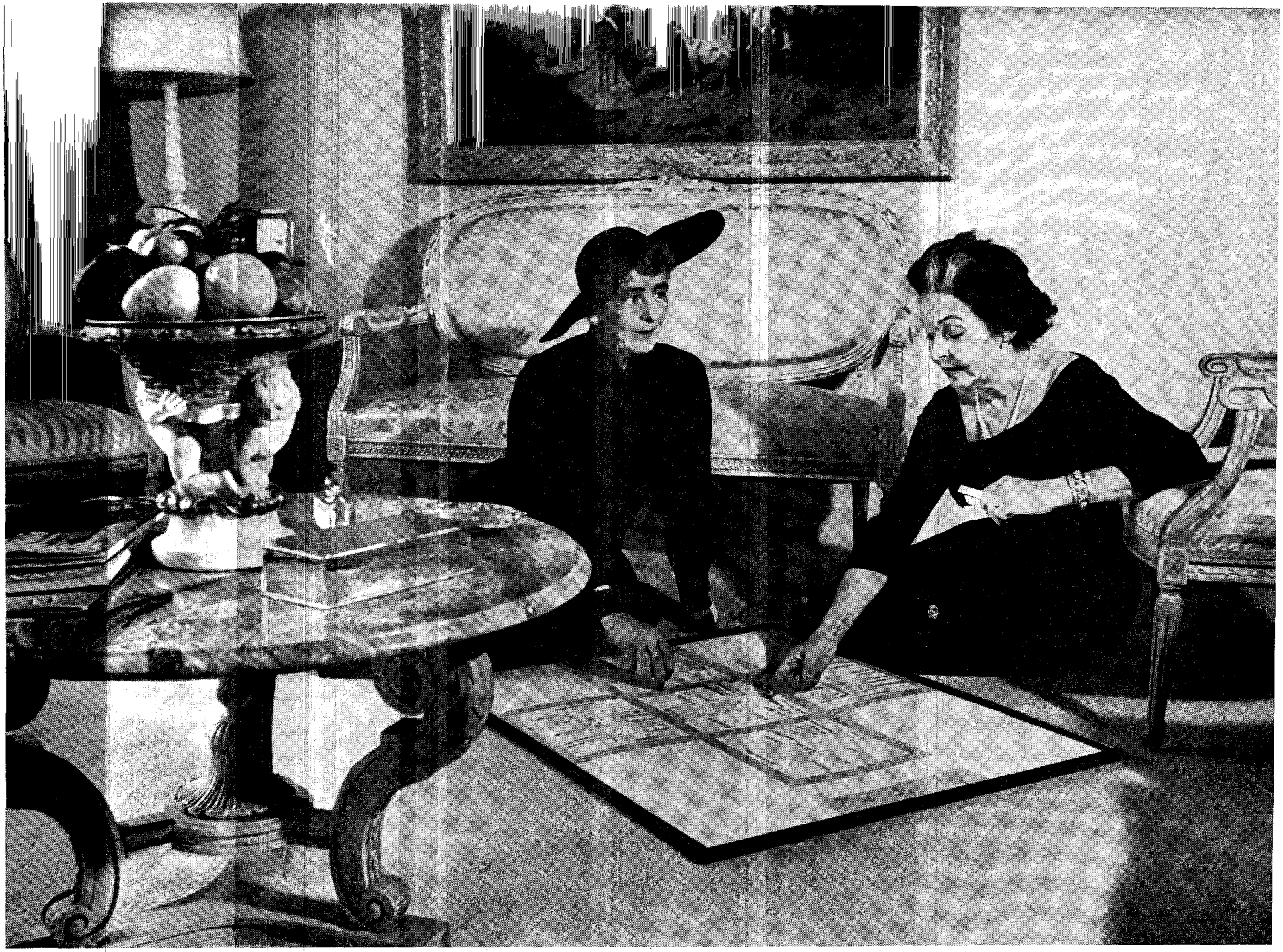

Callie (left) advising Mrs. Arthur Summerfield, wife of the Postmaster General, on the seating arrangements for a party in the Summerfields' Washington apartment.

Lady Umpire of the Social Game

By ROBERT and PATRICIA CAHN

Callie Shaw's advice has helped many a jittery Washington hostess avoid social bloopers. But some of her own have been classics.

Shortly after the opening of Congress early this year, a group of wives of freshmen senators and representatives listened attentively as their guest speaker counseled them on some of the pitfalls of the Washington social jungle.

"No matter where you come from, when you get to Washington the social customs are completely different," said Carolyn Hagner Shaw, the capital's veteran social arbiter who once publicly reprimanded Harry Truman for a *faux pas*. "Although we don't have the pomp and ceremony of many foreign capitals, our protocol can be awfully confusing at times."

It is not fashionable to be late, Mrs. Shaw advised the ladies—members of the Eighty-sixth Congress Club. Dinner at eight means arriving promptly at eight. No one leaves until the guest of honor has departed, which ordinarily will be before eleven o'clock. At the White House men precede their wives in the receiving line because it makes introductions easier. Ladies should not wear gloves in the receiving line unless the First Lady is wearing them—and it is Mrs. Eisenhower's custom to wear gloves in the evening, but not in the afternoon.

For the past twenty-five years, Mrs. Shaw has been advising the people in Washington's unique social circles on the dos and don'ts of etiquette and protocol. However, she is not herself a social butterfly. A tall, raw-boned woman of fifty-five, Mrs. Shaw lives alone with her dog and cat in a small, casually furnished house and prefers to be called "Callie." She takes no interest in Washington's No. 1 topic, politics, and rarely ventures into the social world which she counsels.

"I despise parties," says the enigmatic Callie Shaw. "Why, (Continued on Page 59)

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The Untold Story of Little Rock PART TWO

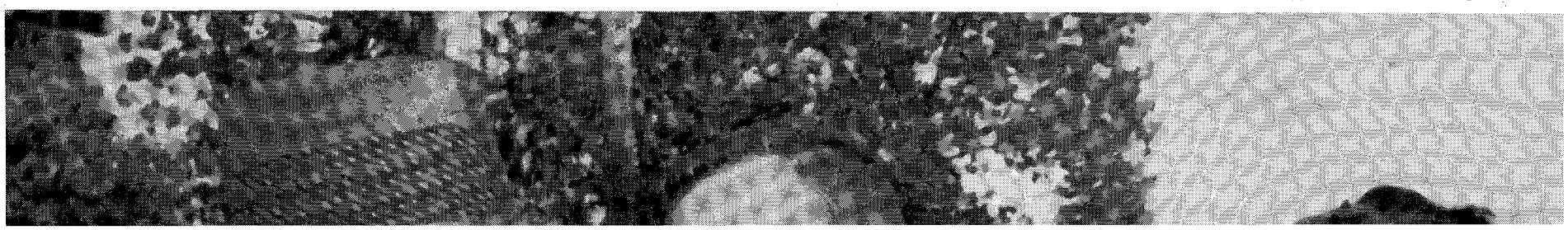
Oryal Faubus of Arkansas. "As the time for decision neared," says the author, "he grew increasingly vague."

"Where Does the Governor Stand?"

As the 1957 opening day of school approached, an atmosphere of hysteria mounted in Little Rock. Only one man could quell the panic: Faubus, who still wavered in indecision.

By VIRGIL T. BLOSSOM, Superintendent of Schools at Little Rock, 1953–1958

September 23, 1957: Assistant police chief Gene Smith (left) tussles with an angry spectator after eight Negro students were slipped into Central High.



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The ringing of my telephone at the Little Rock School District administrative offices seemed more urgent than usual on the morning of May 17, 1954, and I answered it hastily.

I suppose that subconsciously I was waiting for the call. As superintendent of schools in the capital city of Arkansas, I was very much aware that the United States Supreme Court was in session in Washington and that it might act on five cases testing the legality of racial segregation in public schools in the South.

My caller was a local newspaper reporter. "Mr. Blossom," he said, "the Supreme Court has just ruled unanimously that our segregated public-school system is illegal. What are you going to do about it?"

I said that all policy decisions would be made by the school board, but that I doubted the Supreme Court would try to force southern or so-called border states to act hastily in such an important matter. The Little Rock School Board, headed by Dr. William G. Cooper, a prominent surgeon with realistic views on integration, discussed the court decision at a meeting the next day. The six members agreed that the board's official position was opposed to the principle of the Supreme Court ruling, but that it was now the law of the land and the law should be respected.

The significant thing was that not a single member of the board expressed any idea of refusing to obey the law. In fact, they decided we should issue a statement of policy soon that we would conform to the law when the court issued definite instructions as to how and when. The board also decided that I should begin making preliminary plans.

Before any policy statement was issued, I arranged to meet with a representative group of Negro leaders to discuss the board's position. They arrived in high spirits, believing the court decision meant speedy integration, but when I told them the board intended to await more specific instructions and to adopt a "go slow" policy, they lost their enthusiasm.

L. C. Bates, publisher of the Negro newspaper the State Press and husband of Mrs. Daisy Bates, president of the state NAACP, asked: "Then the board does not intend to integrate the schools in 1954?"

"No," I replied. "We must move slowly. For instance, we must complete additional school buildings such as are now being started."

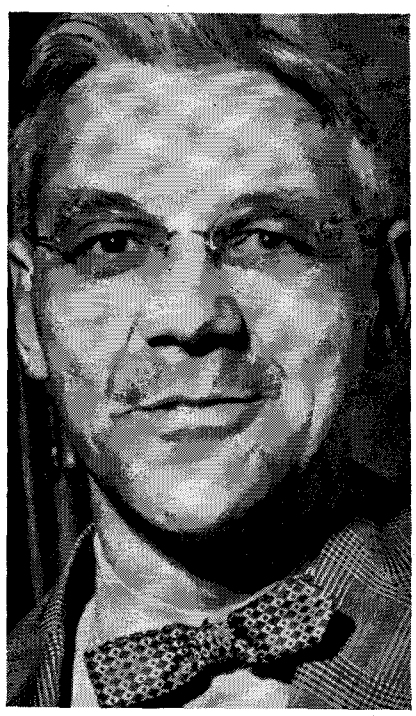
Bates turned abruptly and walked out, and the next issue of his newspaper criticized the school-board plan.

The Rev. F. C. Guy, pastor of a Baptist Negro church, also made it clear that the meeting was disappointing. "Next to the law of God," he said, "the Constitution of the United States means the most to us. When you tinker with the Constitution, it becomes awfully important to us." But he did not walk out, nor did anyone else. In the next three hours we talked about the problem and understood each other better. I emphasized that a greater responsibility now rested on the Negro community, and I promised that the school board would not delay for delay's sake, but only to be able to do the job right. It was an important meeting. Some Negro leaders would demand speed, but in the long struggle ahead we had the co-operation of the majority of Negro citizens.

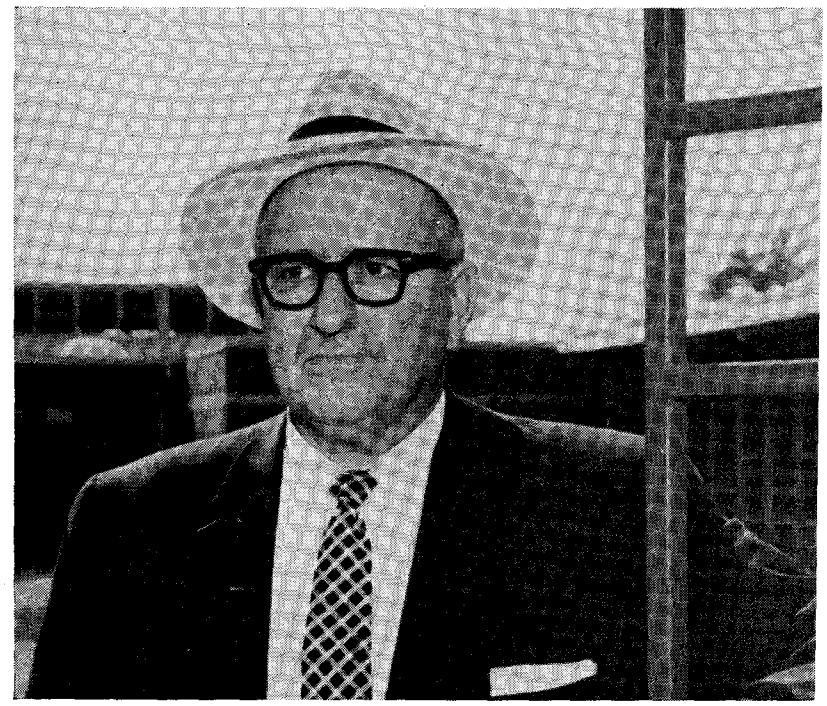
During the summer of 1954 my staff worked on the (Continued on Page 82)

© 1959 by Virgil T. Blossom

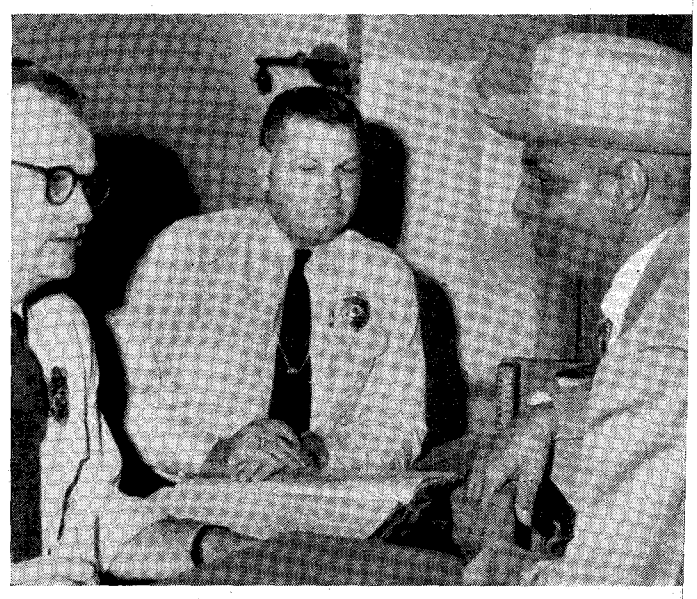
ACTORS IN THE DRAMA OF RISING TENSION:



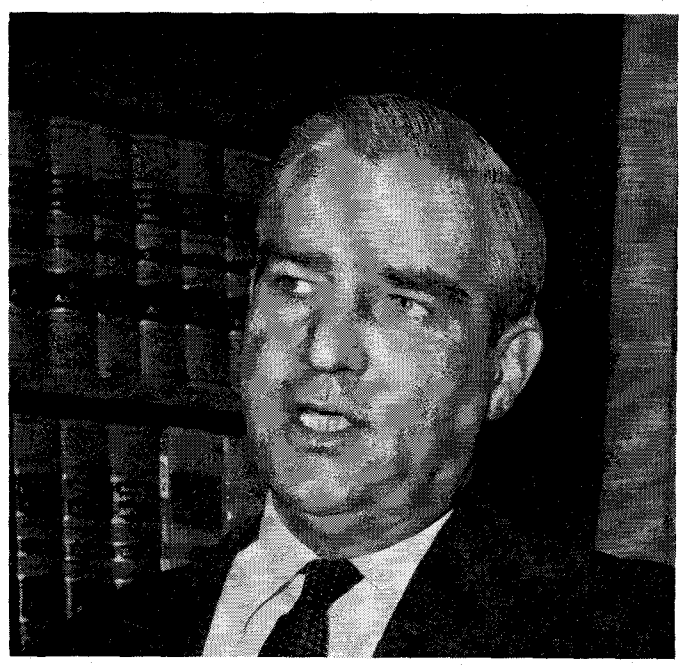
William Cooper headed the school board when it drew up its integration plan.

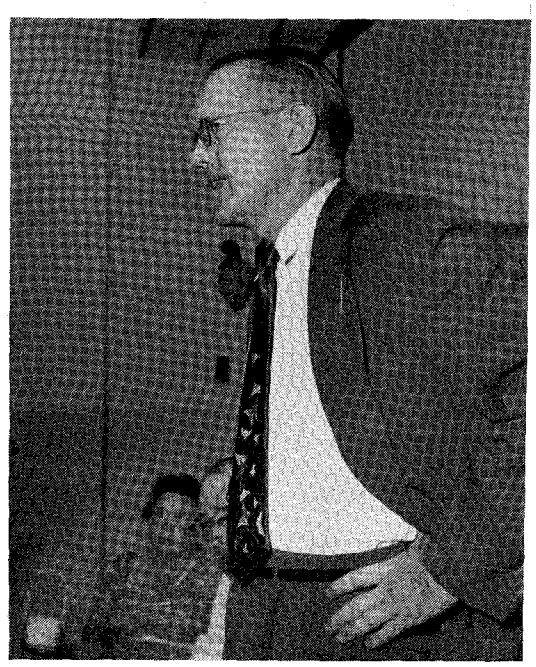


Blossom. He insisted that if Faubus backed the board's program, "outside interference . . . would die away and all would be well."



November, 1957: NAACP officials were arrested in Little Rock for refusing to make public the organization's records. At left is state leader Daisy Bates; in photo at right, Rev. J. C. Crenshaw, the local president.





Bruce Bennett (left), Arkansas attorney general, sponsored a series of special laws blocking integration. Then Amis Guthridge (right) of the local White Citizens Council demanded that Faubus put the laws to use.

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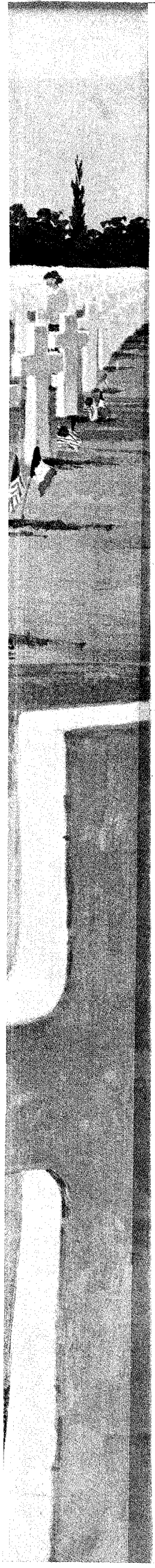


"You know this soldier here?"
the French lad asked in halting English.

Fifteen Years After

By ZACHARY BALL

He had come all the way from Alabama to see this cemetery in France, and now he was afraid.

I had spent an hour or more in the gleaming white memorial of the military cemetery and had just stepped out into the sunlight when I saw the boy. He was standing at the edge of the wide concrete walkway leading to the portal of the memorial and was studying the bas-reliefs on the structure's façade.

Sizing him up, I doubted that he had any idea whatever of the meaning of the bas-reliefs. But a tightness came into my throat just looking at him. And I didn't know why. Maybe it was because he looked so lost, so all alone—the way I had often felt when I was over here during the bad days of '43—'44. Or maybe it was because my boyhood had been spent in the hills of Tennessee, and I recognized him for what he was, a lonely, away-from-home hill boy from Arkansas or Georgia or Mississippi.

I knew, of course, why he had come all the way from the United States to a military cemetery in France; he could have come for but one purpose.

His gaze moved up to the top of the memorial and I watched his lips moving as he read the inscription there: "I bare you on eagles' wings and brought you unto myself."

His eyes were a soft gray in a wide, tanned face. A good face, it was. A large head set on shoulders that were almost too wide and muscular for a lad of his years—perhaps fifteen. His hands were like his shoulders, wide and thick and made for hard work, which they doubtless had done plenty of.

His whole bearing was of strength. He was wearing a gray jacket with sleeves that were a little too short. His pushed-back cap was new, and probably purchased especially for this trip. His sturdy legs were thrusting hard at the concrete walkway as he stood there, face lifted and eyes centered on the inscription.

What held my attention was not so much his build or what he was wearing as what I saw in his face, and his eyes not seeing what they were looking at. How could they, when they were so filled with troubled confusion and helplessness? And what he was feeling showed not only in his eyes but in the tightness of his lips, in the whiteness of the knuckles of his left hand gripping the booklet and the slip of paper that had been given to him at the superintendent's office. The booklet contained a list of general questions and answers, and the slip of paper gave the location of a certain grave. The one he had come four thousand miles to see but hadn't yet been able to build up enough courage to go look at. So he was just walking around in a shell of indecision and aloneness, torn between two devastating desires—to go see the grave, and to be away from here and on his way back home.

Finally he lowered his eyes to the bas-reliefs on the front of the memorial again and studied them in tight-lipped concentration.

Yellow sunlight showered over his sturdy, forlorn figure, but it was plain that its warmth and friendliness went unnoticed. And I wondered if anything could be more tragic than for a boy of fifteen to be unaware of the glory of sunlight on a June day.

I walked over to him and, indicating the bas-reliefs, said, "They're very fine, don't you think?"

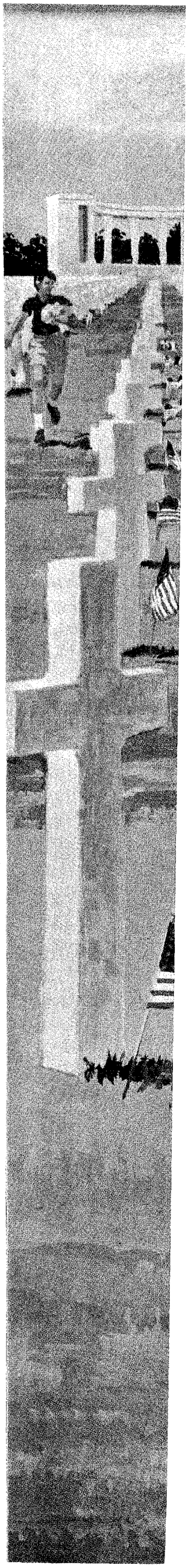
He looked at me and a faint, indecisive smile touched one corner of his mouth but never reached his troubled eyes. He nodded and put his gaze back on the bas-reliefs.

"They're symbolic of our men in war, and of the Resurrection," I told him.

He nodded again ever so slightly and the tip of his tongue moved across his wide lips. He swallowed once. Then he pointed to the bas-relief to the left of the portal and said, "Them fellers marchin' there, they're G.I.'s that were in the war, ain't they?"

"Yes, those figures are representative of our fighting forces," I told him. (Continued on Page 52)

Illustrated by Walter Skor



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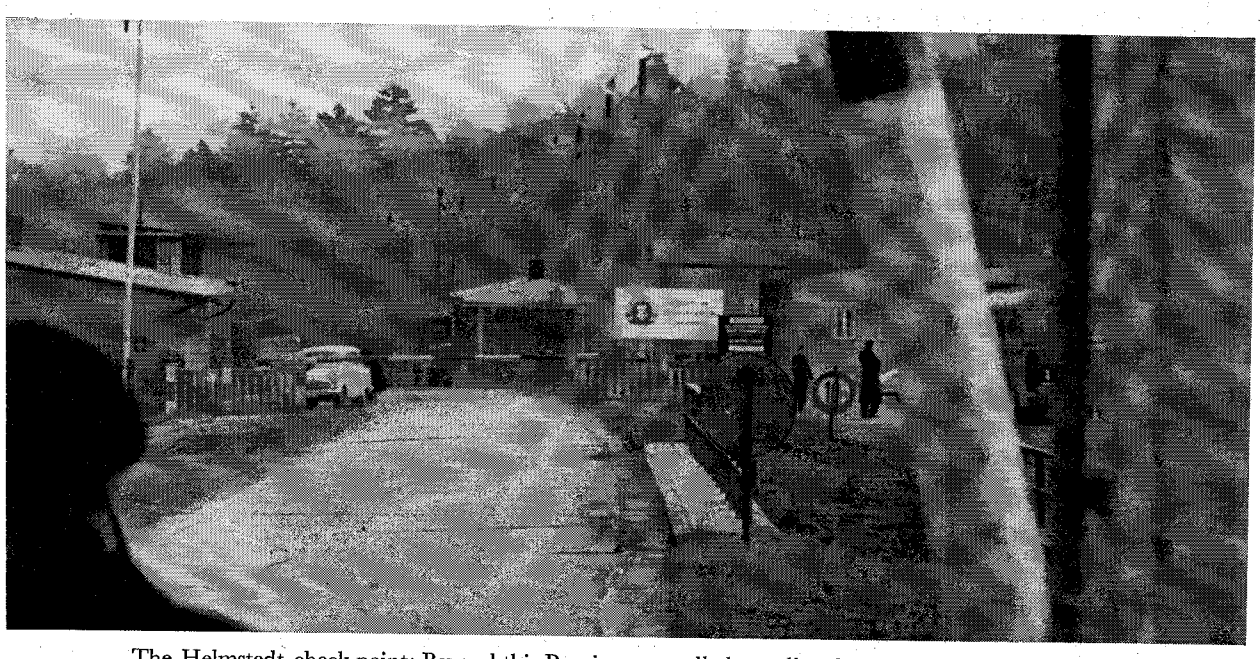
"The people of East Germany are slaves in a new Soviet empire," says *Bürgermeister* Brandt. "If we sell them down the river, that will be the greatest betrayal of all."

Mayor Under the Soviet Gun

From the city teetering on the precipice comes this report of an unusual interview with West Berlin's symbol of defiance, Mayor Willy Brandt.



The Helmstedt check point: Beyond this Russian-controlled gate lies the 110-mile stretch of autobahn through East Germany to West Berlin. On his trips to the West Zone Brandt always exercises his rights of passage here.

Symbolic of West Berlin's regeneration is this modern housing development, with its abstract metal sculpture.

By James P. O'Donnell

EN ROUTE TO BERLIN.

It is almost midnight. In silence we are rolling along the autobahn, due east across the North German plain, through warm springtime thunder squalls that now and then cloud the clear night sky of Prussia.

Ahead loom the neon lights of the Helmstedt check point. This is a kind of roadside Klondike that has mushroomed up just west of the Iron Curtain—motels, restaurants, filling stations, juke joints. It is the last outpost of the Golden West.

Our destination is Berlin, toward the most twisted problem our free world faces today. But let us start with the simple things first, like the story of this single highway that has, through Soviet chicanery, grown ever more bizarre since the year 1945. Today it is the most disputed road in the world. True, Khrushchev has already backed down from his November twenty-seventh ultimatum that American troops would have to evacuate Berlin in six months, or else. But he has not completely backed off—"We were just looking at the ceiling. Five months? Seven months? Why, it takes nine months to make a baby." As this is written it looks as though *Das Datum* of May twenty-seventh will come and go, as foreign ministers gather in Geneva and chiefs of state proceed to the summit.

The dispute involves much more than this autobahn and the 110 long miles to Berlin. This is where the shooting issue is, but let us not exaggerate. Some incident, some provocation, even some hot-blooded accident, a leaning on a trigger, could become *casus belli*. But a shooting war is the least likely outcome of the present ugly dispute.

The grave danger for Berlin, for the entire West, is that some wobbly western statesman in high place will invoke the cause of "peace" to sell the pass—to make one more concession that will,

(Continued on Page 62)

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"Go on," he said, "take them."

Slightly Indiscreet

What is a girl supposed to think when a stranger offers her the keys to his apartment?

By JOSEPH CARROLL

The young woman interested Vincent the counterman mightily, but it was a principle with him to treat customers with a decent reserve lest he seem servile or insincerely hearty, and he showed his interest only by an added politeness in the routines of service. This was not much of a show, as she ordered only coffee and sat over it for half an hour; and as he polished water glasses with a soft towel, merely to keep busy and avoid the temptation to stare at her, Vincent rather regretted his own deep reticence. He thought of it as that and not as shyness. It had been nurtured in him by his mother, an immigrant Irish lady of no learning but fearful refinement. "Be civil and strange," she used to admonish Vincent whenever they moved into a new neighborhood. "It's lonesome at times, but it saves tears in the end."

They had moved often, the father wearing out their welcome for them by his prodigal habits; he was a big spender on everything but necessities, and landlords hadn't the same patience with him that Vincent's mother had. They were both dead long since and, looking back on it now and then, Vincent wondered about the patience. It seemed to him that even with his father his mother had been civil and strange. Nor had there been any tears; at least none that Vincent ever saw. She went dry-eyed through his funeral—he cracked his head open in a fall on a construction job, one of the rare ones that came his way, and his brains seeped out, confounding those who supposed he had none; and dry-eyed she bade Vincent a civil and strange good-by on her own deathbed some months afterward.

Civil and strange at thirty, Vincent had certainly nothing to cry about, but nothing much to laugh about either, and he was of two minds often as to whether the game was worth the candle. He always found work easily, for he had a good

(Continued on Page 72)

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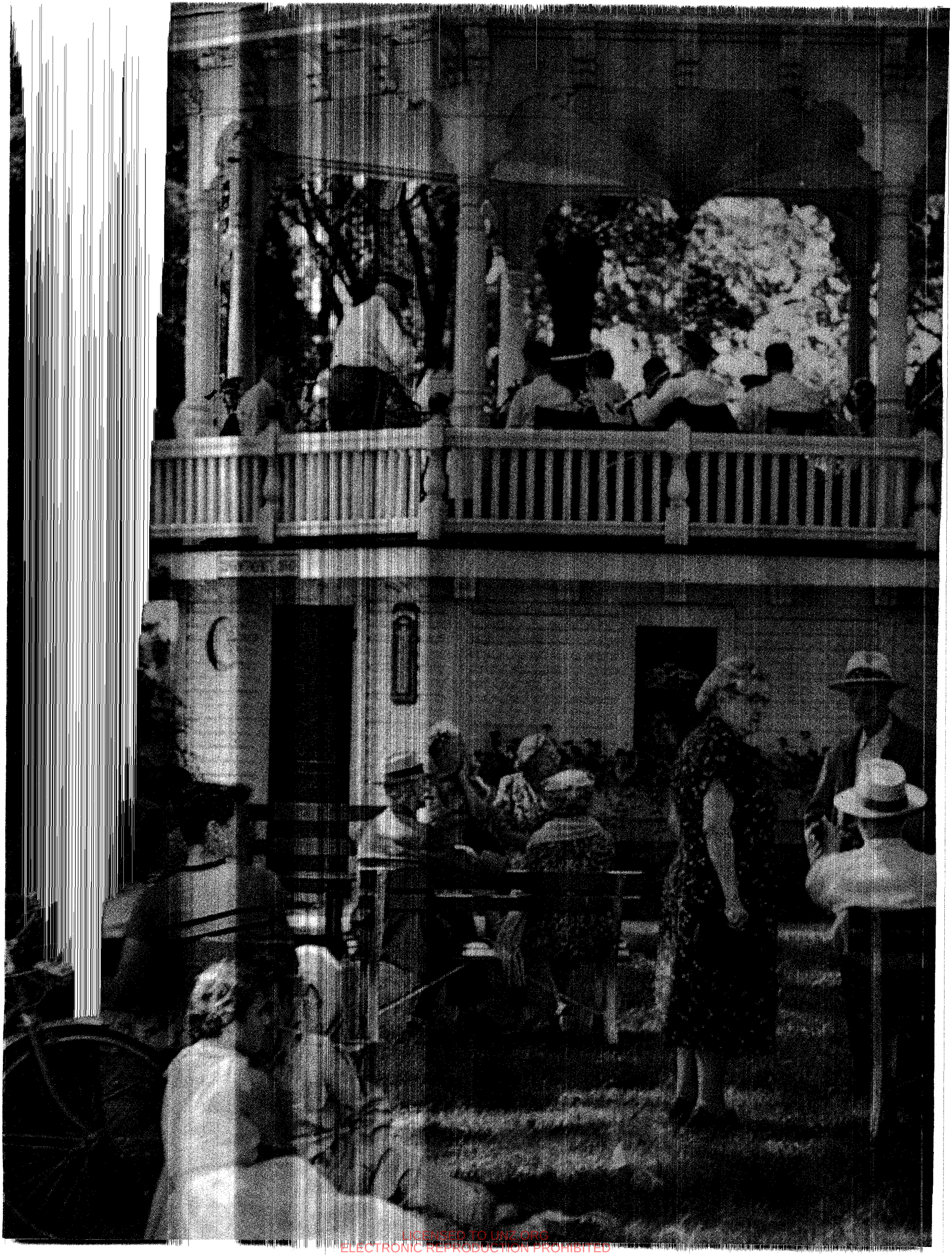

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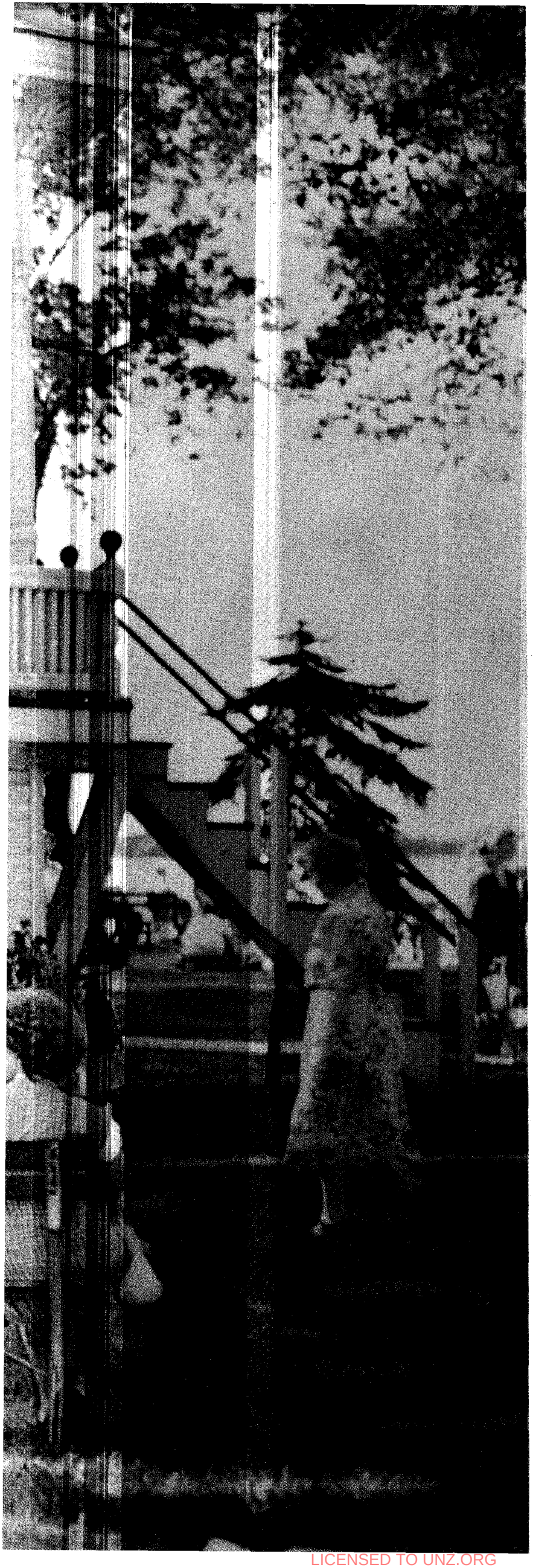

The Face of AMERICA

Music in the Park

Once upon a bygone time, bandstands such as this one in Lakeside Park, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, stood proudly in almost every town square. Here lay the Sabbath's most exciting—in fact, only—public entertainment. Americans who came along before such newfangled devices as movies, radio and television lured the audiences indoors can well remember when the warm breath of summer brought, as surely as lilacs, the Sunday band concert. The soft wind rustled the leaves, old folks visited with neighbors, youngsters played tag on the dandelion-dotted grass, and courting couples found seats in the shadows where, possibly, they might hold hands. The band leader, splendid in blue and gold, brought down his baton—and the glorious strains of Ta-ra-ra-boom-der-é or Semper Fidelis burst forth. . . . It is still that way on the shore of Lake Winnebago, where for fifty-nine years the Fond du Lac Military Band has played open-air concerts from this bandstand every Sunday from Memorial Day through Labor Day—concerts that will continue for many years to come, say the people of this band-music-loving town. • Photograph by Bob Smallman

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Timberbeast

By VERNE ATHANAS

He traded his wife for a job—a job that might kill him.

I'm a timberbeast and glad of it," Jerry told Barbara, his wife. Right after their marriage she had come with Jerry to live in a logging camp. Very much in love with her gigantic lumberjack, Barbara did not mind the inconveniences of their tiny cabin. And George and Nora Summers, their neighbors, were wonderful friends.

Barbara did not fully realize the danger of Jerry's work until Mick, one of the lumberjacks, was killed in a logging accident. Nearly frantic with worry that the same thing would happen to Jerry, Barbara begged him to quit his high-lead job. But he would not, even when the lumber company offered him a desk job. Then George Summers was badly injured, and Barbara's anxiety exploded into a demand that Jerry choose between his work and her. He refused to quit his wild, rough life, so she left him.

Barbara

CONCLUSION

Her father's first words were, "Where's Jerry?" At least it seemed that way. Barbara kept her hands rammed deep in her pockets and said stiffly, "He isn't with me. May I stay here awhile, dad?"

He gave her one quick keen look, and his smile fled. Then he moved to help her off with her coat. "Of course," he said. "Now what's it all about? You and Jerry have a spat?"

"It isn't a spat," she said. "I'm through, dad—absolutely and finally all through." And then, desperately resenting it, she burst into tears.

She was enormously grateful that he didn't say anything. He led her to the living room and its broad couch, sat her down beside him and gave her a handkerchief.

She cried quite a while. Then when she was all through she wiped her eyes and blew her nose and tried to smile at him. "I haven't done that since I was fifteen."

"And," he said dryly, "as I recall, that time it was about that Jill whatsername, who'd snaffled your date right out from under your nose. You had your cry out, and then a glass of hot chocolate milk, and then we had a long discourse on the perfidy of men and close friends." He gave her shoulder another pat and got up. "You're a big girl now, so I think I'll prescribe a bit of medicinal brandy. Following which, I'd suggest you sleep on it, whatever it is, and we'll thresh it out over a pot of coffee in the morning."

She said not quite stiffly, "I'm not fifteen any more, dad. And I didn't come to get my hot milk and be tucked into bed. I'd like to stay here until I—I can make—other arrangements, but I don't intend to be laughed at or jollied out of it."

"I'm not laughing at you, Barby," he murmured gently. "Don't ever think that. I'll do anything I can to help, of course. And of course you are welcome here. Always."

Quickly contrite, she said, "I'm sorry, dad. I'm just all wound up."

She woke with a start at six o'clock, stared at the little bedside clock in confusion, remembered, forcibly closed her eyes again. She couldn't sleep. But if she stirred too noisily, she'd wake her father and Aunt Vivian. Nonetheless, half an hour was as long as she could stand it. She couldn't avoid Jerry's things on the dresser top and in the closet; a terry robe of his, an extra razor and toothbrush, things kept here ready for their occasional visits. She thought almost violently she'd have to put them all in a box and ship them back if he didn't come after them. She went down to the kitchen. While she was making coffee, she heard the others stirring upstairs, and so she went about making breakfast.

The stove was a marvel. She turned a button, and the coils blushed glowing red. When the bacon began to wisp white smoke, she flipped a switch and an exhaust fan began to hum. Toast popped just tanned and no more from a slot and did not emerge parched and dry from an oven; she had the grace to admit that the camp's struggling power plant didn't generate power enough for appliances. Jerry had cursed the puttering thing as much as she, though possibly more amiably, and there wasn't much anyone could do about that until the new plant was installed. Not that it made the slightest difference now, whenever it might be.

Her father came down, dressed for work, white shirt crisp, tie precisely knotted, suit pressed. He smiled as she brought his coffee. She said, "My, you look handsome this morning."

"Thank you, Barby. You're mighty fetching yourself."

She took his breakfast to him; the one soft-boiled egg in its cup, two thin slices of toast, strawberry jam. It hardly seemed adequate, compared to the meals Jerry ate; the four or five thick strips of bacon, two or three eggs, a stack of hotcakes, three cups of coffee—and he wasn't above hooking a slice of her toast as an afterthought.

Her father's voice was almost an intrusion. "Very good breakfast, Barby." He put his crisp linen napkin aside.

"Thanks, dad. You're certainly no trouble to feed."

He looked at her keenly. "Is Jerry?"

"Oh, no. Not really. Just as long as there's plenty of it, and it doesn't bite back." She got up quickly and refilled the coffee cups. Her father said quietly, "I've nearly an hour, just now. Aunt Vivian decided to stay in her room for a bit more sleep. If there is anything you want to say or to discuss, I'm at your service, Barby."

"There's nothing you can do, dad. Jerry has made up his mind, and I think you knew him well enough to know about how easy it is to change that."

"Made up his mind about what? That you two can't make a go of it?"

"If he weren't so confounded stubborn, we could! If he'd ——" It spilled out of her then in a flood; the heat and dust and damp and

Illustrated by Bernard D'Andrea

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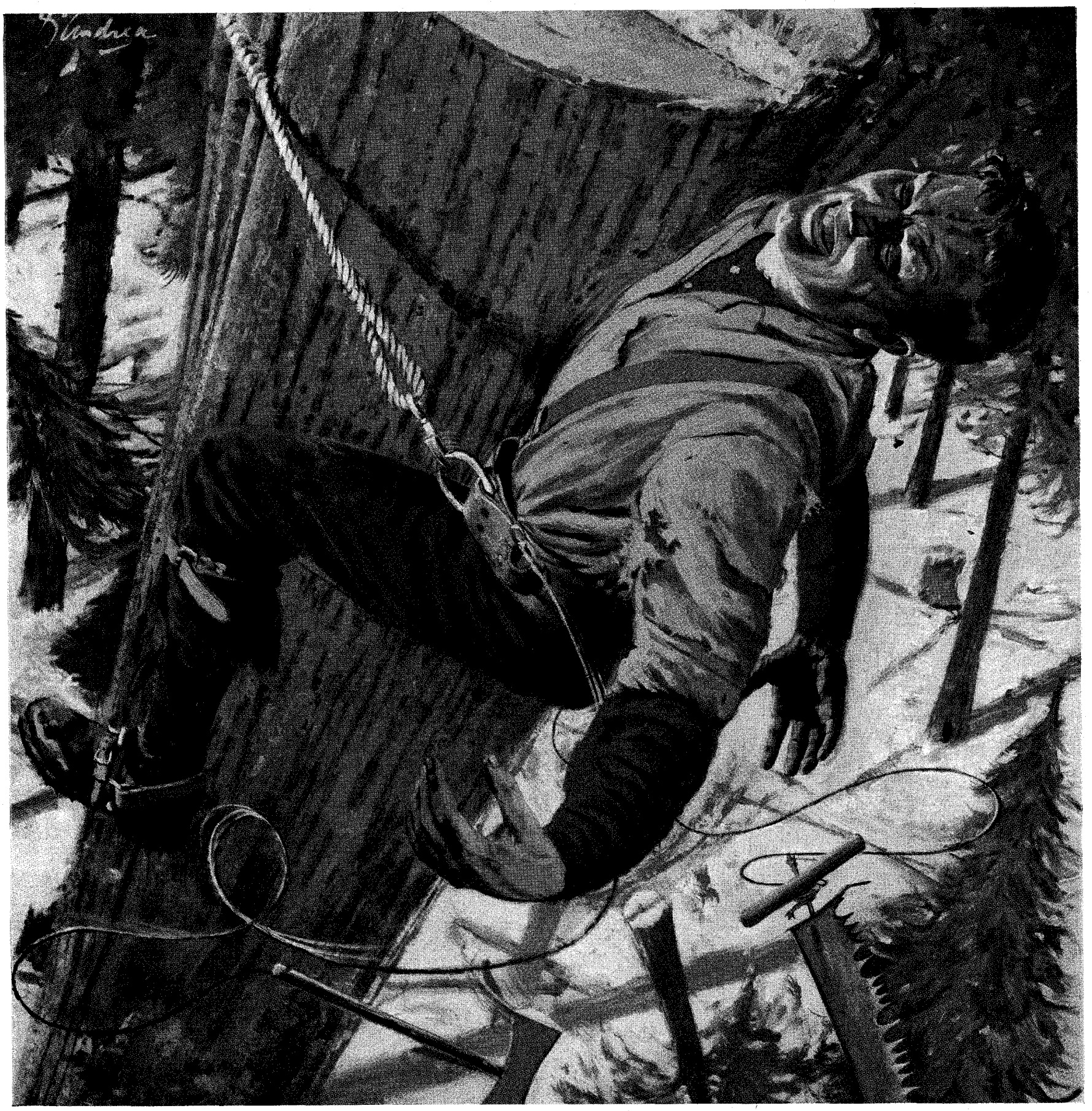

Jerry hung, still cradled in the belt.

cold; the almost casual death of Mick; Jerry's indifference to opportunity; of George's injury and Nora's ordeal, which had somehow become virtually her own; of Jerry's stubborn refusal to consider a change.

"So," she concluded, "I guess I—I haven't enough influence to beat it—and I don't think under the circumstances I'm callous enough to join 'em. I guess there's nothing more to say."

Her father said gently, "Under the circumstances? Is there some factor we're not bringing in here?"

She thrust her coffee cup away. "I think I'm pregnant," she said.

"Well, great day!" said her father softly. Then, "Does Jerry know?"

"No," she said.

"Why?" asked her father quietly.

"Because I wasn't sure, I guess. And just because, I guess. Maybe I just couldn't bring myself to use it as a lever. Maybe I'd hoped that I didn't have to use a lever on him."

"I see," said her father. "Now, you still feel that this—this thing, whatever it is that is going on between you and Jerry, is so great that there is no solution but separation?"

"All right," she said tautly. "Let's have it that way, if you like. Let's say I haven't the stomach for the pioneer-wife bit—let's say I think we're a little past hacking one's home out of the wilds with a trusty ax; and about all I need to round it out now is being taught to shoot so as to hold off the Indians when the man of the house is away."

Her father said, "You know why Jerry chose his job?"

(Continued on Page 40)

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Post Scripts

Memo to a Dry Cleaner

Is each day joyous,
Filled with fun
Shooting off
Your staple gun?
Tagging my suits
With fiendish glee
Where everyone can see—
But me.

BOB TAYLOR

It's Those Fringe Benefits I Go For

"That'll be $58.85, including the new spark plugs and points and distributor—and I can't see any reason why she shouldn't run like new for months to come. Say, your rear window looks pretty dirty. Let me clean it up for you. Only take a minute."

"This encyclopedia set will be a priceless aid to your children right through their entire college careers. Here's your receipt for the $100 down payment, and—with our compliments—this scroll with our president's personal signature, citing you as a Conscientious and Farsighted Parent. A good many of our customers have them framed."

"When they light your cigarettes for you, you can tell it's a restaurant with real class. Dear, do you think a $3.50 tip was enough?"

"Well, that wraps up this series of lessons, and if I do say so, I think we're beginning to make a little progress in curing that slice. . . . Thank you, sir. That'll take care of the rent for a while, I guess. Ha ha. By the way, want some extra tees? . . . Go on, take 'em! Plenty more where these came from."

PARKE CUMMINGS

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Could he see me first? I'm left over from yesterday."

"MOTHER!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Tiny-Tot Playhouse (Ages 2–5; Hours 9–12)

Pint-size cowboys, grim at capture,
Shoot their Playhousemates with scorn;
Mothers flee into the rapture
Of a happy, silent morn.

Teachers shouting, "Take your places!"
Only lends the kiddies wings;
Little girls with angel faces
Push each other off the swings.

Learning how to play together,
Growing skilled in give and take,
During rainy indoor weather
Makes the floors and ceilings shake.

Clay, intended just for shaping,
Whistles wildly through the air;
Sand, for digging and for scraping,
Pours in shoes and clothes and hair.

All the tots get out their lunches
At a quarter after ten—
Boys all sprawl around in bunches,
Even as they will when men.

Artists draw a dog or gull or
Cow—or could it be a horse?
Later on they paste and color
(Other tiny tots, of course).

Toddlers who can't keep their pants up
Topple off the Kiddy Climb—
Teachers happening to glance up,
Dash to field them just in time.

Shrill sopranos, unfrustrated,
Find MacDonald's Farm a breeze,
While the more sophisticated
Are absorbing A B C's.

One small siren, five already,
Gives a fervent kiss good-by
To her even smaller steady,
While he stands and wonders why.

Moms at noontime, to their sorrow,
Set the brave instructors free—
Free to work until tomorrow
Cleaning up today's debris.

LOYD ROSENFIELD

Pun-Abridged Dictionary

BY BILL KEANE

Man of the Hour

Perhaps there will be, in some halcyon
day
Of the future that stretches ahead
A man who has something that's needless
to say
And chooses to leave it unsaid.

IRENE WARSAW

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YOU GET THE SOLID QUALITY OF BODY BY FISHER.

Pontiac surrounds a man with beauty and the solid security of wide-track wheels

We've been noticing something interesting about our men customers. When a man becomes the owner of a 1959 Pontiac he slices a few years off his age, becomes enthusiastic about driving almost anywhere any time, and holds his head a bit higher, a lot more proudly. It's not our imagination. It actually happens.

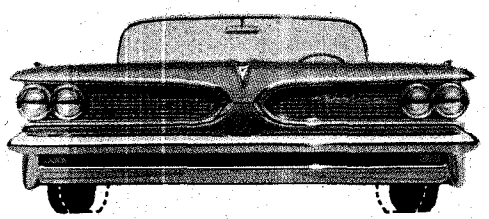
Unofficial psychology explains it this way: A man who works hard and gives his all to profession and family has earned the right to drive a great automobile. A Wide-Track Pontiac is a perfect reward.

Its trim, sleek lines gratify your sense of good taste and refinement. Yet they're well-defined lines, positive but uncluttered, consistent and clean. The unique grille is a good example; different but highly imaginative and pleasing.

Man is born to be a master and Pontiac gives you masterful control of this car with the security and stability of Wide-Track Wheels; wheels moved five inches farther apart. This widens the stance, not the car. You're balanced, with less lean and sway.

We assure all well-deserving men that this automobile will give you a vigorously fresh outlook on life, a feeling of youth, accomplishment and much, much pride. Show your wife this advertisement; she deserves a Pontiac, too.

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION · GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



THE ONLY CAR WITH *WIDE-TRACK* WHEELS

Dotted lines show conventional wheel positions. Pontiac's wheels are five inches farther apart. This widens the stance, not the car. Pontiac hugs tighter on curves and corners. Sway and lean are considerably reduced, ride is smoother, balanced, steadier.

PONTIAC! America's Number ① Road Car!

3 Totally New Series • Catalina • Star Chief • Bonneville

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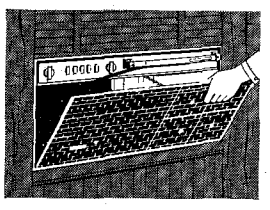
He-Man Cooling
—and no fooling*

New PHILCO NOISELESS



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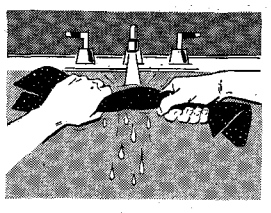

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The Case of the Mythical Monkeys

The anonymous letter baffled Mason. Was it meant to lead him straight to—or directly away from—the murderer?

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

"We're monkeying with dynamite," private detective Paul Drake protested. "Suppose the police find out we're withholding evidence?"

Perry Mason found the evidence—a woman's scarf and a box of bullets—under the cabin where a man named Josh Manly was killed. Earlier, Mason's client Gladys Doyle had discovered Manly's body. As a result, she was charged with his murder.

The scarf, Mason learned, belonged to novelist Mauvis Meade, who employed Gladys as a secretary. It was at Miss Meade's specific directions that Gladys, returning from an assignment for her boss, took the Pine Glen Canyon "short cut" that led to the murder cabin. Had Mauvis Meade intended that Gladys discover the body?

To answer this crucial question, Mason needed straight facts from his client.

V

Perry Mason sat in the visitors' room at the jail next morning and surveyed Gladys Doyle. "I want you to tell me the truth," he said.

"The absolute truth, so help me," Gladys Doyle said.

Mason said, "An attorney is confronted with a lot of alternatives in a situation of this sort. For instance, I could sit tight, hoping that you'd answer questions and persuade the officers that you were innocent.

"On the other hand, I could have advised you not to answer any questions and trusted to luck and the fact that the officers couldn't uncover enough evidence against you to justify them in bringing a charge against you. You understand that?"

She nodded.

"All right," Mason said. "Now I had a third alternative, and it's the one I elected to use. I'm trying to force their hand. I filed an application for a writ of habeas corpus. The judge issued an order of habeas corpus, which means that the police have to produce you in court and show cause why they're holding you. If they can't show cause, you're released."

She nodded.

"Therefore," Mason went on, "the police will probably see that a complaint is filed charging you with first-degree murder. They won't wait for a grand-jury indictment. The advantage of that course is that when the case comes on for a preliminary hearing, I have an opportunity to see what the evidence against you really is, to cross-examine witnesses before anyone knows just how their testimony is going to fit in with other testimony. In other words, before anyone has had a chance to coach them so that the case against you is airtight. I hope you have enough confidence in me to agree that it was the proper thing to do."

"Anything you say, Mr. Mason."

"Have you seen the morning paper?"

"No."

"I want you to examine this map for prints," Mason said.

"There's a photograph of the victim in the morning paper," Mason said. "They've photographed the features and retouched the eyes so as to give the corpse a lifelike appearance. They feel that someone is certain to recognize him."

Mason unfolded the newspaper and held it up against the heavy plate glass through which the interview was taking place.

Gladys Doyle looked at the newspaper picture with considerable interest.

"Do you recognize the man?" Mason asked.

She shook her head.

"All right," Mason said. "Now I'm going to approach it from another angle. I want you to think carefully before you say anything. Does the name Joseph H. Manly mean anything to you?"

Her face was completely impassive. She slowly shook her head. "I never heard of him, as far as I know."

"All right," Mason told her. "I have every reason to believe that the victim is a person named Manly. I think we got that information in advance of the police. However, I think the police know who he is now and are acting on the assumption that the identity of the murder victim is a mystery. Now, there's another thing. They have found that the murder weapon was the Twenty-two that was lying on the floor of the bedroom. You picked up that rifle?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Just after I found the dead man. I saw the rifle and thought that I could use it in case the murderer was still in the cabin. Then I went into a panic and put it down where I'd found it."

"And, in so doing, quite probably left some fingerprints on it," Mason said.

"But, Mr. Mason, that was long after the man was killed."

"I know," Mason said patiently. "The trouble is, fingerprints aren't dated. If you left any fingerprints on that gun and the police can develop those latent fingerprints, there's nothing to show whether the fingerprints were made before the man was killed or afterward. Now about that map and the directions which Mauvis Meade gave you. I'm going to tell you this, Gladys—Mauvis Meade is playing some sort of a very deep game.

"I want you to think back to the time when she gave you those directions. I want you to tell me whether

(Continued on Page 54)

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Timberbeast (Continued from Page 35)

She said bitterly, "I know. One, he likes it. Two, it's about the last big high-lead show, and he wants to be in on it. But first or second or last, he likes it. So I can just lump it—that's what it boils down to."

Her father said gently, "Jerry didn't invent it, Barby. Another woman, a long time ago, said it as well as anyone ever has, '. . . whither thou goest. . . .'"

She said stormily, "I can move to a hotel if it bothers you so much."

Her father said quickly, protestingly, "Barby!" Then he gave her a smile, half wry, half amused. "Barby, I remember something your grandfather said. This was your mother's father, and you never knew him, but he was as Irish as Paddy's pig. 'Niver pack too big a chip on yer shoulder,' he'd say, 'elst somewan use it as a club to bate yer brains out wid.' Well, I'll go along. Service-club luncheon today, so I probably won't see you before this evening. Have a nice day, Barby."

Aunt Vivian came down half an hour later. Her only mention of the situation was, "There's only one truly final thing, and that's death. I had as good a man as any woman's allowed for twenty-three years. There hasn't been a day since he died that I haven't missed him, nor a day I spent with him that I'd trade for ten since. I'd give it a good hard think before I did anything serious."

Barbara heard her out in silence and went up to her room.

Two days later, Doctor Cresset confirmed her suspicions. After dinner, Barbara went for a walk. It didn't help. She went to her room and to bed, but hadn't slept a wink when her father tapped quietly at her door. At her invitation, he pulled her slipper chair around by the bed and sat down.

"A little restless tonight?" he inquired.

"I just felt like walking," she said.

"Of course," he said absently. Then, plunging ahead, "Barby, this won't do. It isn't a question of your not being welcome, however or whenever. It isn't a question any more of two people who can't see eye to eye. There's a baby coming, and no matter how far away it may seem just now, it must be considered. It'll be your baby, Barby, and it'll be mine because it will be my grandson, I hope. But it will be yours and Jerry's, and no amount of disagreement can change that. Your place isn't here. It's with Jerry."

She said hotly, "Or maybe his place is with me. Doesn't anyone consider that?"

Her father looked at her closely. "Barby," he said finally, "I called Jerry tonight."

"You didn't tell him! You didn't, dad?"

"No. I told him you were here. I told him I thought it was pretty silly that you two were apart just now."

Reluctantly she said, "And what did he say?"

"He agreed."

"He would. And I suppose he made caveman noises and threatened to come snatch me back by the hair."

Her father said slowly, "No, he didn't." He grimaced. "The peacemaker's lot is not a happy one, Barby. Both parties like to use him as a whipping boy for the other. No, he was very polite, Barby. Polite and distant. That was what hurt most. I thought he and I had come a long way toward being friends."

She said hotly, "He's got his nerve, getting on his high horse with you!"

Her father said quietly, "Not really me, Barby. I was the middleman. I represented you just then. That's why it's no good. The things you've said to him—his reaction, through me—it's no good, Barby. Now look. He's at the hotel where you always stay in the city. We can be there in an hour or so. Let me take you back to Jerry, where you belong."

"Of course," she said dryly, "he's curt and distant with you, so let's haul me back to him as a peace offering."

Again he regarded her long and steadily. Finally he sighed. He rose and looked down broodingly. "I don't mind being the whipping boy, if it will bring an end to it. But this one I can't really solve for you, Barby. I can try to help, but in the end it must be your decision. I hope it will be the right one."

Almost, she called after him, as he left the room. She wanted to call him back and tell him she was sorry, that she was being mean and bitter and she didn't really know why. She didn't want to hurt him. She didn't want to hurt anyone. But it seemed that everyone was hurt, including herself. But she hadn't touched Jerry. She hadn't moved the great muleheaded oaf in the least. All right, if he wanted to be pigheaded, he could just be pigheaded. Then she quickly switched off her light because it seemed easier to cry in the dark.

Sunday was dismal. There was sunshine. There were fresh-cut flowers in the living room. Aunt Vivian asked her to church, but she didn't want to go and didn't bother to think why. She wandered restlessly, picked up the paper by her father's chair, and a caption caught her eye. Then she wondered whether her father had left the paper so folded for her benefit. According to the item, a big network television show was to film an episode of the big high-lead logging operation on location at Iverson Logging Company's holdings. Barbara put the paper back and went for a walk.

Her father's first mention of the item gave her the answer. With an expression half-deprecating, half-resolute, he said, "You saw the item about the TV show they're making of Jerry's job?"

"I saw it."

"Well, Barby, I've gotten involved in the thing—mainly because I'm cashier of the bank, and Iverson has a business office here. Anyway, they want me and a couple of other local men on the show. We'll go up to where they're logging and be interviewed against the background of the operation; showing how the economy of the region is affected by the logging industry, and so on. We'll be the dry, informative part of the program. The big part of it will be the actual logging—bringing in logs, loading, and so on. But it seems that Jerry will be the real star of the whole thing. They want to get pictures of him topping a tree, rigging it—that sort of thing."

"I see," said Barbara without inflection.

Her father took a deep breath. "You're going with me, Barby," he said.

A pulse began to hammer in her temple. She said as calmly as she could, "You're taking something for granted, aren't you, dad?"

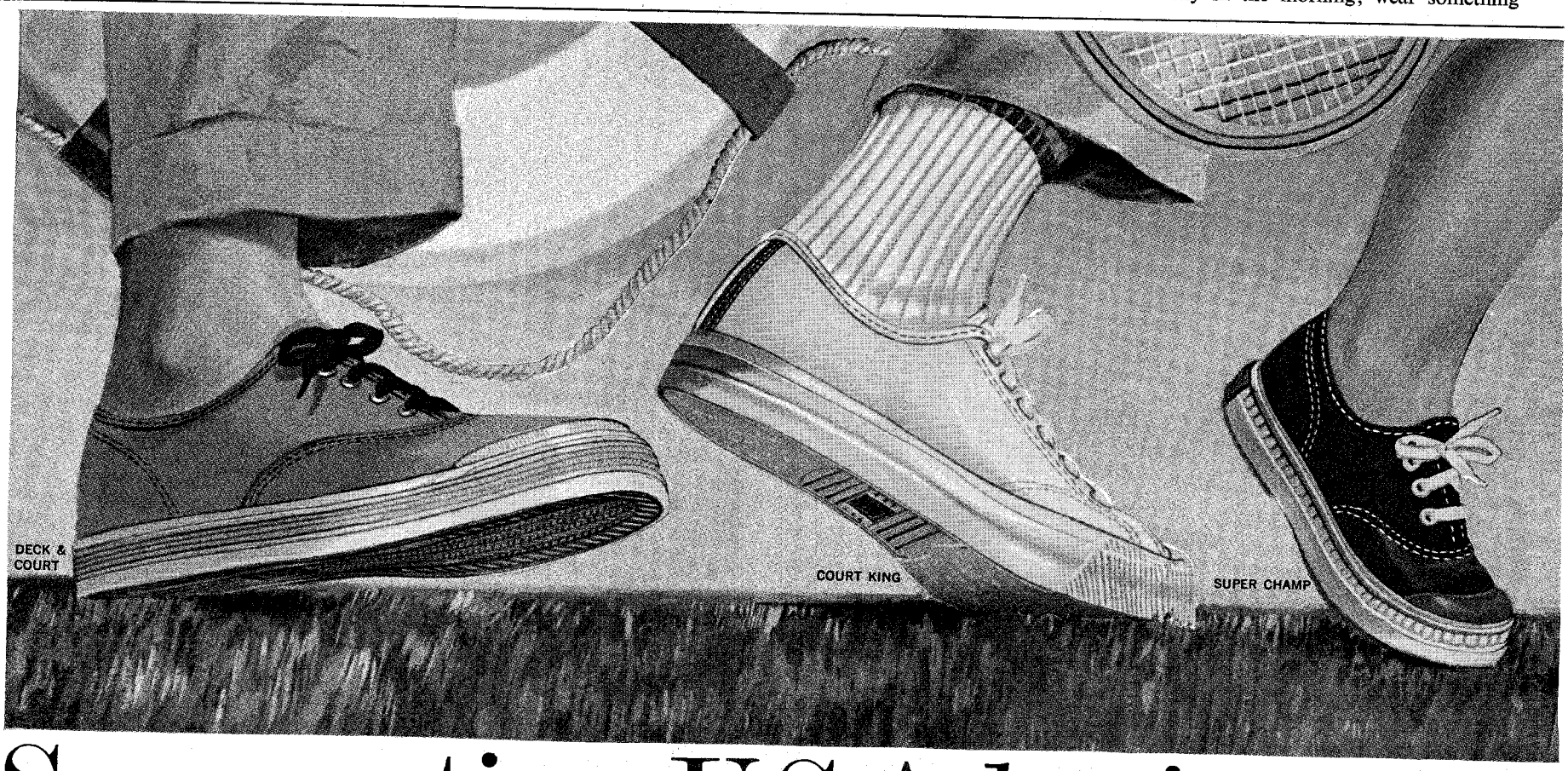
Her father said with an air she had never seen in him before, "Maybe I am, Barby, but this once it will have to be as I say. Jim Prescott, on the Chamber of Commerce, happened to mention it before anything could be done—the fact that Jerry is my son-in-law—and the publicity man of the TV company heard it and picked it up—and there we are."

"I'm not going," said Barbara.

Her father looked at her. "You're going," he said. "Jim Prescott knows you're here; so do the TV people, now."

"That's not my concern."

"It's mine, Barby. We'll be leaving early in the morning; wear something



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warm." His look said the subject was closed.

To her surprise, she was awake before her father tapped at her door. With that new, odd note in his voice, he said, "Ready, Barby? Breakfast in ten minutes."

Equally to her surprise, she heard herself saying, "All right, dad."

She wore short laced boots and slacks and a sweater and a car coat with a hood. Her father said merely, "You're looking fine, Barby," as she sat down to breakfast.

They joined a small convoy of cars and trucks at the Chamber of Commerce building, drove out to the Buck Hill road and went jouncing up that, turned onto an equally rough fire trail, rode more bumpy miles, to come quite suddenly on an Iverson Logging speeder waiting where the fire trail crossed the logging-company railroad tracks. Filming equipment was loaded on a trailer, a small flatcar behind the speeder, a square, boxlike vehicle powered by a bellowing truck motor which drove its flanged wheels on the rails. The driver was a laconic, short and heavy one who chewed tobacco and spat from time to time through an orifice in the top deck, through which came the various levers for operating the machine. He wore coveralls and a visored cap, and his boots were innocent of corks, but the timberbeast stamp was on him. He drove the machine at what seemed a breakneck pace, the speeder pitching and rolling almost frighteningly on the rough and uneven roadbed. The speeder monkey rode it with a swaying, unconcerned detachment, as a cowpuncher might his horse, or a sailor his ship's deck.

After what seemed a long while, he eased off the throttle, crept around a final curve and came frighteningly head on at a huge black locomotive, which rapped out a peremptory "poot!" with its steam whistle. The speeder's iron brakeshoes grabbed with a grinding clash, and the speeder monkey said, "Far's we go. Have to hoof it the rest of the way."

"Tell him off, Henry. Don't keep things bottled up inside you."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

On the heels of that, a man came from around the locomotive, wearing a tin hat and whipcord cruiser jacket and pants. Barbara knew him as Jim Conners, the boss in charge of this particular logging "side." He looked at Barbara, recognized her, said merely, civilly, "Hello, Mrs. Hillard," and then, to the rest of them, "Let's get this stuff unloaded. Be a couple of knot bumpers along to help grunt in a minute."

They descended from the speeder and stepped into the deep woods scents of fir and cedar and damp earth and ferns. Towering trees loomed on either side, blotting out virtually all vision save that of the sky overhead. Looking back, the way they had come, the wide slash of grading, with the shimmering, uneven twin brightness of the steel rails was a wound unhealed. Ahead, beyond the locomotive, one could envision hurricane—tornado—disaster beyond comprehension.

Great trees lay jackstrawed, trees a hundred feet in height toppled, piled one atop another, jumbled, twisted, laced together. Here and there and yonder were shorter trees, some with broken limbs or long pale scars where falling giants had brushed them, still standing like lost and dismayed children. Somewhere on the far fringes of cataclysm a power saw snarled as ten thousand enraged bees the size of eagles might snarl; a human voice emitted a wordless whoop, and amid a distant cracking and splitting and wrenching, still another of the towering giants began to lean. It tilted and leaned and shuddered, and then it came down; and moments after, the great sighing breath of its passage came, and then the shuddering crash of its final stop.

In the roughly circular clearing of the landing were great hulking machines, a scattering of rough board shacks on skids, the great ragged sprawling pile of logs already yarded in; the spar tree, an enormous towering shaft, as the focal point, the blunt top of it hung with huge pendent blocks, and a spiderweb of bracing guy lines forming a tremendous empty pyramid. The skidder, the donkey, squatted in a web of cables like a lumpish, violent spider. The donkey emitted a ridiculous, high-pitched "poot!" on its whistle, and then its bellowing exhaust began to hammer as a great steel drum turned and cable shrieked and flipped and tautened and was snatched grinding and straining onto the drum.

The load came into view, three long logs, hustled along without ceremony, as distant and small and insignificant as a child's jackstraws, each dangling on a noosed thread, two of them trailing fairly sedately, one end up, the other down, but the third, noosed near the middle, swung and twisted, as if struggling for escape.

They came on swiftly, and the illusion of distance was gone; they were huge, these logs—sixty or seventy feet in length, four feet or five in thickness of the butt ends. The great bull block on the spar tree lipped the cable through and held it high, held up the chokers and log butts and led them directly (*Continued on Page 43*)

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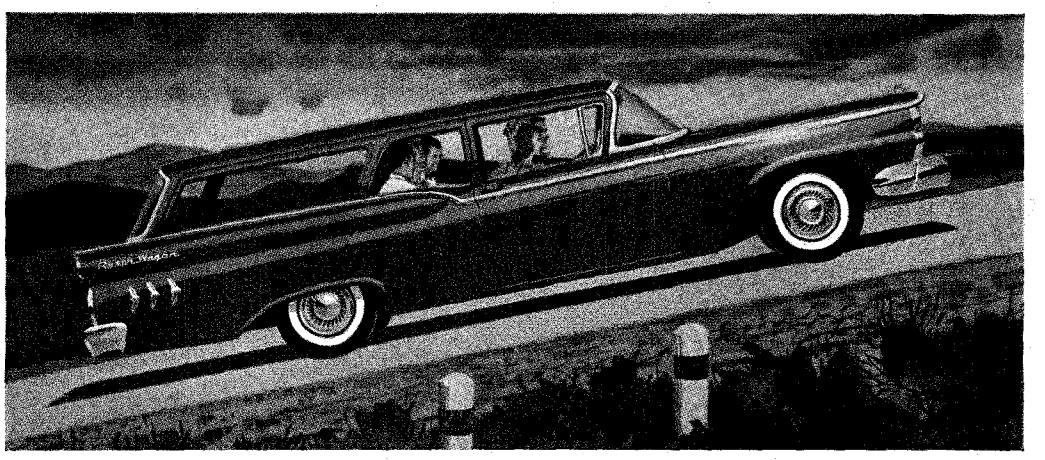

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(*Continued from Page 41*) to the log deck. Now the great uptilted logs loomed, slanting high in the air, as threatening as upraised clubs; their trailing ends smoking and scouring, plowing trenches in the earth, thrusting aside stone and limb and forest duff, grinding off bark and scorched wood and steaming sap.

They came hustling and grumbling and grinding to the foot of the tree, thudded and boomed and thumped upon the bodies of their brethren jackstrawed about the tree as they were dropped unceremoniously. They rocked to and fro where they fell—one rolled a couple of turns and then was still. From nowhere a man popped, a timberbeast in bright tin hat and dirty torn shirt and skin-tight, pitch-shiny stagged pants; he skipped and danced over the great pile of logs, nimble and catfooted and sure in his cork boots.

He kicked the chokers loose, unsnapped the nubbins from the bells and skipped lightly away, stabbing a clenched hand with thumb upright in the air as he cleared the last log and scurried clear. The donkey chattered and snatched the bull line taut, snapped the chokers out from under the logs and took them up dancing and whipping at the air, flailing the great heavy cast-steel bells about as if they were knots on a string. Then the haul-back line screeched on its drum, and the chokers went scurrying back along the bull line, twisting and kinking and lashing about as they went. One seemingly no more than touched a thirty-foot adolescent fir, touched and coiled and caught and the fir was plucked from the earth and snapped casually aside, and the quick-running bull line did not even check.

To Barbara, it was at once familiar and strange; ordinary and overwhelming. She had never seen it before, but Jerry had described it so often, so graphically, that she recognized most of what she saw at first glance. Against the raw violence her father and the TV men, despite their outdoor garb and hunting boots, looked citified, out of place.

Jim Conners said, "We'll have to be getting on over to the new spar tree if you're goin' to catch that part of it."

They followed Conners' lead, skirting the downed timber, climbing a slope and crossing an easy crown. They came out into a rough clearing. A dozen trees had been dropped, in a pattern radiating from one enormous fir still standing. A small diesel donkey, its sled runners cocked slightly up at the bow, squatted against its tail-hold stump. A gasoline generator sat alongside one felled tree, and a camera crew had set up a platform between two more, the cameras cocked up in a neck-craning pose.

High on the tall fir a limb drooped, broke loose, fell—as slowly and gracefully as a feather falling, and yet, when it struck, the earth telegraphed the blow like a small electric shock.

An alert youngish man wearing dark glasses spoke into a microphone from one side of the camera setup. "Speed on Two. He's coming around. Cut One."

Barbara looked up—and gasped. It was Jerry, unmistakable even at this distance. A thick leather belt almost a foot in width clasped him about the hips. A heavy rope ran through metal loops about the belt, on around the tree, back to a cat's-paw knot at Jerry's right hip. From the belt swung a line, and dangling at the end was a one-man crosscut saw. Another line supported a short-hafted, double-bitted ax, and this he fished to him now, stepping around the tree on a pair of iron stirruplike climbing hooks, lifting the ax and swinging it with driving strokes of his powerful arms, smoothly chopping off a thick limb mere inches above the taut encircling rope which was all that held him there. The ax blade flashed and thudded; a miss or a glancing blow could sever the rope, steel-cored though it might be, with practically no effort at all. Barbara closed her eyes.

She heard a final ringing note from the ax, a cracking and snapping, and she looked again, to see the limb detach itself and start its deceptive, soft feathery fall. Again it shook the earth with its impact.

Barbara took her eyes away from Jerry with an effort. She looked about almost desperately. The camera crews moved with quiet, businesslike precision. Everyone's full attention was riveted on that small giant so high yonder, the giant diminished by distance and overwhelmed by the still-more-gigantic and living tree on which he labored. Even on the donkey, the operator leaned on his shiny levers and looked upward, his jaw bulging with a tobacco cud, his face showing no particular emotion, but his attention completely held on Jerry.

Jerry reached down one-handed to clip some small projection with the ax before letting it swing to the end of its line. He made a slow survey all about, working himself about the tree and back again. He took up a little slack in the tree-girdling rope, stamped his hooks in solidly, fished up the ax and began to lay into the tree trunk itself, spinning broad white chips from the high, distant kerf, chips that spun lazily out and down and seemed to rush as they neared the earth, slamming and thumping and bouncing at the end of their long fall.

Said the man with the mike, "One, give me a pan on that group around the tree, drop down to the falling stuff, hold it there for an eight count. Then back up to him for the long shot."

Jerry finished his undercut, dropped the ax to the end of its line, fetched up his saw and began the back cut, these sounds as soft as the shushing of small breezes high in the tree's remaining limbs, a tip not unlike a green-brown candle flame, perhaps a hundred feet above the earth. Drifting floury particles fell from the saw, and these fell soundlessly, small bits of chewed sawdust too small to register an impact. The softly snoring sounds went steadily on, drowned now and then by the breeze, lifted completely away at times, always a beat behind the motion because of the distance. Then came a report, as of a dull and distant explosion, and the snoring of the saw seemed suddenly much more clear and audible.

Jerry shifted his weight, drew a few more deliberate strokes with the saw, then yelled, a clear ringing sound, a shout at once triumphant and gleeful. The top of the tree began to lean.

In that moment, all else seemed quiet, muted, even to the chuckle and clang of the idling diesel engine. The wind came sighing, in a distant run through the tips of the enormous trees, and in the high spar Jerry's head turned alertly, and even as he took a sidling step on his spurs, Jim Conners ran forward, trumpeting up through his cupped hands, "Jerry, watch it, dammit! Wind's goin' to twist 'er!"

The tip leaned. The lips of the saw cut widened. Then the soft invisible weight of the wind took the enormous plume of the top as it leaned, took it and pushed it and effortlessly toppled it. The snapping and tearing and popping of strong pitchy fibers came, and then, almost as if abashed at its mischief, the wind fell silent. One harsh gunshot report came from the tree, and the main shaft of the spar kicked out, far out, and the falling tip detached itself and casually brushed against Jerry in its fall. The great bent shaft of the spar, freed of these uncounted tons of weight, snapped in a long clean arc across the sky.

A climber rode it out, that long, long while it took to discharge all the terrible force compressed into the mighty shaft. He rode it out with spurs jammed deep and rope snubbed just right and strong arms braced. He made himself for that time a part of the spar, a chunk as solid as a burl on the parent trunk. These things Barbara knew because Jerry had told her. But the splintered butt of the twisting top brushed Jerry, nudged him impersonally with its great and heedless weight, and fell free; as the tall spar uncoiled like a sprung bow, Jerry went with it, as limp and helpless as a rag doll lashed to a bough.

Barbara screamed. She never knew whether it was sound that made her throat hurt so, or if she made any sound at all. Certainly no one paid her the slightest heed.

Jim Conners vented a great profane shout and went at a lunging run toward the donkey, roaring, "Heave those spare irons and a belt out here, dammit!"

At the end of the first great arc, Jerry's body snapped, jerked with terrible force within the embrace of his rope. His tin hat flew off and began a strange, slow, sidling fall. In that moment, Jerry's bright-headed, short-handled ax, the glinting, many-toothed crosscut saw, snatched after him at the end of their respective lines, came tumbling, showing their sharp and deadly brightnesses. As the spar snapped back, they hung suspended, squarely in Jerry's track, it seemed, and one of the timberbeasts said warningly, almost casually, "Better watch out for them damn tools."

Jerry couldn't hear him. There was nothing the timberbeast could do, nothing anyone could do, and the great shaft swept back across the sky, missed the glinting tools by nothing much at all, so that they had time to fall nearly to the end of their lines before being snatched back again, to swing in their own arc, off beat to the swing of the tall spar.

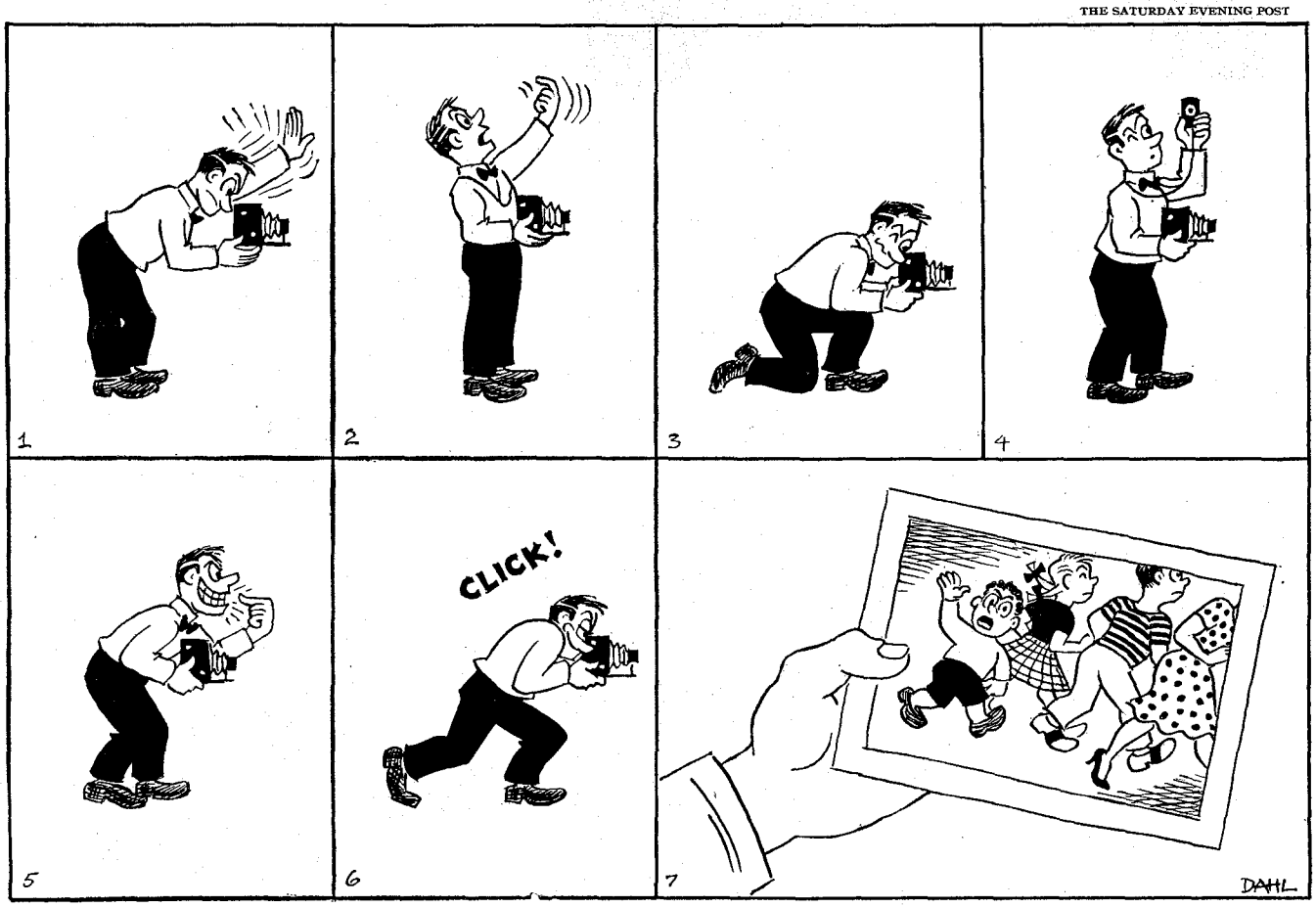
Jerry hung, still cradled in the belt. His arms swung helplessly, his whole body jarred at the end of each swing, snapped and bent and jerked by the shorter arcs of dying energy within the shaft. Barbara stood, frozen, the knuckles of her clenched fists pressed against her lips, her eyes straining with terrible intensity, trying, in screaming intensity, to see any sign, any motion from that terrible slack thing hung high above.

Jim Conners went running awkwardly to the tree, belted and spurred. At the foot of the spar, a timberbeast snatched a bight of the climbing rope, ran about the trunk with it, slammed it into Conners' waiting hand. Conners began to climb, not with Jerry's easy grace, but doggedly, hitching the rope with flips of alternate hands, stamping the spurs with unnecessary force into the bark, always looking anxiously up, not even pausing as another

(*Continued on Page 46*)

THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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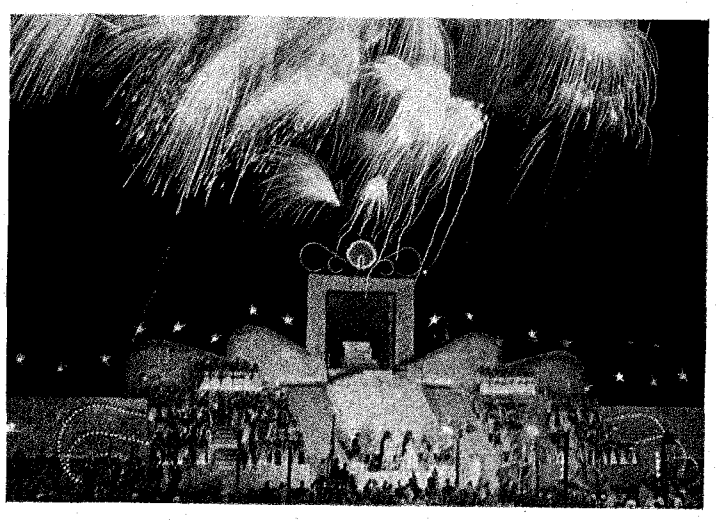

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(*Continued from Page 43*) timberbeast came running to hang a light pulley with a line rove through it, on his belt.

Barbara finally felt the arm about her rigid shoulders, finally heard her father's strained, insistent voice.

"Barby! Barby, honey, come away. It'll be all right. He'll be fine. Just come on over here and sit down a moment."

Neither loudly nor impatiently, she said, "Leave me alone, dad."

Once she was sure she saw Jerry move, and again she was certain that it was only the last faint movement of the spar. Conners climbed with slow persistence. The men on the ground were silent, heads uptilted, a couple of them carefully seeing to it that the line to Conners' belt did not drag or hamper him.

Conners came level with the saw, slowly swinging and twisting at the end of its line. He paused, as his head came even with Jerry's booted feet, paused and craned his neck and peered, and then went on up, hitching himself around, so that he kept Jerry's body between his own and the tree. He stamped his spurs deep and took a bit of slack in his rope. He unbuttoned his shirt and brought a packet out.

The cameras purred quietly. Barbara stood in a cold calmness, a numbness, as if all sensation were gone and would never return. When she moved, it was stiffly, as if each muscle stirred only on command. Her father's arm was a restraint about her shoulders.

"I'm going over there," she said, and the restraint slackened. She felt his hand on her elbow, as she walked, and it was almost as if it were someone else. High above them, Jim Conners' voice came in a hoarse bawl. It took a moment for that to filter through, too. Then understanding came.

"All right," came the hoarse, jubilant shout. "Comin' down!"

Barbara felt her knees begin to buckle. Her father's arm clamped about her, almost painfully, and his brisk pleased voice cried, "He's all right, Barby! He's all right!"

Above them, Conners' voice yelled, "Headache below!" The timberbeasts scattered from around the tree with explosive suddenness, and then Jerry's ax and saw fell, trailing their lines like slender whipping pennants.

They came down slowly, awkwardly, Jerry and Jim Conners; they came together, Jim always directly below Jerry, with Jerry moving slowly and gracelessly too, and when they finally reached the foot of the tree, Jerry didn't look all right at all. One sleeve was torn from shoulder to elbow, and a rough bandage was about to slip moorings entirely. The side of his face was as raw as chopped meat, and one eye was rapidly swelling shut, and a slow trickle of blood ran from that corner of his mouth.

But his eyes found Barbara, and a smile pulled his lips almost aright, and he said quietly, wonderingly, "Barby—Barby, honey, you did come." Then he blinked rapidly and leaned back against the tree on braced legs. "Y'know," he said almost unbelievingly, "that damn tree prett' near beat me to death."

Then he grinned a small one-sided grin and put out his hand, and Barbara took it in hers and wanted to laugh and cry and maybe shout a little, but she didn't. She kissed him as gently as she could on the corner of his mouth, and Jim Conners said dryly, "If you two lovebirds can just bear to break it up a minute, maybe I can get him tied back together again. Come on over and siddown, hero, and let nursey fix you up."

Jerry said, "Sure," without taking his eyes off Barbara's face. "Honey," he said, "you sure look pretty."

"So do you," she said.

"Oh, he's a beaut," said Jim Conners. He finished the bandaging and said, "Well, there ain't a thing I can do about that shirt. Guess you'll just have to buy a new one. Think you can hike it down to the speeder all right?"

Jerry took his look away from Barbara. The swollen eye was very nearly closed now. The side of his face was frightfully discolored from its bruising and the disinfectant with which he had been liberally painted. He shrugged the shoulder experimentally, making it work under the thick pad of bandages.

"Yes, sure," he said. He stood up. "Just as soon as I hang my hand-line block."

Jim Conners said quickly, "You know you don't have to do that, Jerry."

• •

Sailboat at Sunset

By Daniel Whitehead Hicky

Into the harbor now she comes
Where a blue dusk the color of plums
Has drowned the sun, pomegranate-red.
Let now no mortal word be said
Lest the spell break, the silence die
Pierced by the arrow of a cry.

This is her hour: a ship alone,
The sea behind. Her anchor down,
Let her sails fold into the night,
Her bateau ride the waters light,
Stirring the moment, pushing to shore,
With only the weeping of an oar.

• •

Jerry grinned tautly. "If you said so, Jim, I'd poke you right in the nose. But that's what I'm going to do. Then if you want to rig 'er, you go ahead. But I came down without hanging my block."

Conners gave him a long, careful look. "Suit yourself, chum," he said finally, "but you've got nothing to prove to me."

For just a moment Jerry's grin faded. Then he said, "No, not to you, Jim. Where's my belt?"

Barbara cried in disbelief, "Jerry! You're not serious! You're not going back up there again?"

"Just up and down, hon," he said. "Just long enough to hang this little block."

"No," she said. "No. Jerry, I can't let you do it!"

Jerry turned his grotesque look on her. He studied her with his one good eye, carefully. Then without looking away, he said, "Jim, could you excuse us just a minute, please? And tell 'em to turn that damned camera away before I smash it."

"Sure," said Jim Conners neutrally. He turned away, and stalked toward the camera setup.

Jerry said somberly, "Barby, darling, I'm sorry. I thought it would work out. But it won't. Not like this, it won't work, Barby."

She cried at him desperately, "Why, Jerry? Why must you do this? Why must you climb that damned tree? Why, Jerry?"

He kept his brooding look on her while he slowly shook his head. "I don't want to," he said in a hoarse, growling whisper. "I don't want to do it at all. But I'm going up there and hang that little hand-line block before I come down. Because that's what I've got to do while I'm still hurtin' and while I'm still scared."

She said through lips that felt stiff as leather, "And why is it, Jerry, that you won't do it for me? Why is it you won't stop—for me?"

"Barby," he said slowly. "I love you so damned much it hurts me inside. But a man has to do his work, Barby. A man has to choose his work, whatever it is. It would be easy enough to give in, Barby, because I love you. It's hard to deny you anything. But if I quit—left my work—I think that would be the end of it, Barby. That would be the day it would start dying, and maybe it'd be the beginning of starting to hate you. Or maybe it'd just turn into one of those gray things where two gray people live together for a lifetime and just tolerate each other. I won't have that—not with you. I'd rather it went quick like this, like lopping it off with an ax; now, while it's the way it is, without any kids to worry about, without any more to tear apart than you and me. So maybe that's the best way after all. Good-by, Barby."

His hand rose, reached out, touched her cheek, and then he turned away and stalked stiff-legged in his climbing irons, sending a rousing hail ahead, wanting to know where his thus-and-such belt was.

Barbara shook with a deep-seated chill. She felt her lips trembling, and she wheeled away and bent her head and rammed both hands deep into the pockets of her coat. Her father said gently, tentatively, "Barby? You all right, honey?"

She lifted her head quickly. "I'm—all right, Dad." She looked at him and wondered if the tremor inside was visible. "He's—he's going back to—to climb that thing again."

"Yes," said her father. "I see. But he'll be down again."

She said with that odd, cold precision, "But not to me, dad. He's not coming back to me. He made his choice—quite deliberately."

"I'm sorry, Barby," he said softly. I'm truly sorry. But you gave him an almost impossible choice." He lifted his eyes, tilting his head back. Barbara's eyes followed his.

Jerry was climbing. Not so quickly, not so deftly. His injured shoulder was obviously hampering him, but he was climbing, tin hat at a tilt, his long hand line trailing down from his belt.

"There's a man," said her father almost absently, as if more for himself than anyone else. He stood silent, head tipped back, watching. Finally, reluctantly, he looked away. When he spoke, it was in his normal, quiet tone. And yet, beneath that, there was a deadness, a flatness.

"Maybe we'd better go," he said. "We can wait where you won't have to watch it."

"No," said Barbara. She did not look away. Her throat was dry; carefully she had to keep her lips from trembling, but she did not look away from the high lonely figure. "No," she said, "I'll wait."

Jerry gave his climbing rope its last flip, planted his spurs, took in his slack and yanked the knot tight. With a short length of line he threw a bight about the tip of the tall spar, standing as straight and still now as the mast of a ship at anchor. He hung the small block from his belt and rove his hand line through, and with arms-length reaches he hauled it through until the rove end reached the ground and one of the men on the ground caught it and pulled slack.

Jerry leaned back into his belt, depending his whole weight on the security of rope and leather. His head turned as he looked about, at the high, gently swaying giants above him, above and beyond them to vistas unseen and unseeable from the ground. Almost visibly a sureness came on him, a subtle lift and tilt to his head and shoulders. His hand went up to his tin hat and from the height came his almost frightening roar, "Headache below!"

Then he threw the glinting hat high in the air and seemingly kicked both spurs loose simultaneously, even as he leaned into the tree and flipped his rope downward. The men under the tree burst away like an exploding covey of quail, and Jerry dropped, fell, a good eight feet, ten; and then his body tilted out and a spur caught, and his arm in perfect coordination again flipped the bight of rope downward, the knee broke outward and snapped the spur free, and again he plunged, caught himself with the other spur, and again and again, while the timberbeasts, safely ringed out from the tree, shouted profanely and gleefully, and the tin hat, slowly turning, began its long fall.

It was a fearful thing to see Jerry come down that tree. Once his right spur tore out a shard of bark as big as a dinner plate, and he slewed on the rope and drove the other spur, sliding it three feet along the rough bark, tearing out a furrow wide and deep enough to bury a strong man's arm, and then again he caught his almost-falling speed and came on.

He looked up, once, caught sight of the falling, turning hat, again kicked free and made a long drop of it, was caught and overtaken by the hat, and he shouted, a sound gleeful, and wholly alive, and then he checked himself and came on more sedately, until some eight feet above the ground, where he flipped the rope carelessly free, dropped, checked himself with one spur a foot above the ground and turned and stepped off the tree as another man might the bottom step of his front porch.

He was grinning, an awkward, lopsided grin, a malevolent grin, with his face bruised and eye swollen. He strode, unbuckling the belt, letting it fall. Then slowly the grin faded out, and he said shortly to Conners, "There's the hand line. Rig 'er if you want, but I'll be ready to hack 'er tomorrow."

"Sure. Speeder's got clearance to run you on in. Get goin'."

Someone brought his tin hat, and he took it and looked at the dent in the side of it and clapped it on his head at a cocky tilt. He stooped, yanked loose the straps on the climbing irons and kicked free of them. He started to walk away, and Barbara felt her father's touch on her arm, and heard his murmured, "Maybe we'd better just ——"

Without conscious volition she moved forward. Without thinking about it, she said, "You go along, dad." And then she went forward, not quite running, and called, "Jerry! Jerry, wait for me!"

He turned as if in disbelief and saw her coming toward him, and the tired and stricken look fled before his eager, waiting smile, and his arms came out, reaching, and she ran into them.

She felt their sure strength close tight and secure about her and knew she wasn't ever going to leave that. It was like coming home. She closed her eyes and held herself even closer as he kissed her. It *was* coming home. Here she belonged. Here she would stay. THE END

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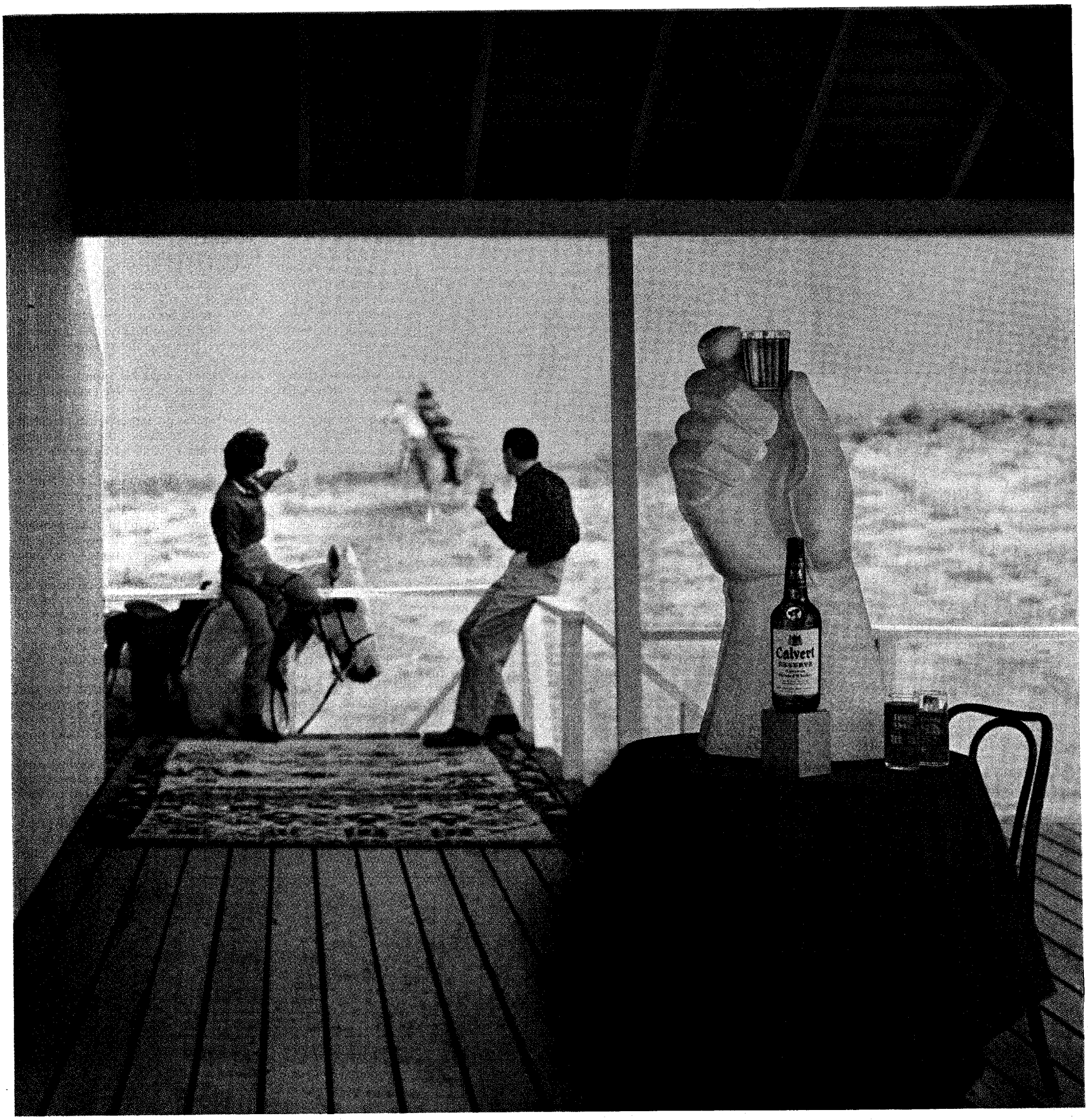

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IN THE JUNE ISSUE

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Last Time for the Marshal

(Continued from Page 24)

I was out of breath, and my voice came out louder than I'd meant: "Dad!"

He looked up, without laying down his penstaff. "Hello, son. You been running? Too hot a day."

I took a couple of deep breaths, trying to match his calm. "Dad, there's two men just rode in. They're at Henry's!"

It wasn't his habit to show things in his face, and he didn't now. Just the same, he knew what I was saying. His gray eyes were gentle, but firm as the line of his wide mustache.

"You know the faces of these men, Johnny?"

"No, sir. They come a ways, though; judge from their ponies. Maybe a week's trail dust on themselves too. The only thing clean about them was ——"

Dad's eyes took on a measure of weariness. "I know. The guns."

He reached to the wall behind his desk. There hung the gun these men had likely come to test. He stood up, buckling the oiled leather securely about his hips.

Dad's professional leather—working boots, gunbelt, saddle—were softened with neat's-foot oil before he ever put them to use. Squeaking leather, if you have call to move quietly, is like a cowbell around your neck.

He had finished with the buckle. "Well, I best get a look at these men." He bent to tie the thongs about his thigh, methodically forming a double bow, making certain of the knot.

I looked at him more closely than I had in years. I saw a tall, loose-coupled man, almost skinny, and with hands which seemed too big projecting out of his frayed blue shirt cuffs. I tried to remember ten years back. Did he look much older now?

I couldn't say. You live in the house with a man, he changes by daily fractions and you never notice. His hair wasn't the thick brown thatch it was when I used to tangle my hands in it, riding on his shoulders as he made the rounds. A few more lines had appeared around his eyes and mouth, but the prairie wind does that early.

To me, he seemed little changed. But the question nagged me: Which is the year which robs the hand of that tiny measure of swiftness—that margin which makes the difference between best and second best? Suddenly, I was truly afraid for him.

I said, "It's near-bout suppertime, now. Let's go on out to the house. They might ride on through."

He smiled quietly as he put on his sweat-stained hat, settling it well down on his tanned forehead. The afternoon sun would not reach his eyes when he stepped into the street.

"Maybe we'll do that, son. You go over to the livery and tell Sam to saddle us up. I'll be along soon." He started for the door.

"Dad!"

He turned, patient, but clearly ready to get on with his business.

"Dad, let me take one of the rifles and cover you."

For the first time, the calm left his face. "You stay clear, Johnny!" He held my eyes with his own. "I mean for you to mind, boy."

Then his smile was a father's smile: a little pride, a little sadness. "I'm all right, son. Do what I say."

Before I could answer, he was walking toward Henry's. He kept his boots off the boardwalk, moving soundlessly in the deep street dust toward the side wall, where a door opened into the post-office part of the building.

As dad stepped through the door, I could stand it no longer. I ran toward Henry's. The smell of stale beer and tobacco juice came through the open front door. I inched toward it, to a position from which I could squint through the murky glass of the single small window.

The two gunmen were there, seated at a table which faced the front door. Redbeard, as I now thought of him, downed a hooker of whisky and poured another. The taller one sat quietly, his glass filled, but untouched.

I narrowed my eyes in surprise. The tall one was hardly more than a boy! From across the street, earlier, I'd assumed he'd be thirty or so, the match of his companion. Close quarters showed me he was barely past twenty. No matter. His gun looked full-grown.

Both men appeared casual, but between them they kept an unbroken watch on the street outside.

A shadow stirred in the gloom at the back, and my eyes shifted there to see dad step soundlessly around the crook of the bar. This placed him directly behind the two men.

Henry stood behind the bar, wiping and rewiping a whisky glass. His eyes moved from the men to dad, and back to the men.

When dad was clear of the bar, he spoke quietly. "Afternoon, Henry."

His greeting was for the proprietor, but his eyes never left the two strangers. At the sound of his voice, they snapped their heads around, squinting into the gloom.

Redbeard made a first startled movement toward his gun, but checked himself. The young one's hands never left the arms of his chair. A cool head, that one. Too cool.

Seated as they were, the two were at a great disadvantage, and they knew it. Too, they'd been watching the sunlit street, and their eyes were unused to the shadow behind them, where my father stood.

Dad nodded amiably, showing no notice of their startled reaction. "Afternoon, gentlemen."

They mumbled a reply and turned back to their drinks.

Dad moved along the bar to a position opposite the two before he spoke again. "Been traveling far?"

The tall one looked up, and I could see his face more clearly. This face belonged on a choirboy. It was as if one of those cherubs you see carved on tombstones had grown up, six feet tall, and shed his wings. He was skinny, but you'd call it slender because he looked so—delicate is the only word that suits. His face showed no beard, no wrinkle. Smooth, and winning, and innocent. Until he smiled, as he did now. The smile held all the warmth of winter moonlight.

"Why do you ask?" His tone was too controlled to convey either anger or courtesy.

"We don't get many travelers through here, since the railroad came in over at Winsted. News of the outside world is welcome."

Redbeard wiped his mouth with the back of a hairy hand. "We ain't no newspaper, mister."

Dad's pleasant expression cooled a little. "I see." He studied the younger man for a moment again before speaking. "I wonder, have we ever met?"

Out of so young a mouth, to a man of dad's maturity, the spare answer seemed insolent: "Not before this, no."

"Planning to stay in Humbleton long?"

Redbeard scowled. "You ask an almighty power of questions, you know that?"

Dad turned his quiet gaze on the stocky man. He had their measure now, as had I. The tall one, though young, was the one to watch. The second was just that: second in quality as well as in quantity. And he was restless under dad's level scrutiny.

Dad let him stew a moment, then said without emphasis, "Asking questions is rightly part of my work. There's no offense intended." He paused. "And none taken, I hope."

His words jarred me. It seemed early to toss out such a challenge, even with both of them seated, cumbered by their chairs.

But dad had read his man rightly. Redbeard looked down, as he picked up his glass, using his gun hand to do it. "Just

"We're spending altogether too much on necessities."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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don't like people rootin' around in my business."

Dad loosened slightly, and the hint of a smile crossed his face. "I see," he said.

The younger man had watched this exchange with a curious concentration. Now he spoke. "Is there a place we can put up for a day or two?"

"Henry has a pair of rooms just over this one," dad said. Then he added pointedly, "Hasn't been much call for them lately, though."

The young man shifted his eyes to Henry. "Fix us up one of them."

Henry looked at dad, and after a moment received a sign of assent—the slight lowering of dad's eyelids. He turned to the young gunman. "Yes, sir," Henry said. "It'll just take a little dusting out and some airing."

"Thought we might just rest up a little," the young one said. "Feel a lot fresher after a good night's sleep and some hot food."

Fresher was something I didn't want them to be. But dad spoke in assent. "No law against that, I guess." He paused for a moment. "If you're going to stay, though, there's some business to clear up. We have a township ordinance against the carrying of firearms."

Immediately there was open danger in the faces of the two men. Dad ignored it. "If you'll come by the office with me, I'll check your sidearms and make out the receipts."

Redbeard's eyes took in dad's position at the bar. Deceptively relaxed and balanced, he seemed to be leaning on it with his right elbow, but there was no weight on the arm. The position simply provided a natural reason for his right hand to hang just above the worn gun butt.

The younger man saw this too. After a moment, very quietly and with obvious harmlessness, he rose from his chair. Redbeard joined him. "Which way, Mr. Briscoe?"

Dad's eyes snapped to the young gunman who had spoken his name. Twin frown lines appeared between his brows. This knowledge of who he was put a weight into the scale of certainty that these men were trouble.

"I thought we'd never met," dad said.

"We haven't," the young one smiled. "But Briscoe's a name you hear."

"I'd like to hear yours," dad said.

"Jaeger," said the other, flipping his hat brim with a forefinger. He nodded toward his stocky companion. "Call this one Red. It's all the name he's got, far as I know."

Dad inclined his head toward the door. "I'll follow you into the street, gentlemen. Just turn left, as you step down from the walk."

I ran for the corner of the building. My presence here was disobedience, and bad enough. But the surprised moment in which dad might turn his eyes from the two men to me, if I stayed in sight, could be a lot worse.

I was around the corner, flattened against the wall, when I heard their boots cross the walk and thud into the dust of the street. When they'd gone a dozen paces toward the jailhouse, I judged their backs would be to me and chanced a look. That was when it happened.

Redbeard stopped walking and wheeled to face dad, all in one smooth motion. His feet were set, and his hand in grabbing position. His eyes held the uncommon luster I'd seen in heat-crazed cattle.

"Don't be foolish, mister." It was dad's voice, impersonal and businesslike.

Jaeger stepped to the side. Not out of dad's vision, but out of the line of fire. He crossed his arms high on his chest, before he spoke to his companion. "Better listen to Mr. Briscoe, Red." His expression held a faint amusement.

"What's the matter with you, Jaeger! You holding still for this?"

The young man's eyes called Redbeard a fool. His cool voice said, "If you make a fight now, don't count on me."

Dad was watching them both. Jaeger stood motionless, arms folded, out of the line of fire. The squat Redbeard grew more tense, as if he contained a spring which was being wound to the breaking point.

Red's voice almost squeaked with the rage he was cultivating in himself. "Nobody takes my gun away from me!"

"It's the law," dad said. "That's how it has to be."

They stood regarding each other for a space of hot, dusty time. Then, Red's hand streaked into action. His draw was fast. But while his thumb was clawing back the hammer on the upswing, dad's .44 slug smashed into his shoulder at the joint.

The gunman spun, slammed backward like a mule-kicked skinner. His weapon, unfired, dropped into the dust with a soft plopping sound. It was over so fast I had no time for fear. I just stood there, listening as the report bounced off the hills behind town and the echo went racketing off down the valley.

At the percussion of the shot, I blinked. In that space of time dad recocked his pistol and had it pointing levelly at Jaeger's chestbone. There was no need. The younger man had not moved. But there was a curiously appraising look about his eyes.

"Red was almost fast enough, Mr. Briscoe."

Dad studied him for a moment before answering. "Close doesn't count," he said. "Except pitching horseshoes."

Jaeger chuckled explosively. "You're the real article, all right, Mr. Briscoe!"

Dad said quietly, "I expect I'd better take your pistol now, and give you a receipt later. We'll need to get this man some care."

Without hesitation or haste, the lean gunman swung the belt and gun over to dad. Dad took it with his off hand, then holstered his own weapon. "Better give me a hand with your friend," he said. "He looks heavy."

The two-room frame building in which Doc Harbill lived and worked had a sheet-tin roof. Any time after ten in the morning, from spring to fall, it was an oven in there. This morning seemed worse than usual.

Doc himself was tall, but he ran to fat. He was a man who laughed a lot, ordinarily, but he wasn't laughing when he came out of his "shop," as he called it. A flattened nub of lead the size of a finger-end lay in his meaty palm.

"Well, John," he said, looking at dad, "that will make one less pistol-slinger in Wyoming, unless he learns to shoot with his left hand."

He hefted the bullet he had taken out of Red's shoulder. "Heavy piece of business," he said. Then, looking up, "He can walk, but that right shoulder will be stiff for good and all."

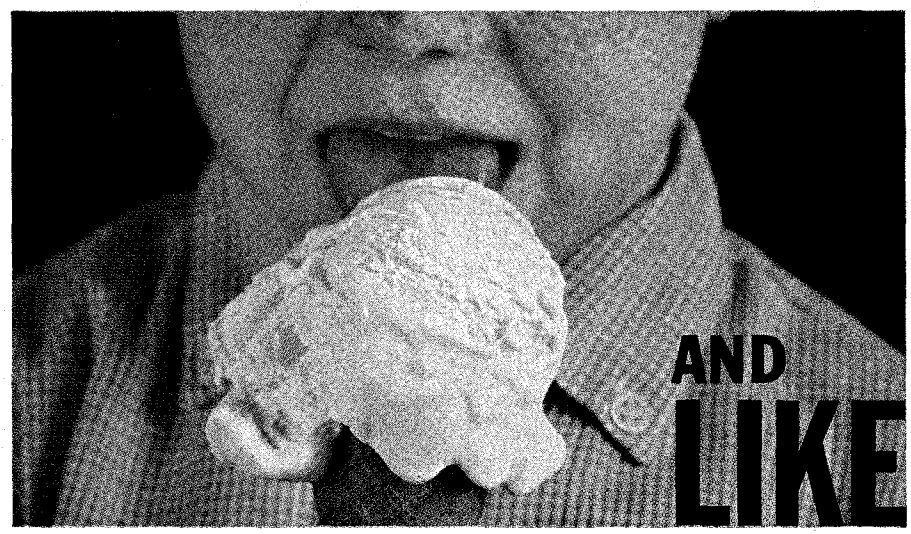
Dad nodded. I looked at Jaeger. His young features were untroubled. Whatever he'd had in common with his saddle-tramp companion, it wasn't anything you could call friendship.

"Red will be riding out," he said. "He'll be long gone, come sundown."

Dad shook his head. "Might be just as well, but it won't do. He drew on a law officer, and I'll have to hold him for the circuit judge."

He turned to Doc Harbill, extending his hand. "Thanks, doc. Make your bill payable by the township. I'll pick the prisoner up later."

He said to Jaeger, "I'll have your receipt waiting for you." He looped the



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ELSIE says, "If it's
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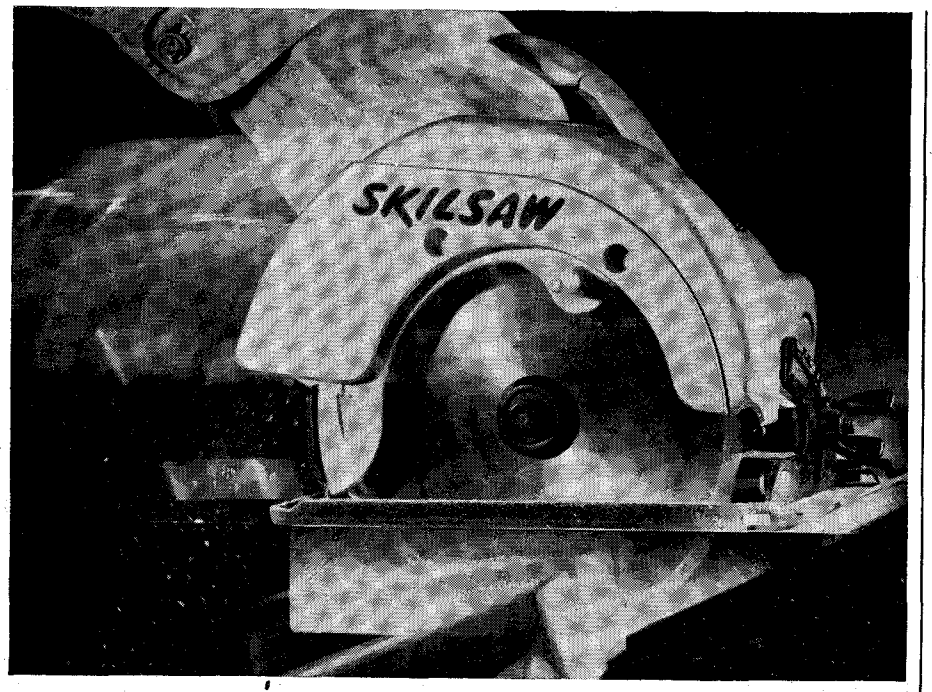

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There are more professional quality features on the Skilsaw Model 536 than any other saw in its price class. Yet, because of Skil's ever-increasing production, you can now own this versatile tool at a new low price—only $49.95.

It is the safest power saw to use. That's because of the special lower blade guard and Vari-Torque clutch, which disengages the blade if it binds or jams. Add these top features—easy to adjust depth and bevel controls for *accurate* 45° to 90° cuts, and a powerful new 1+ h.p. motor—and you have the best buy in power saws.

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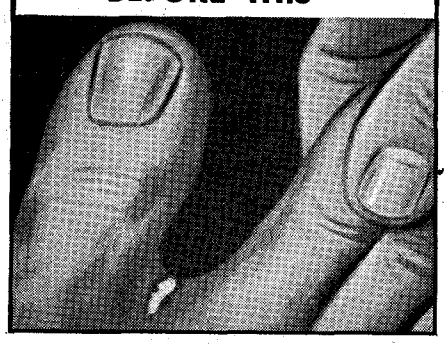

Raw, red cracks between the toes, itching or peeling are the first signs of Athlete's Foot. At this early stage, Athlete's Foot is easy to treat—if you act *fast!*

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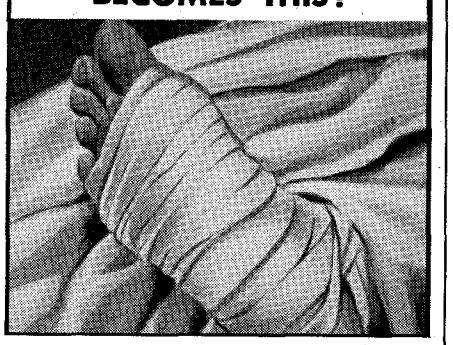

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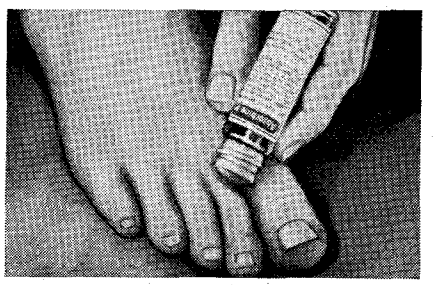

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confiscated gunbelt over his shoulder, as if to go. Then he paused. "Unless you're of a mind to ride out. You haven't broken any law, yet."

Without comment, Jaeger shook his head, no. I followed dad out into the street.

Jaeger stayed. There were no legal grounds on which dad could prevent it. He had surrendered his pistol peaceably, and he bothered nobody.

Evenings, he sat in Henry's and played cards with one or another of the local punchers. He drank in moderation, and, according to Henry, he won consistently at poker—taking no outside chances, bluffing only erratically and then doing it well.

In the afternoon I would see him sitting on the porch at Henry's, reared back against the clapboard front in a cane-bottomed chair. He made me think of a reptile, resting behind flat, unreadable eyes in bottomless isolation. Without impatience, waiting.

Sometimes he would get his horse and ride out. He was always back inside a couple of hours. No one followed him, or doubted he'd return. No man of Jaeger's brand would go for good, and leave his weapon behind.

At home, my mother's eyes took on the helpless, worried shadow that any other marshal's wife would have recognized at a glance. We did not talk about Jaeger. Dinnertime, which had always been the warmest hour of our day as a family, was quiet and full of tension as the days wore on.

After supper one night, dad motioned me to the porch, then followed me out when mother retired to the kitchen.

He stood at my shoulder for a while without speaking. The horizon was purple-blue, and in the high, clear air the stars winked clearly, right down to ground level.

"You're gettin' tall, John." He called me Johnny, unless what he had to say was of some weight. "Fact is, you're near-bout a man."

"Yes, sir."

He was quiet again. I waited for him to sort his words.

"John, you've been in town with me all week. What do you make of this Jaeger?"

"He's mean," I said. "Not just stupid-mean, like Redbeard either. He's like a cat down out of the mountains, full of hate and fear all at the same time." I shivered. "He gives me a bad feeling."

Dad merely nodded at my outburst. Then, after a moment, "What about him? Will he run a chance?"

I drew on Henry's observations of Jaeger's poker style. "A chance, yes," I said. "But not a long chance." Then I modified that: "Maybe once in a while a long chance, but not often. He's not past caution."

Dad bobbed his head again. "Good," he said. "That's about the way I make him out." He added with little enthusiasm, "You'd make a lawman one day, boy."

I burst out: "What does he want? He doesn't even know you!"

Dad pointed to the porch steps. "Sit down, son." He sat down beside me. "I was talking to Redbeard today, at feedin' time."

Raising his eyes, he saw the question in my face and went on: "He told me something I didn't know, but should have guessed."

He put his big-boned hands in his lap and looked down at them. "I shot a man once, long time ago, as marshal of a town east of here. He was a rotten excuse for a man."

His eyes came up, caught and held my own. "Drifted in one night, and in an hour's time he'd shot and killed a young man of the town. It was senseless. Picked the fight, railroaded the boy into reaching for his pistol, and shot him dead."

He shifted his weight, looking off to the horizon, and went on: "The boy he killed was a friend. A homesteader. No hand with a gun. I was the new marshal, and my duty was to take the man who'd killed him and hold him for court, even though he'd worked it so he had a good case to plead self-defense."

He shook his head. "It was murder, what he'd done. He knew it, and I knew it. I could see him laughing inside."

He looked at me again, and there was a shadow in the look. A memory he hadn't much liking for. "A jury might well have let him off. So I forced him. In front of people. Made him choose between crawling and making his draw. I guess he thought I was too young to take him. He was dead before his gun cleared the leather."

He looked down at his hands again. "That's the only time I ever shot when I wasn't forced to it. Maybe he had it coming. But I never felt good about it."

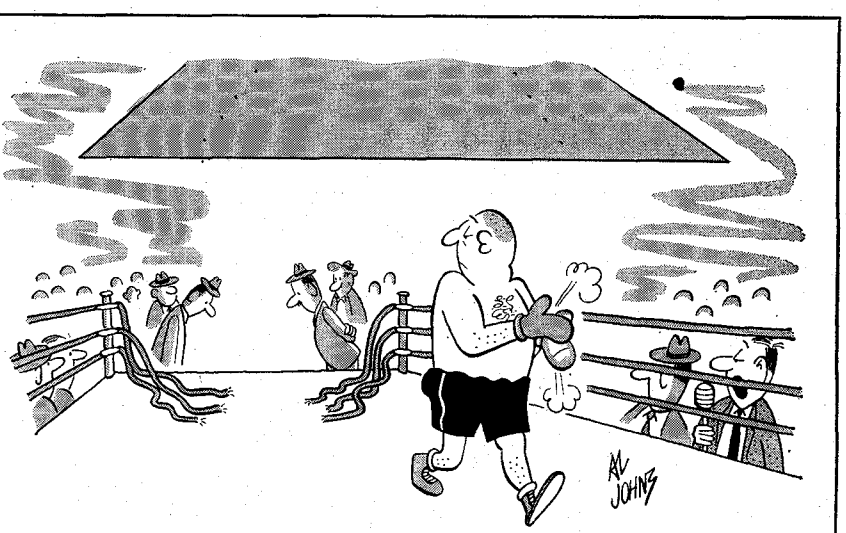
I was puzzled. "What has that got to do with Red, and Jaeger?"

He went on: "The man's name was Slavin. I never knew his first name until Red told me today. It was Jaeger."

"But that's the first name. This Jaeger is ——"

"The other man's son." He looked up at me. "He never said Jaeger was his last name."

I let this sink in. Dad said, "According to Red, Jaeger never even found out what happened to his pa until a couple of years ago. Wasn't much of a family man, I



"For those of you who may have tuned in late . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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gather. Doubt if the son ever saw enough of him to feel much for him—except maybe to hate him for running out on him and his ma."

A speculative look came to dad's eyes. "He's got one thing working his way. He's got youth, and the reaction time that goes with it."

He stood up. "We'll see," he said. "I've got a few things working my way too." I thought, *Like twenty years' experience, in the rawest towns west of the Mississippi.* Dad brushed the dust from his trousers and reached down to help me up. "Come on inside, John. Sunup comes early, and I want to be in town."

Jaeger was there, on Henry's porch, the next morning. As dad and I came abreast of him, he tilted his chair down from its leaning position against the wall and rose lazily to lean against a wooden pillar. "Mr. Briscoe."

Dad paused, and I with him. His nod was slight. "Jaeger," he said.

"Just thought you'd like to know, marshal," he said, "I'll be moving on before long."

"Drop by and get your pistol on your way," dad said.

Jaeger smiled unpleasantly. "I won't leave Humbleton without seeing you first, Mr. Briscoe."

Seeing no call to answer that, dad turned, motioning me to follow.

That afternoon Jaeger took another of his rides out of town. I watched him go, relaxed in the saddle, slicker tied neatly on behind. He wouldn't need it. There wasn't a cloud in the sky.

I couldn't have taken many more days like those just past. Likely that was Jaeger's design. Build up a tension which, since it was of his own making, would not affect him—but would reach dad, to Jaeger's advantage. In that, he failed. Dad's calm, if anything, deepened and grew firmer. He'd been under pressure before.

I was the one who was being drawn thin. But, as it happened, the waiting was just about over.

It was the day after Jaeger took his last ride out. Dad and I came out of Sam's, having left our horses. It was early, no one in the street yet. We sniffed the dry, clear air—a beautiful day, no sign of cloud. It would be hot before noon.

As we approached Henry's, Jaeger stepped down from the walk into the street. I had only time to reflect that his coat was out of place on a day which promised heat. Then dad had shoved me violently to the side. I fell, raising a cloud of dust to choke my nostrils.

Dad stood still, watching Jaeger carefully. "Must be something wrong with my lockup box," he said.

Jaeger brushed back his right coattail, revealing the pistol strapped to his hip and tied down. "No, Mr. Briscoe, my gun's still there in your office." He grinned twistedly. "My other gun."

Dad's eyes narrowed.

"I sort of keep this one rolled up in my slicker, Mr. Briscoe. As a spare."

Dad remained motionless, alert. "I should have thought of that."

Jaeger spread his feet a little. "I think I been here long enough, Mr. Briscoe."

"Then you'll be riding on."

Jaeger nodded to his horse, tied ready at Henry's hitch rail. "Very shortly," he said. He pointed with his chin toward the hills behind town. "Nice country around here, Mr. Briscoe."

Dad made no comment. After a wait, Jaeger said, "Been seeing some of it, riding in the afternoons." He waited again, and when dad didn't ask the question he was itching to answer, he asked it himself: "What was I doing, out in them hills, Mr. Briscoe?"

Dad said, "I believe I could guess."

"I was practicing, Mr. Briscoe. Practicing!"

Dad merely nodded.

"I'm in the best shape I've been, Mr. Briscoe. Rested and fresh." His eyes were not pleasant. "And, Mr. Briscoe, I'm fast!"

"How fast are you, exactly?" Dad's voice was quiet, controlled.

"A good bit faster than Red."

"Seems I am too."

"You just barely beat Red, Mr. Briscoe." He paused, then plunged in: "I'm saying you ain't as fast as me!"

Dad's expression didn't change. "That may be," he said.

Confusion slipped across Jaeger's face before he replaced his grin. "You're a tricky old cuss, Mr. Briscoe. Guess you wouldn't have made it this long, if you wasn't."

Dad shook his head. "No trick, exactly. You're young. You may be a trifle faster, this morning, than I am. If it satisfies you to know that, ride on out and leave things as they are."

Jaeger's face was incredulous. He squinted at dad. "If I didn't know better, I'd think you was scared, Mr. Briscoe."

"I am. Gunplay is a scary business. But it's all right. I'm used to it. You're not."

Jaeger's face was losing its angelic mask. What lay beneath was not beautiful. "What's that mean, old man?"

"I know some about you, Jaeger. You're like your pa was: a man who likes to bet sure things. I figure any gunning you may have done up to now, you never had any call to be scared much."

Recovering from surprise, Jaeger snapped: "Who told you?" His eyes darkened and he spat. "Red! Damn him, I wanted to tell you that myself, just before ——"

Dad cut him off. "I think I might have guessed, anyway. You look some like him, but it's been some time and he was heavy-set." He paused for a second, then spoke earnestly: "I don't want to have to draw on you, boy."

Jaeger straightened, sneering. "You ain't scaring anybody, old man! I saw you with Red, remember!"

Dad said, "That shoulder shot took time. I can't spare that, with you."

Jaeger was working himself up now. "You'll shoot nobody, old man! This ain't my pa you're talking to!"

Dad said sharply, "You say this is because of your pa?"

Jaeger's laugh was bitter. "I would have killed him myself, but he moved around a lot." His hand slipped a fraction closer to the gun at his hip. "Still, that don't let you off, Mr. Briscoe."

Dad persisted. "Then you're here because of your pa?"

"It's a reason."

Dad shook his head. "Not for you. That's why you'd tell people, maybe. But what you really came here after is a name. Your pa was nothing. You want to be something. Something big. The man who outgunned John Briscoe."

Jaeger's crooked grin returned. "There's that too."

Dad shook his head again. "You won't do it, Jaeger. I don't believe you'll take the chance."

Jaeger snorted. "Get ready, old man."

Dad didn't move. "It's funny too. Because if you wanted to bad enough, you might be able to kill me, here, this morning."

Jaeger scowled. This wasn't the way he'd thought it out. The scowl deepened. "No more talk," he said.

The tall gunman was drawing in upon himself. Gathering, the way a rattler will before he strikes. Dad's voice was quiet, but his words were timed for effect. "These are the odds, Jaeger. Your gun could fire a fraction before mine, but mine will be there. And I've never shot at a man and missed. You can be the man who outguns John Briscoe. But I promise you: You'll be known as the man who died doing it."

Sometimes a man will say a thing, and you know when you hear it that there's no single doubt in his mind that what he says is true. It was that way with dad's words now. "You may beat my draw. But if you pull that gun, you're going to die."

Jaeger's hesitation drew out. A second, two—a moment too long. Dad was sure, now, and his voice lost its quietness. His words slapped out at the young gunman like cards dealt in anger. "You got three choices, Jaeger. Unbuckle that side arm—get on your horse and ride, right now—or make your fight!"

Dad's slight shrug loosened the muscles of his gun arm and shoulder, as he flexed the long fingers. "You got ten seconds."

Without turning his head, dad spoke to me: "Count ten, John."

Jaeger's face put me in mind of a treed animal. At the count of five, he spread the fingers of his gun hand near his hip—then suddenly clenched them into a fist and wheeled, turning his back to us.

He walked directly to his horse and swung up. This wasn't the way he'd planned on riding out of Humbleton, but he was riding.

As he settled into the saddle he turned to face dad once more. His eyes radiated frustrated hate. I had the feeling he might bust out crying, any second. He said, "I'll come back, Mr. Briscoe."

Dad made no reply, letting him have that last word. Jaeger jerked his horse's mouth viciously, wheeling him into a run. In a moment he was beyond the last building of town, raising a cloud of powdery dust as he spur-raked the pony for greater speed.

Dad relaxed and turned to me. His forehead glistened with sweat and he looked tired, but his smile was clear and untroubled. "Come on, John," he said. "We're wasting the day, standing here."

We covered half the distance to the jailhouse in silence. I broke it: "Will he come back?"

Dad didn't look around, but his voice held no doubt. "No," he said. "He had to say it, or he couldn't have gone. But he knows and I know: We won't meet again."

He turned to me then. "John," he said, "I'm going to have to start thinking about the day when I retire out of this work." He smiled. "Course, first I'd have to break in a good man to take my place. Shouldn't take more than four, five years, working steady."

He rested his arm across my shoulders, quickening his long stride. "I figure we'd best get at it," he said. "There's a lot I got to teach you, boy. First thing, how to deal with a pistol."

Then he grinned. At me, the world, nobody in particular. "And, somewhere along the line—when not to use it!"

THE END

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Honey held Howard so entranced that, while he waited impatiently for her divorce to come through, he promised her $200 a week for the rest of her life if she would marry him. After they were married, however, their wedded bliss soon soured. Howard quit paying the $200. Honey sued to collect on the "contract."

"The contract between us never was any good," Howard argued. "When she agreed, for $200 a week, to marry me, she was already wedded to another man. So she had no right to make such a contract. It is against public policy."

"I didn't contract to break my existing marriage—it was already broken, for all practical purposes," Honey replied. "All I did was to agree to marry Howard when the divorce decision became final."

If you were the judge, would you make Howard pay?

Howard did not have to pay. The court said the $200 agreement was not binding because Honey's previous marriage still existed, though with little time to run, when it was made. It said she should have waited that little time.

Based upon a 1956 New York decision.

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Fifteen Years After (Continued from Page 29)

He was silent a long moment, then said, "That's what my pa was, a GI." And he wasn't telling it to me, but to himself. And I sensed that he was finding a measure of relief in hearing himself say it.

"I ain't never seen but some pictures of my pa," he went on. "All of 'em in his uniform. Ma told me a lot of times how I was born right after he was killed. Well—that is, after she got the word about it."

I introduced myself then, and he told me his name was Jeff Harlow, and we shook hands. Then I said, "Would you like to see the inside of the memorial?"

He hesitated a moment, then said, "Yes, I reckon so."

We walked together into the memorial and sat on a marble bench before a mosaic map commemorating the operations of the American forces.

He studied the map for minutes, then said, "It's nice, all right."

I explained that the large red arrows showed where landings were made and how the troop movements then progressed, protected by an umbrella of fighter planes.

He listened intently and when I had finished he said, "Ma got some letters from him tellin' about the landing. I've read 'em all over I don't know how many times."

I indicated the slip of paper and the booklet in his hand. "And you came to see his grave," I said.

He nodded. "Flew all the way across the ocean in a big airplane to see it. I've got a round-trip ticket that'll take me back."

"I suppose the plane trip was quite an experience for you," I offered.

That faint smile again, then he went on, and the tempo of his talking increased as if he had to keep talking, now that he'd found someone to talk to.

"I rode a bus from home to Birmingham. Hadn't never been to Birmingham before. It was kind of scarifyin', it was such a big, hurry-up kind of a place. I was most ready to go back home before I even got on the plane."

He paused and when I said nothing he gave me a startled apologetic glance and went on.

"Oh, it wasn't that I didn't want to come to see pa's—to see where he's buried. I've been wantin' to come for most as long as I can remember anything. I reckon I wanted to come even more than ma did."

I waited while he fiddled nervously with the booklet in his hands.

Finally he looked up at the map again. "You see, ma and me talked a lot about comin'. We talked about it from the time I was just a little boy. We saved money for it. Ma worked, and even when we didn't hardly have any money at all she'd manage every day to put a little away for the trip, somehow. Then when I got old enough to work I helped. I'd work in summer and after school in the winter, and put my money in too."

His voice trailed off as he moved his gaze to the memorial entrance and out into the sunlight. He had been talking quietly, talking it out against the feeling that doubtless had lived with him from the moment he left home, the feeling that nothing was to be gained by his coming here. But a consuming desire to come compelling him to make the trip. When he spoke again it was little more than a whisper.

"Ma died six months ago. That's why I had to come alone. She always said it would be like a sacrilege if neither of us ever went to visit pa's grave."

He examined the map on the wall again for several moments, then said, "You come to see somebody's grave here too?"

"No," I told him, "I've been visiting all of the military cemeteries over here. My publisher sent me, to do an article for his magazine."

When he didn't say anything I said, "You were at the superintendent's office, weren't you?"

He looked puzzled.

"Where they gave you that folder and the location of your father's grave. Didn't anyone there offer to show you where it is located?"

He bent his head and stared at his thumbs, a living statue of boyish loneliness and helplessness. Finally he said without looking at me, "Yes, a man said he'd have someone show me where it is, but—but I told him I wasn't ready yet."

Watching him struggle with his helplessness and indecision, I thought of all the months and years he had worked and saved and planned and dreamed of coming here to look upon his father's grave, and now, alone, he couldn't do it. I could feel his reluctance, could almost feel his mind clinging desperately to the fatherly love that he had known only in his dreams and afraid now to look at a particular white cross for fear the stark reality of it would forever rob him of those dreams.

I simply couldn't sit there watching him any longer. I stood up and said, "Well, look, I know the cemetery pretty well. I've made a rather thorough inspection of all of the military cemeteries in Europe. I think I can help you find the grave, if you want me to."

He stood up and handed me the booklet and the slip of paper and tried bravely to smile his gratitude. "I sure-'nough would be obliged to you," he said.

I put a hand on his shoulder. "Sure," I said, "I'll be glad to help you locate it."

We walked out into the sunlight. And that was when I saw the nuns arriving with their youngsters. They had come, as always, in the buses, and all of them, as usual, were laden with flowers.

The boy saw them and said, "Who are all those kids?"

"They are French boys and girls," I told him. "They are from an orphanage, and they come here regularly and bring flowers for the graves of the soldiers."

He looked at me and some of the confusion and fear seemed to leave his eyes. "You mean they come here and put flowers on all the graves?"

"Yes, all of them. Oh, not all on the same day, of course. Children from various schools and orphanages come several times between spring and autumn."

He was interestedly watching the children, their arms loaded with flowers, marching in twos, flanked by the nuns.

"Sure is a lot of 'em," he said.

"You mean the orphans?"

He nodded.

"About two hundred," I told him. "In doing my research I talked with the priests who inaugurated the practice. The same thing is done at a military cemetery in Holland, and at other places too. A very fine thing; don't you think so?"

He seemed not to have heard the question. He was watching the youngsters fanning out to deposit their flowers, each taking a row of the white crosses and kneeling at each one to place a bouquet at the base of it.

And as he watched them, that tense, helpless expression began to leave his face. But then, as we came to the cemetery and started walking along between two rows of crosses, he tightened up again.

Heavy tree growth surrounded the cemetery, and to the eastward was a valley. Beyond the valley was a long mountain, furry with timber growth.

"Our boys fought right here," I told him. "Down through the valley and all across that mountain over there."

He did not look toward the mountain, but kept his gaze on the crosses we passed, his eyes touching each one.

Finally he lifted his head and looked down the rows and I knew he was wondering how many men were buried here. For the way the crosses were precisely and mathematically arranged, the rows gave the impression of being endless.

I stopped and studied the slip of paper, reading aloud: "Section B, line F, 217. I think we'll find it right over here," I told him. We crossed over to the fourth row to our right and a moment later I stopped and said, "This is it."

He stopped beside the cross and stood awkwardly staring at it. And that tight, hurt, helpless look was on his face, giving him the appearance of being in physical pain. But after some moments a strange thing happened. As he stood there, arms hanging loose at his sides, his expression slowly changed and a quiet, relieved look spread over his tanned face. I could see the tautness leave his body as his clenched fists came open and his back and shoulder muscles relaxed.

After a long time he looked at me and I have never seen a more peaceful look on anyone's face. Then he spoke.

"It just don't seem possible that I'm here," he said. "I been wantin' to come for so long, and now I'm here. And I'm mighty glad now that I did come. Ma would be glad that I'm here too."

I had to look away and blink several times against the scalding sensation that had suddenly come up behind my eyes.

We stood watching the boys and girls placing their flowers. A lad with a dozen or more bouquets in his hands was coming along our row. When he reached us he spoke and smiled.

"You know this soldier here?" he asked in halting English.

The boy from Alabama looked at me, then back at the other boy. "My pa—my father," he said.

The other boy's eyes flashed happily. "I'm glad you came," he said. "I'm glad you're his son." He put out his hand and they shook hands. "Your father is my good friend," he said. "I always bring flowers for him." He swept a hand across the cemetery. "All of the soldiers are our friends. They brought us freedom. We will always love them."

Jeff looked at me and smiled.

We watched the lad kneel and place a bouquet at the base of the cross. Then he stood up and said to Jeff in his carefully worded English, "Would you like to come with me to leave flowers with some of my other friends?"

Again the boy from Alabama looked at me and smiled, then he turned to the other and said, "Yes." And the French boy handed him part of his flowers.

"I'll wait for you at the memorial," I told Jeff, "if you'd like to ride in to town with me."

"Yes, I would," he said, "but I don't want to put you out none."

"It won't be any trouble," I told him. "I'll wait for you."

They turned and walked together between the rows of crosses, kneeling and placing a bouquet at each one.

In twenty minutes Jeff joined me, and he was smiling and the haze of fearful apprehension was no longer in his eyes.

"I'm ready to go," he said. "Thanks for waitin' for me."

"That's all right," I told him.

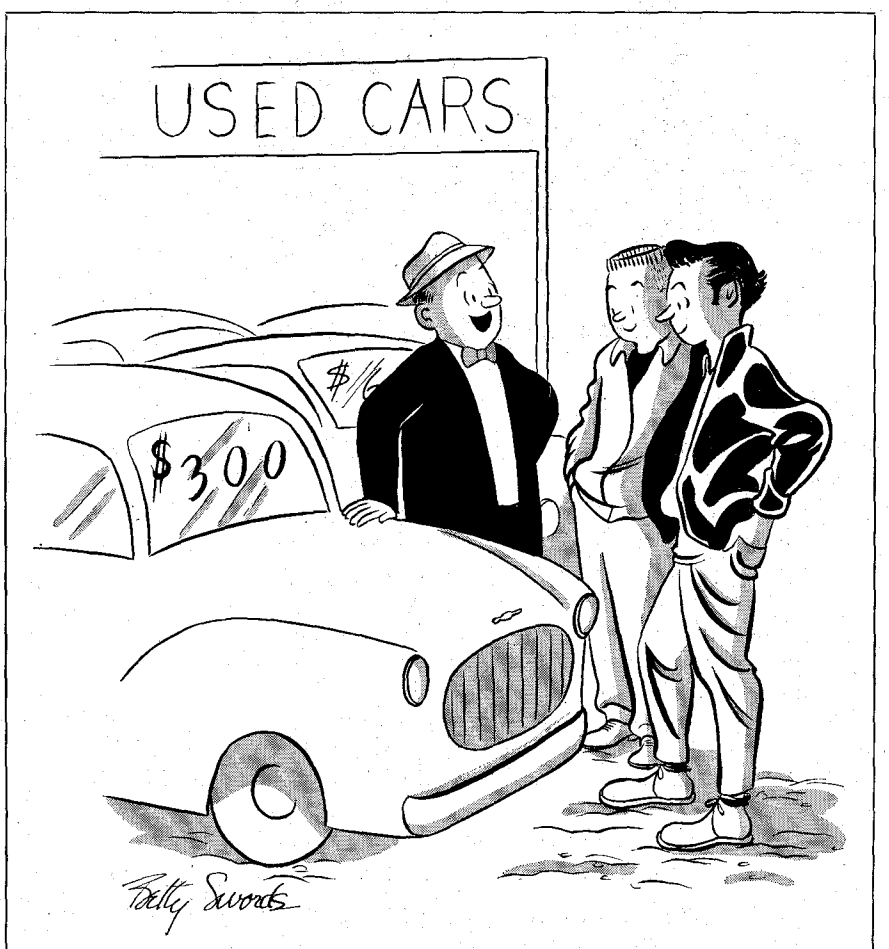
We walked toward the cemetery entrance and when we were almost there he stopped and looked back.

"Ma always said she wanted pa brought home," he said. "I did too. Mostly I reckon because that was what she wanted. But now I want him to stay here. And I know ma would, too, if she knew about all the good people that come here."

He looked questioningly at me and I nodded approval.

And as we walked on, certain words out of my school days were running through my mind—"from these honored dead we take increased devotion ——"

THE END



"It was owned by a little old lady who said she could hit 55 in second gear."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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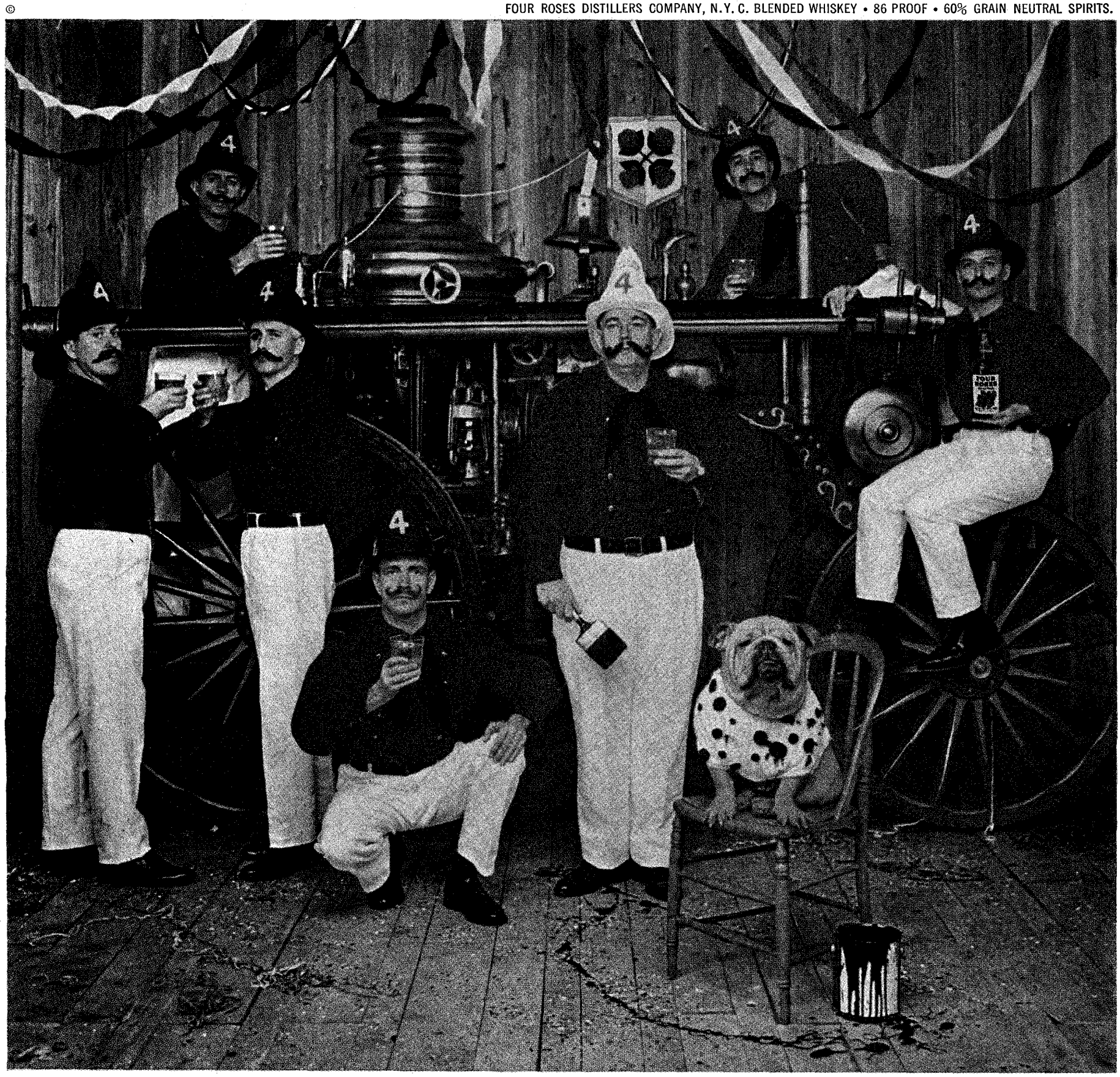

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The Case of the Mythical Monkeys

(Continued from Page 39)

she told you to turn to the left at that fork in the road or turn to the right. The police have in their possession what seems to be the original pages of notes which you made, giving directions, and it shows that you were to turn to the right at the forks in the road."

Gladys Doyle's face suddenly showed consternation.

"Yes?" Mason prompted.

"She did, Mr. Mason. I remember now! She did tell me to turn to the right there at that last intersection, but—well, when I wanted to get my directions, I went to my notebook and found the page was gone. Someone had torn it out, so then I went to the writing desk where she had the map, took the map out and made notes of the route I was to follow from the route that was shown on the map. And I'm willing to stake my life that the map showed the road to the left—that is, the arrows on the map showed the left-hand road was the one to be followed."

"You *are* staking your life on it," Mason said. "Would you know that map if you saw it again?"

"Certainly I would. It was in Mauvis Meade's handwriting. It was in ink, and I made notes from it, just brief notes of the distances and the turn as shown by the arrows."

"You are completely positive that the arrow on that map showed you were to take the left-hand fork in the road, the one that goes down Pine Glen road, down to the cabin where you spent the night?"

"I'm absolutely positive."

"Here's something else I want to ask you," Mason said. "Was there anything in your bedroom there at the apartment in the penthouse that might have been of particular interest to some person who was trying—well, let us say trying to get an intimate line on Mauvis Meade?"

She started to shake her head.

"Now, wait a minute," Mason said, "before you answer that question, do some thinking." Mason saw the expression change on her face. "What is it?" he asked.

"Well," she said, "this may or may not be important. Last week—let's see, it was Wednesday, I think—Wednesday of last week, Mauvis handed me a sealed envelope. It was addressed to me and was in her handwriting and it had on the envelope, PERSONAL AND PRIVATE PROPERTY OF GLADYS DOYLE."

"A will?" Mason asked.

"She didn't say. She told me that if anything happened to change my status I was to open that letter."

Mason thought that over, then said, "Did you look for that envelope when you went back to the apartment after you had returned from the mountains?"

She shook her head.

"Or when you returned the next time after you had borrowed Della Street's clothes?"

"No," she said.

"You haven't told the police about it, or ——"

"No. I never thought of it again."

"All right, then," Mason said, "don't think of it. Forget it. Say nothing about it, nothing to anyone. Understand?"

She nodded.

"All right," Mason told her, "that's all we can do at the present time. I'm going to demand that you be given a preliminary hearing. At that preliminary hearing, I'll probably let them bind you over to the superior court for trial. I'm using that strategy to find out what evidence they have against you. I want you to understand what I'm doing. I want you to give me your confidence."

"You have my confidence, Mr. Mason. I'm willing to do anything you say."

"All right," he told her. "Keep a stiff upper lip."

"What do I do about reporters and persons who want to interrogate me?" she asked.

"Simply smile at them and tell them that, now that you have formally been charged with murder, your attorney will do all the talking, that you'll do your talking from the witness stand in the courtroom at the time your attorney tells you to," Mason said and got up, nodding to the matron that the interview was over.

Mason took a taxicab back to his office.

Della Street was waiting for him. "You have an anonymous letter," she said. "It came special delivery."

Mason raised his eyebrows.

"A letter," she said, "which encloses a map. The map purports to be the work of Mauvis Niles Meade, and it is claimed the lettering is in her handwriting. The map shows the road to the murder cabin."

Mason's eyes narrowed. "Let's take a look, Della."

She brought him the envelope which had been addressed on a typewriter. The message on the inside read:

Dear Mr. Mason: If you are going to represent Gladys, you had better have this map. It was made over a year ago by Mauvis Meade, when she first began to take an interest in the cabin above Pine Glen. All of the lettering is in her handwriting.

We're sending you this map because you may want to use it on cross-examination. We have no further use for it.

Don't be misled by nylon stockings, curves and tears. Go in there fighting and you'll be surprised what you uncover.

Mason regarded the envelope, the letter and the enclosed map thoughtfully.

"Get Paul Drake for me, Della. Ask him if he can come over here right away."

Mason resumed studying the letter carefully and was still studying it when Paul Drake tapped on the door to the private office. Della Street let him in.

"Hi, Perry," Drake said. "Did you do any good with Mauvis last night?"

"It depends on what you mean by doing good," Mason said. "She's becoming pretty well entrenched, what with a professional wrestler and fighter for a bodyguard and Gregory Alson Dunkirk in the background."

"Dunkirk!" Drake exclaimed.

"Evidently he's the prototype of the big shot Mauvis Meade's heroine got tangled up with in Chop the Man Down," Mason said. "Also I identified the scarf all right. It's not only the one pictured on the dust jacket of the book but Mauvis Meade said she purchased her scarf in Japan and that she doesn't think any more of them are in this country."

"Oh-oh," Drake said.

"Just how much do you know about Gregory Alson Dunkirk?" Mason asked.

"Not much," Drake said. "About what everybody else knows. He's dynamite, he's poison, he's powerful politically, he's unscrupulous, he's rich and he's clever. I understand the income-tax people have never been able to get anything on him—believe it or not, people make him gifts. They pay the gift tax, and they're very reticent about their reasons for making the gift later on. But it's all regular, as far as a bookkeeping transaction is concerned."

"Well, he's taken charge," Mason said, "and he's hired a bodyguard. From now on, I don't think people are just going to barge in on Mauvis Niles Meade. Now here's something that came in the mail today. A very nice anonymous letter containing a document in which I think you'll be interested. Be careful about fingerprints, Paul, because I want to have you examine the document for prints by iodine fumes."

"It's called 'Bashful Model.'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"What about the map?" Drake asked.

Mason shook his head. "We're sitting tight on the map, Paul."

"When you spring it at the hearing, if your client's fingerprints are on there, the police will dig them out."

"Let the police dig them out, then," Mason said, and then added, "I could play it dumb, you know."

"How do you mean?" Drake asked.

Mason grinned. "I could put the defendant on the stand and get her to tell about the map that gave her directions down the mountain, and then say to her, 'Is this the map you saw?' and hand it to her before anyone could recover from their startled surprise. Then Hamilton Burger would say he wanted to see it, and she'd hand it to him, and then her fingerprints would be all over it and Burger's as well."

"Are you going to try that?" Drake asked.

Mason grinned and said, "I never know what I'm going to try."

Drake's face was concerned. "Perry, I wish you'd get in touch with the police on that scarf and that box of shells."

"Why?"

"Because I'm scared," Drake said.

"Sit tight," Mason told him. "You haven't seen anything yet. Now, Paul, I want to find out what typewriter was used in writing this letter. Call in an expert on questioned documents and get me all the dope."

"That's easy," Drake said. "A good expert can look at that document and tell you right away what make of typewriter and what model of typewriter was used."

"O.K., get busy, Paul."

"And you'll tell Tragg about that scarf and the box of shells?"

Mason shook his head. "I can't tell him now, Paul, or he would haul us over the coals for withholding evidence. The minute I let it appear that I think it's evidence I've crucified myself. As long as I play dumb and pretend I didn't think it could possibly be evidence, they have to prove that I knew it was evidence."

"Well, I am just looking forward to hearing District Attorney Hamilton Burger examine you on the witness stand when you try to play innocent and he turns loose his heavy sarcasm—you're sitting there under oath, trying to explain to the judge that you did not think it was evidence. How nice!"

"You get busy on that letter," Mason told him, "and forget hanging crape all over the office walls."

Mason returned to his work as Paul Drake, carrying the typed letter, left the office.

Later that afternoon Drake called Mason. "No fingerprints on the letter, Perry. It was written on a typewriter model that was first put out five years ago."

"No prints at all?" Mason asked.

"None at all, Perry, which was surprising in a way because a new ribbon had been put on the machine just before the letter was written. Ordinarily the new ribbon would have rubbed off on the operator's finger tips.

"Here's something else about the machine. It's probably not a machine in a business office because it's rather badly out of alignment. It's evidently used by someone who bangs away at high speed and may occasionally pile up the type, but this particular letter was probably written by a professional, because the touch is remarkably uniform.

"That's about all the information the expert on documents can give us. There's nothing unusual or distinctive about the paper that was used."

"And no fingerprints at all?"

"Not a one."

"O.K., Paul," Mason said, "we'll have to take it from there and carry on."

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Judge Arvis Bagby took his place on the bench and said, "This is the time heretofore fixed for the preliminary hearing in the case of the people of the state of California versus Gladys Doyle. Are you ready, gentlemen?"

"The defense is ready," Mason said.

Harvey Ellington, one of the more promising young attorneys in the district attorney's office, said, "The people are always ready, your honor."

"Very well. Proceed with the case," Judge Bagby said. "Now I want to call to the attention of counsel that we are getting a tremendous backlog of cases here. Now then, gentlemen, in view of that situation, are there any matters on which we can have a stipulation which will save time and eliminate the necessity of proof?"

"I'm quite certain we can save time with several stipulations, your honor," Ellington said. "I have here some maps, a small-scale map showing the road going up Pine Glen Canyon from the last paved highway; I have larger-scale maps showing the location of the cabin; I have photographs of the cabin, both of the interior and the exterior; and I have a map of the cabin.

"The photographs were all taken under police supervision by a police photographer, and we can vouch for their accuracy. The large-scale maps were prepared in the office of the county surveyor, and the small-scale maps were taken from the official records. I take it there will be no objection to introducing these various documents in evidence, and that it will not be necessary to put the individuals on the stand who can testify to the authenticity of those maps."

"That's quite all right," Mason said. "On the strength of counsel's assurance, I will stipulate those documents may go into evidence."

"Now then," Ellington said, "the cabin in which the murder was committed is owned by Morrison Findlay. Some months ago, Mr. Findlay received an offer to rent that cabin for a hundred dollars a month. He rented the cabin and thereafter received a hundred dollars on the first of each and every month, so that the rental was always paid up in advance. After the lease was made, Mr. Findlay did not go to the cabin at all. Therefore, he can shed no light on the crime except to give us a background as to the ownership of the cabin, the fact that it was leased and that the rental money was paid regularly. I will state further that the cabin was rented by a person giving the name G. C. Challis, that the rental deal was made over the telephone, that Mr. Findlay was busy at the time, that he made no attempt to get in touch with the person renting the cabin.

"I can assure counsel that we have investigated those facts and they are true, and I will ask counsel to so stipulate."

Mason said, "Before I make a stipulation, I will ask counsel if Mr. Findlay made any attempt to get in touch with Mr. Challis in person."

"I don't think Mr. Findlay made any attempt to get in touch with the person renting the cabin," Ellington said.

"Does he have the address of Mr. Challis?"

"He has an address which came on envelopes in which the rental was mailed," Ellington said. "The address was that of a secretarial agency which furnishes office space to persons who wish a mailing address."

"You have investigated that address?" Mason asked.

"Of course. The police have made an investigation."

"And have talked with Mr. Challis?" Mason asked.

"It has been impossible, so far, to find the person who paid rental on the cabin," Ellington said. "I fail to see that it is particularly important for the purposes of this preliminary hearing. As court and counsel both realize, it is only necessary to show that a crime was committed and that there is reasonable ground to believe that the defendant perpetrated the crime. We are prepared to make that showing at this time. We also feel that, at this time, there is no use going into a lot of collateral matters."

"I take it counsel will be willing to stipulate as to the matters outlined by the deputy district attorney," Judge Bagby said.

"I will stipulate that Morrison Findlay is the owner of the cabin, if I am assured that such is the case."

"I can assure you such is the case," Ellington said.

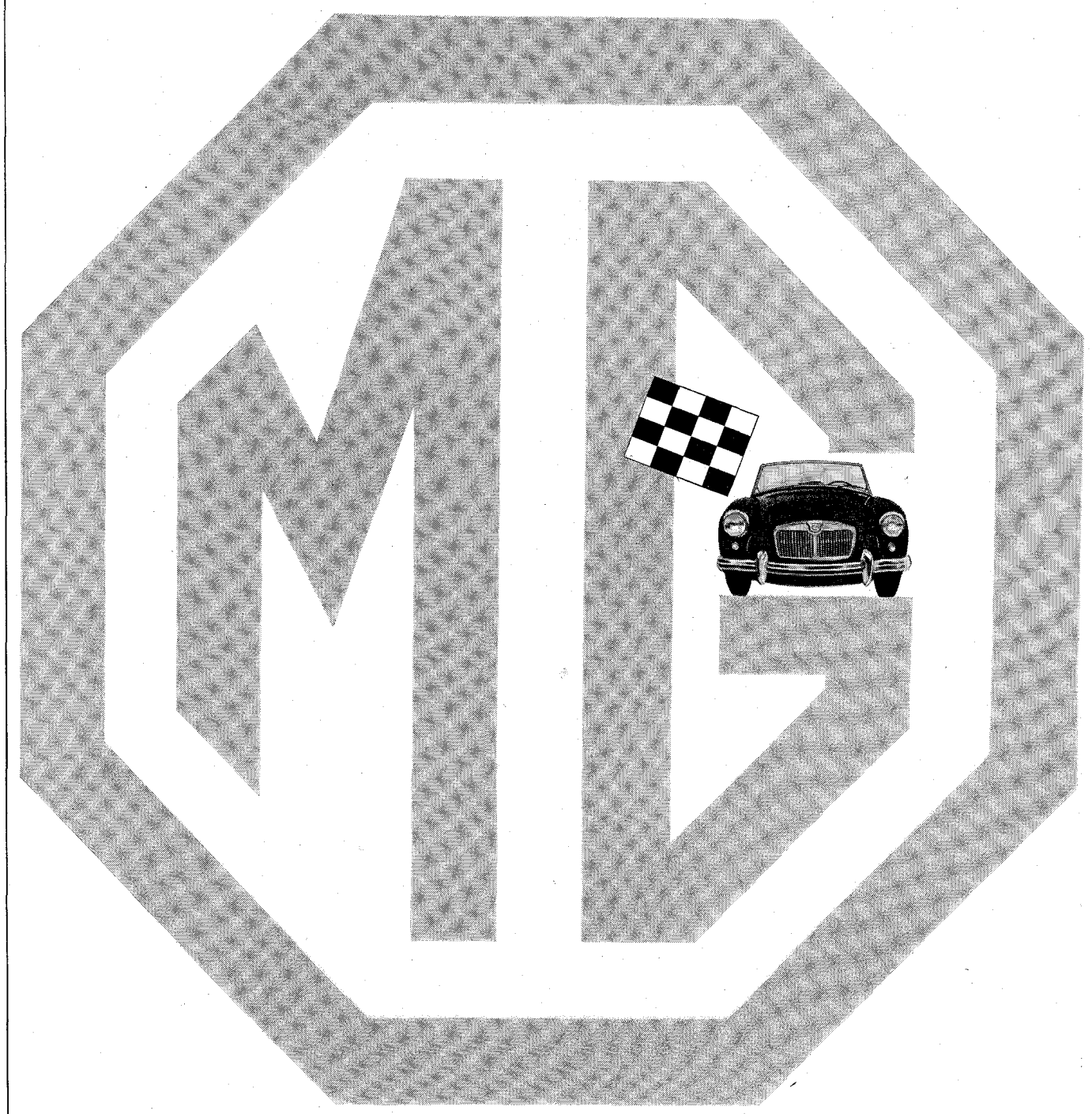
"I will further stipulate that it may be deemed that Morrison Findlay was on the stand and testified, on direct examination, to all the facts set forth in the deputy district attorney's statement," Mason said.

A look of quick relief flashed over Ellington's face. "Very well," he said, "that disposes of the ownership of the cabin then, and ——"

"Wait a minute," Mason interrupted. "I don't think you were listening very closely, counselor. I stated that I would stipulate that Findlay could be deemed to have been on the stand and testified to these facts in direct examination. Now then, I have the right to cross-examination. I want to ask Mr. Findlay a few questions on cross-examination."

Ellington frowned. "But we've given you all the information, and ——"

"That's my stipulation," Mason said. "I'm representing a defendant in a murder case. I'm willing to save time on matters



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which are nonessential, but I'm going to find out whether matters which are seemingly nonessential are in fact nonessential, and I'm going to cross-examine Morrison Findlay, one way or another. Either take my stipulation or go ahead and put him on the stand and show your chain of title and then I'll cross-examine."

"The procedure is rather unusual," Ellington said, "but I have no other alternative except to agree to the terms imposed by counsel."

"Very well," Judge Bagby said. "Mr. Findlay will be deemed to have given the testimony contained in your statement, subject to cross-examination by the defense. Now, Mr. Findlay is in court?"

"He is."

"Then let him take the stand for cross-examination," Judge Bagby said.

Morrison Findlay, a middle-aged, sharp-eyed man with bushy eyebrows, took the witness stand and looked expectantly at Ellington.

"Mr. Mason will question you on cross-examination," Ellington said. "We have stipulated as to your testimony on direct examination, Mr. Findlay."

Mason rose to face Findlay. "Mr. Findlay, my first question on cross-examination is whether the G. C. Challis who rented the cabin from you was a man or a woman."

Findlay glanced swiftly at Ellington, then said, "It was a woman."

"Did she give you any first name?"

"No, just the initials—G. C. Challis."

"Wasn't that rather an unusual way to rent a cabin?"

"Very unusual, Mr. Mason."

"Why did you do it?"

"Because the cabin was worth, at the outside, perhaps thirty dollars a month. Under the circumstances, a hundred dollars a month was very, very satisfactory to me."

"And you received the money each month?"

"Yes, sir."

"By check?"

"No, sir. I received it in the form of cash."

"How did you receive it?"

"Each month I received a letter bearing the return address of G. C. Challis. In the letter was invariably one one-hundred-dollar bill and a brief note stating rental of cabin for whatever the month was."

"The rent was in advance?"

"In advance."

"Did you make any attempt to trace this mysterious tenant?"

"Only to the extent of looking up the address that was on the letter."

"And you found what?"

"That the address was that of a secretarial service which rented out office space and furnished a mailing address to persons who wished to receive mail. In view of the fact that the rental was coming in promptly every month, I made no attempt to get any further information. Frankly, I felt that any attempt so to do would be considered as prying on my part and might result in the loss of my tenant."

"The first remittance contained two hundred dollars?"

"That is right. Two one-hundred-dollar bills, with a notation stating that the bills covered the first month's rent, which I believe was the month of September, and the last month's rent."

"Then you rented the cabin on September of last year?"

"No, sir. It was the year before."

Mason's eyebrows raised in surprise. "This has been going on for more than a year, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"How were the notations on these letters made? In feminine handwriting?"

"No, sir, on a typewriter."

"And you saved those letters?"

"Certainly."

"Did you ever send any receipts?"

"I did the first two months. I acknowledged receipt of the money and then received a telephone call stating that that wouldn't be at all necessary, that it cost the recipient of the letters twenty-five cents for each letter that was received and forwarded to her and that there was no need of throwing twenty-five cents to the birds, was the way she expressed it."

"Over the telephone?"

"Yes."

"The whole situation was rather mysterious," Mason said. "Did you so consider it?"

"I so considered it, Mr. Mason."

"Now, have you brought those typewritten notes which accompanied the rental remittances to court with you?"

"I have."

"Produce them, please, and I wish to have them introduced in evidence."

"No objection," Ellington said.

Findlay handed the clerk of the court the documents, fastened with a rubber band.

Mason took advantage of the delay to bend over Paul Drake. "Paul, get your handwriting expert up here. See if the typewriter is the same one that typed the anonymous letter. Go phone your expert right away. Tell him to step on it."

Mason straightened and turned to the witness. "Have you," he asked, "ever heard the defendant, Gladys Doyle, talk?"

Findlay hesitated a moment, then said, "Yes."

"It was arranged by the police that you would hear her talk?"

"Yes."

"Was her voice the voice you heard over the telephone?"

"I don't think so."

"That's all," Mason said. "I have no further questions on cross-examination at this time. I do state to the court, however, that before the case is concluded I may want to test Findlay's recollection of the voice he heard over the telephone by asking him to listen to other feminine voices."

"You can make him your own witness, if you want to do that," Ellington said. "We would like to have your cross-examination concluded at this time."

"Under the peculiar circumstances of this case," Mason said, "we feel that we are entitled to ask Mr. Findlay on cross-examination to listen to the voices of every female witness who may be called to the stand and determine whether the voice he heard over the telephone was the voice of such witness. I am going to ask Mr. Findlay this question."

Mason turned to the witness. "Will you be willing to remain in court during the hearing in this case and listen to the voices of the female witnesses? If you hear any voice that impresses you as being the voice of the person with whom you talked over the telephone, will you then advise me?"

"That's objected to as not proper cross-examination," Ellington said.

"It may not be proper cross-examination for the purpose of proving the identity of the voices," Mason said, "but it's proper cross-examination to show bias or interest on the part of this witness, and I'm going to insist that I have the right to do this."

"I'm going to let the witness answer the question the way you have asked it," Judge Bagby said, "because this quite obviously is a rather peculiar and very interesting situation. As far as the court can tell at the present time, it may have some very significant bearing on the issues in the case, and the court, of course, realizes that in a case of this sort the defense is proceeding blind. The prosecution knows generally what its case is and what evidence it has to produce."

"Very well, your honor," Ellington said with poor grace, "I will withdraw my objection to the question."

"Are you willing to do that?" Mason asked Findlay.

"I'm willing to do it, if necessary," Findlay said, "although I am a rather busy man and I dislike to spend more time than I have to in the courtroom. Because the question has been raised as to my bias or interest, Mr. Mason, I will state that I think you should know the prosecution had me listen to ——"

"Now just a minute, just a minute," Ellington interrupted, jumping to his feet. "We feel that the witness should be instructed, your honor, not to volunteer information, but only to answer questions. We move to strike out any rambling dissertation as to conversations which took place with the prosecution, and, incidentally, we object to this part of the witness's answer on the ground that he quite obviously was on the point of repeating hearsay evidence."

Judge Bagby looked at Mason with a twinkle in his eye and said, "The court will sustain the position of the deputy district attorney, at least at this time, on the grounds that the witness was about to volunteer a statement not called for in a question and that that statement quite obviously related to hearsay evidence."

"Yes, your honor," Mason said, smiling faintly. "Let me ask you this specific question, Mr. Findlay. You listened to the defendant's voice for the purpose of deciding whether her voice was that of the person giving the name of Challis over the telephone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you listen to anyone else?"

"Yes, sir. To a Mrs. Joseph Manly."

"Anyone else?"

"To the voice of Mauvis Meade."

"Anyone else?"

"No. Those were the only voices."

"And did you recognize the voice of any of those persons as being the voice of the person giving the name of G. C. Challis over the telephone?"

Findlay crossed his legs and shifted his position on the witness stand. "I will state this," he said, "that I was unable to make any positive identification of any of the voices."

"But short of a positive identification," Mason said, "did any of the voices sound familiar to you?"

"Well, yes."

"Whose voice?"

"That of Mauvis Meade."

"That sounded like the voice of the woman who called you and gave the name of G. C. Challis?"

"Well, I couldn't be positive. I am not sure that it was Mauvis Meade who called me on the telephone and gave the name of G. C. Challis. On the other hand, I am not at all sure that she was not the person."

"Thank you," Mason said. "That's all." The lawyer turned to Ellington and said, "And in view of the circumstances, the defense feels that even in the interest of expediting matters, it cannot enter into any further stipulations in regard to testimony."

Ellington flushed. "Call Mrs. Manly to the stand."

Mrs. Manly took the witness stand and was sworn.

"You are the widow of Joseph H. Manly?" Ellington asked.

"Yes."

"Your husband is dead?"

"Yes."

"When did you last see your husband alive?"

"It was, I think, on the fourth of this month."

"Did you subsequently see his body?"

"I did."

"And when was that?"

"That was on the following Tuesday."

"Did you identify that body?"

"I did."

"What body was it?"

"It was the body of my husband, Joseph H. Manly."

"I show you a photograph. Can you identify it?"

The Perfect Squelch

The local obstetrician hired a new nurse who obviously regarded herself as a masterful person. Told to enroll the doctor's patients in a class on the care of new babies, she persisted and badgered until all except one prospective mother signed up. This woman politely declined. The nurse, however, refused to take "no" for an answer.

"You really ought to be in those classes on baby care, you know," the nurse fairly snapped. "You owe it to your little one."

"As the mother of five," the woman replied wearily, "I'll be glad to attend if you are short a teacher."

George Dingledy

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"It is a photograph of my husband."

"We ask this photograph be received in evidence," Ellington said.

"No objection, your honor."

"Very well," Judge Bagby ruled, "it may be received in evidence."

"Cross-examine," Ellington said.

Mrs. Manly turned to face Perry Mason as he arose. "You told me that your husband was in Tucson?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you know that he was not in Tucson?"

"At the time I made that statement to you, Mr. Mason, I was quite positive my husband was in Tucson, Arizona."

"You had no reason to believe he was elsewhere?"

"No."

"In view of the fact that you told me he was in Tucson, I will ask you if you have subsequently uncovered any information which accounts for the fact that he was not in Tucson, but was in a cabin within a relatively short distance of your residence."

"I don't know what in the world he was doing there," she said. "I have absolutely no idea what caused him to go to that cabin."

"No further questions," Mason said.

"Call Dr. Samuel G. Cleveland," Ellington said.

Doctor Cleveland came forward, qualified himself as an autopsy surgeon in the office of the county coroner, stated that he had performed an autopsy on a body which he identified as that of the body taken from the mountain cabin in Pine Glen and which, he stated, was the same body which had been viewed and identified by Mrs. Manly, the witness who had just testified.

"How did that man meet his death?" Ellington asked.

"He met his death by a gunshot."

"What kind of a gun, if you know?"

"A twenty-two-caliber, high-velocity bullet of the type known as a long-rifle."

"Where was the wound, doctor?"

"He was hit in the left temple. The bullet ranged slightly upward. There was some considerable hemorrhage and, in my opinion, death was virtually instantaneous."

"What was the time of death?"

"The man died within one hour of the time he ingested a meal consisting of meat, which was beef of some sort, probably a steak, and French-fried potatoes. I place death within not more than one hour and within not less than forty-five minutes of the time such meal was ingested."

"You, of course, don't know of your own knowledge what time the meal was ingested?"

"No, sir. I only know that death occurred within those time limits."

"Cross-examine," Ellington said to Perry Mason.

Mason arose to cross-examine the doctor. "Doctor," he said, "do you have perhaps in the back of your mind an idea or an opinion as to the exact time of death?"

"Well—yes, I do."

"What time is that?"

"Now just a moment," Ellington said. "I object to that, if the court please. The question has already been asked and answered by the doctor. He has placed the time within forty-five minutes or an hour of the time the last meal was ingested, and he certainly can't place it any closer than that."

Mason said, "I object, if the court please, to the deputy district attorney rushing to the assistance of the witness and calling his attention to the way the prosecution would like to have the question answered."

"I'm not rushing to his assistance," Ellington shouted.

Mason grinned. "Then why didn't you let the doctor answer the question in his own way?"

Judge Bagby said, "Gentlemen, let's abstain from personalities. Doctor Cleveland, can you answer that question?"

"Yes, sir."

"Answer it then."

"I think the decedent met his death at a period of from forty-five minutes to an hour after he ingested the last meal," the witness answered.

"Now then, doctor," Mason said, smiling and urbane, "do you also have in mind right now some opinion as to the exact hour of the day that the decedent met his death?"

"Well, of course, I don't have any evidence—that is, any evidence that could be presented in a court of law that would enable me to answer the question."

"I'm not asking you about where the evidence came from or anything," Mason said. "I'm simply asking you if in your own mind, at the present time, you have an idea or an opinion as to the hour of the day at which the decedent met his death."

"That's objected to as not proper cross-examination," Ellington said.

"Overruled," Judge Bagby said.

"It's further objected to in that it calls for evidence as to the state of mind of the witness, which is something with which we are not concerned. It calls for a conclusion, and quite obviously, the way the question is framed, that conclusion can be based upon hearsay evidence."

"This is cross-examination, your honor," Mason said. "I have the right to probe the mind of the witness. He has given an opinion. I have the right to ask him what is his foundation for that opinion and whether or not he has an idea at the present time as to the exact hour the deceased met his death."

"I think that's correct," Judge Bagby said. "I think you have a right to ask that question in that way. The objection is overruled."

"Well," Doctor Cleveland said, hesitating, "I—I think that—well, probably around three o'clock in the morning."

"You found evidence indicating that the decedent could well have met his death at about that hour?"

"Yes."

"And no evidence to contradict that?"

"No."

"Thank you," Mason said. "That's all, doctor."

"My next witness," Ellington said, "is Dorothy Selma."

The young woman who came hip-swaying to the witness stand had large, limpid eyes, curves of which she was only too conscious, and a completely innocuous countenance, as though her face were disclaiming all responsibility for the spectacle of her body. She took the oath, seated herself on the witness stand and regarded Ellington with wide, innocent eyes.

"Your name is Dorothy Selma," Ellington said. "What's your occupation?"

"I work in an all-night luncheon service."

"A drive-in?"

"That's right."

"You're what is known as a car hop?"

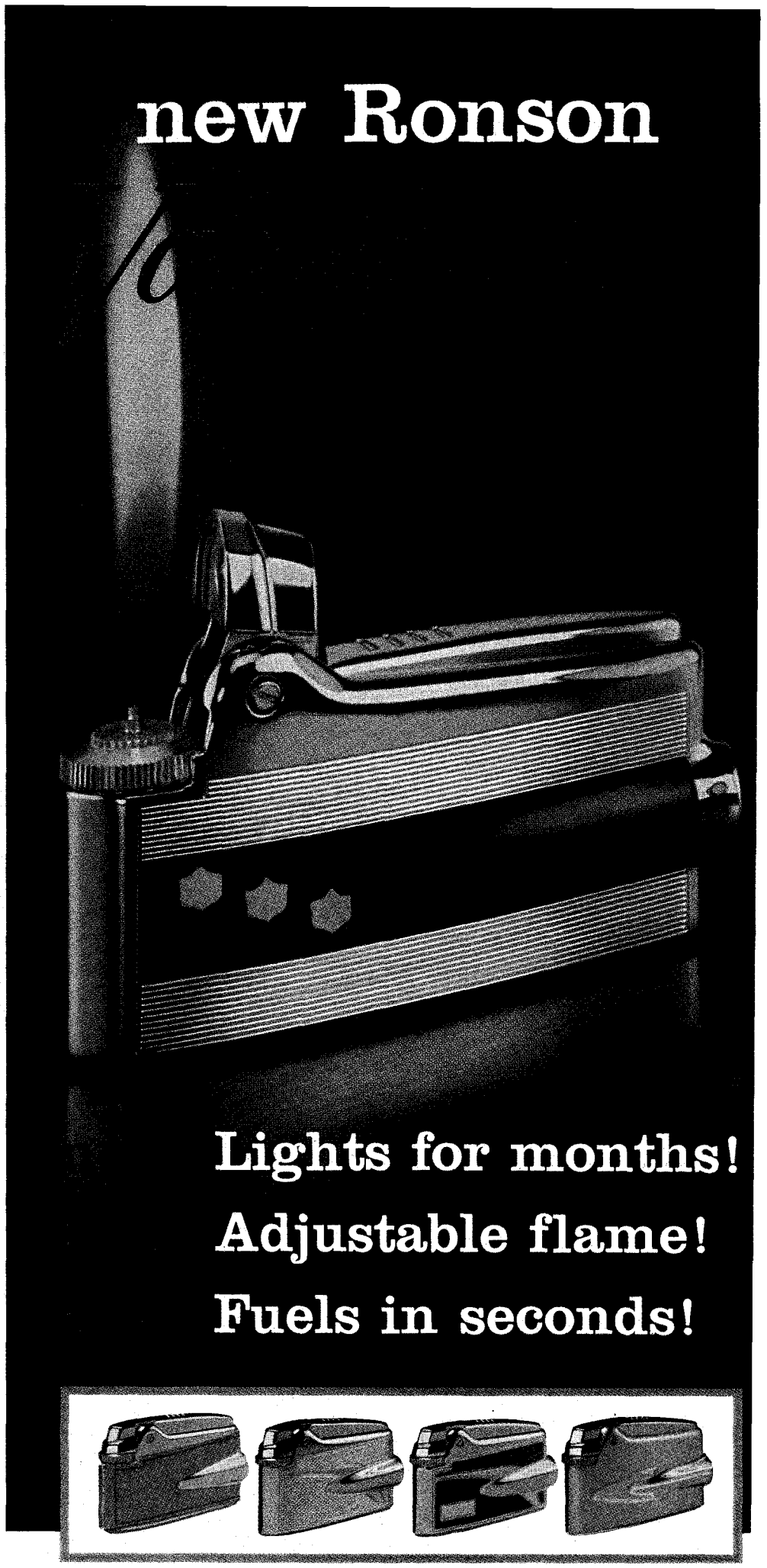
"If you wish to call it that."

"I show you a photograph which has previously been identified as a photograph of Joseph H. Manly. I ask you if you have seen that individual before."

"I have."

"Where?"

"Early in the morning of the ninth—that is, it was early on a Monday morning at a little before two o'clock—oh, say around twenty minutes before two. He drove in to the place where I work."



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"Did he order?"

"He did."

"What did he order, Miss Selma?"

"We have a special at that hour in the morning, a beefsteak sandwich with French-fried potatoes."

"You served him that?"

"Yes, sir."

"And then what?"

"He paid his bill, left a tip and drove away."

"Do you know what kind of a car he was driving?'

"I do."

"What kind was it?"

"A jeep with four-wheel drive."

"And you are positive that the man indicated in this photograph is the man on whom you waited?"

"Yes, sir."

"You mean that he was a regular customer?"

"That's right."

"How many times had you seen him before, Miss Selma?"

"Heavens, I don't know. He'd drive in there—well, sometimes he'd drive in two or three nights hand running, and then we wouldn't see him for a week or ten days, and then he'd come in again."

"Did you know him well enough to speak to?"

She laughed and said, "Heavens, I don't have to know them well in order to speak to them."

"Did you know his name?"

"We called him Joe. That was the only name we had. We girls have our first name on a badge on our blouse right—right here." She turned to face the judge, pulled the blouse tight over her left breast and indicated with her forefinger the place where the badge went.

"I see," Judge Bagby said, with a slight smile.

"Did you ever talk with the person shown in the photograph about what he did? About what his occupation was?" Ellington asked.

"No, sir, I didn't. We used to kid along a little bit. He'd—well, you know. He'd hand me a line and I'd come right back at him, and—well, we always tried to be cheerful."

"What were your hours?"

"I went on at twelve o'clock midnight and went off duty at eight in the morning. I like that shift. The work isn't as heavy. Of course, you don't get as many tips, but every once in a while a lush comes along and if you kid him along in the right way he'll really decorate the mahogany."

"Thank you," Ellington said. "I'm working on a salary myself. I think perhaps Mr. Mason would be more interested in the mechanics of getting gratuitous remuneration from clients. . . . You may inquire, Mr. Mason."

"Thank you," Mason said, smiling. "I'm quite certain the information will come in handy."

Mason turned to the witness. "Did you ever know Joe's last name, Miss Selma?"

"I never knew it."

"Did you ever notice anything peculiar about the automobile? Is there anything that would enable you to recognize it again, the ——"

"Heavens, yes!" she said. "I know that it was a jeep with a four-wheel drive. It was a kind of a gunmetal gray, and there was a little nick on the left front fender. I remember that."

"Do you know what model it was?"

"No, I don't," she said. "It—well, now wait a minute, I do too. I think it had a six-cylinder motor and I think Joe told me that it was the first model that had come out with the six-cylinder motor."

"Then it was always the same car?"

"Every time I waited on him he had the same car, this jeep with the six-cylinder motor and the four-wheel drive."

"Now are you positive about the time on this Sunday night? Let's see, it was actually Monday morning. It was past midnight."

"I'm positive. I can't tell you the exact minute, but I can tell you it was very shortly before two o'clock."

"Thank you," Mason said, "that's all."

"If the court please," Ellington said, "in the case of the next witness I am going to call, I would like to point out to the court that this witness will be called for a very specific and limited purpose. I feel that counsel would like very much to go on a fishing expedition as there are other matters within the knowledge of this witness which I don't consider directly pertinent to the case, at least at this time, but counsel for the defense would doubtless like to turn her inside out.

"I am, therefore, going to be very careful to restrict my examination in chief. I am going to ask the court to take particular note of the questions I ask and the limited field which I open up, because I intend to object if there is any attempt to go on a general fishing expedition with this witness by way of cross-examination."

"Why doesn't counsel wait until I start fishing before he tries to put up the no-trespassing signs?" Mason asked, smiling.

Judge Bagby smiled. "I think that might be the better procedure, Mr. Prosecutor. However, the court is duly placed on notice as to your intention. Call your witness."

"I am calling Mauvis Niles Meade," Ellington said.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"If that prescription doesn't help, here's the name of a specialist. He'll be at the Fergusons' party Friday evening."

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Lady Umpire of the Social Game

(Continued from Page 25)

just the other night at a friend's party, the first woman I met nudged her husband and said, 'Now, Henry, mind your manners, this is Mrs. Shaw, the social arbiter.' From then on everybody froze, and it was an awful evening.

"I don't know why people keep referring to me as a social arbiter," complains Mrs. Shaw. "There's no such animal in Washington. Oh, I guess I know almost all there is to know about protocol," she admits. "And I help people who need advice on social customs. But I'm really just a publisher and part-time columnist."

However she may consider herself, Carolyn Hagner Shaw has become something of an institution in the nation's capital. The Social List of Washington, D.C.—commonly called the Green Book because of its bright green suède cover—which she publishes each October is generally acknowledged to be the only authoritative compendium of official and social Washington.

It lists all high Government officials and the complete diplomatic corps plus some 4500 official and nonofficial "socially acceptable" Washingtonians, along with their titles, addresses, phone numbers, wives' maiden names and names of children over fourteen years old. A separate section of the Green Book includes rules of precedence and correct social forms, such as calling procedure, how to address officials and what to wear at various events.

Copies of the book—circulation 5000—are purchased each year by the State Department, foreign embassies, congressmen, society hostesses, business executives and Washington socialites. Twenty copies are ordered at the White House, thirty at the Department of Defense. Included in the fifteen-dollar purchase price are the advisory services of Mrs. Shaw for questions of social procedure and etiquette. A regular subscriber to the Green Book is the Russian Embassy and, for some unexplained reason, thirty-one copies of the 1947 edition were purchased by a representative of the Soviet Government and shipped to Moscow.

The advisory services of Mrs. Shaw have been much in demand the past few months because of an unusual number of shifts in embassy posts and many new faces in Congress. The question which troubles all new arrivals in Washington is the custom of leaving calling cards.

"Calling in the nation's capital has a purpose—like the mating dance of catbirds or a lodge ritual," says Mrs. Shaw. She believes it is important as a mark of respect from one official to another who outranks him. The calling procedure today in Washington's expanded officialdom is greatly modified from the days prior to Word War II, when it was considered essential for each official to call on everyone who outranked him and when wives of the top-ranking people regularly received their callers on specified days of the week.

Mrs. Shaw's current counsel for all officials is that it is considered proper that cards be left once a year for the President, Vice President, the Chief Justice, Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, the Speaker of the House and members of the Cabinet. Cards should be left either by the wife or chauffeur of the official—they are never mailed—between the hours of three and six P.M., and preferably during October or November.

Recently the apprehensive wife of a new representative asked Mrs. Shaw for advice before starting her rounds with a call at the Nixon residence. Callie advised the lady that there was nothing to fear.

"Just ring the doorbell and, when the maid comes to the door, say, 'Is Mrs. Nixon receiving this afternoon?' The maid will most likely say no and extend a card tray. Leave your husband's and your own card for Mrs. Nixon, but only your husband's card for the Vice President, because a woman never leaves a card for a man. Turn down the upper right-hand corner of the cards to indicate they were left in person. Then go on your way rejoicing that you have made your courtesy call." Mrs. Shaw mentioned as an afterthought that if by some coincidence Mrs. Nixon was receiving, to be sure to stay less than fifteen minutes.

A few hours later Callie Shaw's telephone rang.

"It wasn't exactly like you told me," said the representative's wife excitedly. "The maid didn't answer the door; it was Mrs. Nixon. And she didn't have a card tray; she had a baking pan. But she asked me to come in, and I sat on the kitchen stool while she finished her cake. We started talking about recipes and our children, and I did something you told me not to," the newcomer admitted sheepishly. "I stayed more than an hour."

While calling procedures have slackened in recent years, another distinctive part of Washington protocol is still very much alive—the observance of precedence, or "who outranks whom."

"Some people feel that it is undemocratic to place so much emphasis on rank in Washington," says Mrs. Shaw. "They forget that it is the job, not the man, that is honored. Where he is ranked depends entirely upon the importance of the position he holds with relation to other officials."

Actually the United States has no "official" order of precedence, although President Taft urged Congress to pass a law setting one up. It is said the law failed to pass because no senators would ever admit that anyone preceded them.

For White House and State Department social functions, the Protocol Division of the State Department assigns seating according to a confidential precedence list. Officials say that because the list is "unofficial" and subject to periodic change, it cannot be revealed, even to other Government agencies.

In the Green Book Mrs. Shaw prints her own Table of Precedence—three pages long—and keeps in her office an even more complete list that ranges from the President down to the secretary of the Senate, who ranks eighty-seventh. Many Washington hostesses, Government officials and even embassies call upon Mrs. Shaw to seat their tables, a service she renders without charge to subscribers of the Green Book.

"We could never admit it officially, but Mrs. Shaw pieced together a precedence list which was almost always in agreement with ours," says John Farr Simmons, former State Department Chief of Protocol, who retired two years ago. "She definitely is the Number One adviser on customs and social usage in Washington," Simmons adds.

Henry Spruks, the leading authority on protocol in the State Department, also admits that Mrs. Shaw's precedence list is "quite accurate."

"The State Department will answer a specific question that might be raised as to the rank of someone in Government," says Spruks. "But we could not possibly seat tables or answer etiquette questions for society hostesses. In this capacity, Mrs. Shaw and her Green Book are extremely valuable."

The order of precedence has many intricacies. Some officials are ranked in accordance with the date their executive department was founded; others according to when the individual took office. Frequently there are changes. Shortly after President Eisenhower took office, senators, who for years ranked below governors, were elevated above them. And in 1957 the Assistant to the President (Sherman Adams) was boosted over senators and governors to a position immediately following Cabinet members. No one has ever admitted being responsible for these shifts, which Mrs. Shaw attributes to "the powers that be." Callie refuses to be pinned down on the subject, but most Washington observers assume these "powers" are the offices of the President and the Secretary of State.

The peculiarities of precedence are bewildering to most Washington newcomers. Take the case of Mrs. Arthur Summerfield, wife of the Postmaster General.

"Soon after we arrived in town," says Mrs. Summerfield, "the wives of my husband's new staff started asking me for advice on Washington social procedure. I knew what to do back home in Flint, but I didn't know the first thing about Washington protocol. We all got copies of the Green Book, and then Mrs. Shaw came over to my apartment and gave all of us wives a run-down on Washington social customs.

"After that everything went fine until my husband and I decided to give our first big dinner party. Our guest of honor was to be a distinguished ex-senator. I had just mailed invitations to Herbert Hoover, to Vice President and Mrs. Nixon and to several Cabinet members and senators, when I suddenly remembered one of the things Mrs. Shaw had told us—'Avoid inviting people who outrank your guest of honor.' I had a mental picture of our guest of honor sitting almost into the kitchen.

"Mrs. Shaw saved the day," adds Mrs. Summerfield. "She suggested I distribute my high-ranking guests among several small tables and refer to the tables only by color, not by number. It worked wonderfully—no one knew how the tables ranked. So I could put the guests wherever I wanted."

Things don't always work out so well. Mrs. Shaw remembers the time in January, 1945, when she was called at the last minute to seat a dinner given by members of the Electoral College in honor of the President and the Vice President-elect. At five o'clock the day before the inauguration, only three hours before the dinner, the man who had volunteered to seat the head table realized he didn't know how to do it. It was too late to call in the State Department. Reluctantly Mrs. Shaw agreed to take on the ticklish job and rushed down to the Mayflower Hotel. She found things in a mess.

The President would not be able to attend, but would be represented by Mrs. Roosevelt. There would also be Vice President-elect and Mrs. Truman, Chief Justice and Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, Speaker of the House Rayburn, the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, several Cabinet members and ambassadors and other high Government officials. Table places had to be arranged according to precedence and escort cards prepared to assign partners for entering the banquet hall.

Just as Callie got everything in order, word was received that Chief Justice Stone was ill. A quick shift was made in seating and escort cards. All was finally in order at 7:45 P.M.—dinner was scheduled for eight o'clock—and Mrs. Shaw relaxed for the first time.

"At five minutes before eight," recalls Mrs. Shaw, "the Vice President-elect walked in—alone! When I asked where Mrs. Truman was, he said, 'Oh, Bess was tired and her feet hurt, so I sent her home to go to bed.'

"Then I got good and mad," says Mrs. Shaw. "I told Senator Truman he had been around long enough to realize what would happen if someone didn't show up for a big dinner like this. The guests were milling around the door. I clapped my hands for silence. 'I'm terribly sorry,' I announced, 'but the escort cards are wrong and you may have to hunt for your places because Senator Truman failed to let us know that Mrs. Truman would not be here.' I probably shouldn't have done that," adds Mrs. Shaw, "and I felt badly afterward. But he took it in good grace. Every time I meet him now he waggles his finger at me and says, 'You're the lady who bawled me out.'"

When it comes to *faux pas*, Carolyn Hagner Shaw admits to a few prize ones herself. In fact, the score with the Truman family was evened a short time after the inauguration at a party for Mrs. Truman. Callie managed to dump a plate of asparagus into her own lap.

For a moment everyone was silent, Mrs. Shaw remembers with horror. Then Mrs. Fred Vinson calmly suggested, "Pick it up and eat it with your fingers, Callie."

"That's what I did," admits Mrs. Shaw—"a fine figure of a social arbiter! Actually I always think of myself as a sort of Mrs. Malaprop. I once got mixed up and introduced Mrs. John Steelman, wife of President Truman's assistant, as Mrs. Charles Brannan, wife of the Secretary of Agriculture. And at the 1952 inaugural ball, I confused an Eisenhower Cabinet member with a Truman Cabinet member and commented 'My, what a surprise to see you at a Republican celebration.'"

Her biggest blooper came a few years ago during the first visit of the King and Queen of Greece. Before coming to the United States, Queen Frederika had been told by a friend to get in touch with Mrs. Shaw if she needed any help. The night she arrived, the queen sent word, through her lady in waiting, requesting Mrs. Shaw to come to Blair House the next morning.

"Queen Frederika just wanted to know about our customs, such as wearing hats and gloves. She was so sweet and natural that pretty soon I found myself sitting on the floor just yacking away," recalls Callie. "All of a sudden the door opened and this magnificent creature in full uniform walked in. The queen said, 'Oh, I want you to meet my husband.' Without thinking, I just reached up to shake his hand and said, 'How do you do, Your Majesty'—forgetting I was sitting on the floor. I thought the lady in waiting would have apoplexy.

... ...

Blest Be the Tie That Binds

How does my wife pick a
necktie for me?
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"As if that wasn't bad enough, as I prepared to leave Blair House with them a short time later, I started to go out the front door ahead of the king. I felt a tug at my coat, and there was King Paul laughing as he pulled me back. All he said was, 'This time I am afraid the man must go first.'"

On the occasion of royal visits, Callie Shaw is swamped with calls about whether or not to curtsy. She advises that in the United States the rules of courts of royal nations do not apply, so curtsies are not necessary, especially for those not practiced in the art. Mrs. Shaw remembers what happened at a reception for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor when a rather large matron lost her balance trying to curtsy and sat down very hard right at the feet of His Royal Highness.

Despite its important guests of honor and adherence to protocol, Washington society is considerably less sophisticated than that of New York, Philadelphia or Boston, comments Mrs. Shaw.

"Invitations to parties in Washington are not necessarily given on the basis of wealth, social standing or business position," she says. "The most desirable guests are the ones in key political or governmental posts, even if they sometimes are sprinkled with hayseed."

However, some officials who rank low on the totem pole, but who have an engaging personality, are eagerly sought after by Washington hostesses. Former secretary of the Senate Leslie Biffle and his wife, for instance, are invited to more big parties than any one Cabinet member.

Much of the Washington social life is really an extension of its business day, not a time for relaxation. Attendance at the numerous cocktail parties is an integral part of the job of many high Government officials who consider attendance a necessary unpaid overtime that is frequently a bore, sometimes pleasant and occasionally useful.

Nicaragua's Ambassador Guillermo Sevilla-Sacasa, dean of the diplomatic corps, was out of town almost half of last year, but still kept 511 dates for social events. Vice President Nixon recently kept a full social schedule despite several broken ribs, while Secretary of Agriculture Benson was seen at cocktail parties early this year with his arm in a sling because of a broken collarbone.

Although Callie Shaw receives many invitations, she rarely goes to cocktail parties or formal evening events. One of her appearances last year was at a White House dinner where—having no rank—she was seated at the far end of the table, "below the salt." In January this year she attended one of the President's musicales as part of a group which was invited to join the President and his dinner guests for a late evening choir concert.

Carolyn Hagner Shaw came into her position of social adviser more by inheritance than by choice. Her aunt, Isabella Hagner, was the first official White House social secretary. She served for Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and later during part of the Wilson Administration. Callie's mother, Helen Ray Hagner, was one of Washington's most prominent social secretaries and ran the Washington Social Bureau, which assisted many famous capital hostesses—including Mrs. Charles Evans Hughes, Mrs. Edward E. (Dolly) Gann, half-sister of Vice President Curtis, the first Mrs. Alben W. Barkley and Perle Mesta.

At the age of fourteen, when her parents were divorced, Callie quit high school to help her mother run the Social Bureau. Mrs. Hagner seated tables, staged debuts, weddings and parties and even paid calls for her clients.

Callie remembers vividly her introduction to formal society at a British Embassy dinner in 1920. One of her mother's clients was Lady Geddes, wife of Sir Auckland Geddes, the British ambassador, and Callie had been pressed into service when one of the guests was taken ill and unable to attend.

"At the time," says Mrs. Shaw, "I was a tall and gawky lass of fifteen—I'm still tall and gawky, although some people are kind enough to say I'm slender. Somehow, by watching mother, I got past all the forks and spoons until they brought the finger bowls and dessert plates. These threw me. I managed to remove the bowl but, despite mother's frantic signaling, left the tiny lace doily on the plate. The result was that when the ice cream was served on top of it, I ate the ice cream, lace doily and all. I survived—but it was a somewhat inauspicious start for a social adviser."

Married at eighteen to John Shaw, a Washington jeweler (they were divorced in 1951), Callie combined raising two children, Jean and John, with a career abetting Washington society. She was secretary to Elizabeth Hanna—granddaughter of political boss Mark Hanna—and to the late Eleanor (Cissy) Patterson, one of Washington's most famous party givers. Callie also assisted her mother in running the Green Book and the Social Bureau. The bureau was discontinued during World War II, and upon her mother's death in 1943 Callie assumed control of the Green Book.

The book was started in 1930 because Helen Ray Hagner felt the local edition of New York's Social Register did not adequately cover Washington. Mrs. Hagner listed not only the blue bloods from the Social Register but also all key Government officials, plus others deemed worthy because of their social activity or prominence in the community—even though they might have been born on the wrong side of the tracks.

Just who gets listed in the Green Book is a subject for discussion—and argument—in Washington. When The Social List was started, Helen Ray Hagner selected all the names herself. However, when Callie took over, she felt inadequate to make selections and appointed a five-member board to consider applicants and to make all decisions as to who gets in and who gets dropped.

The identities of this "board" have never been divulged, and many Washington socialites doubt its existence. Callie claims that two of the board members are practicing society matrons who go to almost all the big parties, the third is a prominent clubwoman and the fourth an old-time society lady. The one man, she says, is a former high Government official.

Each year about 400 nonofficial Washingtonians fill out applications in an effort to get their names added to The Social List. Fewer than 100 are accepted. There are no set standards for acceptance, says Callie, other than general social desirability and the recommendation of someone already listed.

Washington society pundits have reservations concerning the importance of being included in The Social List. The top hostesses, like Perle Mesta and Gwen Cafritz, say that while they use the Green Book as a directory, they are not guided by it in making up their invitation lists for parties.

"Being listed in the Green Book doesn't mean very much in real Washington society," comments a prominent Washington newspaper society reporter. "Why, Mrs. Shaw has people in the book I wouldn't dream of mentioning in my column. She pretends a board picks them. But I think she dreamed up this mythical board just to get herself off the hook."

Who gets into the Green Book's social list does not cause as much comment as who gets dropped.

"Occasionally persons who have received unpleasant publicity in one way or another are dropped because the board feels they are no longer acceptable in Washington society," says Callie.

Drew Pearson was dropped in 1944, and Charles Patrick Clark, who gained notoriety by throwing a punch at Pearson in the lobby of the Mayflower Hotel, found his name deleted in the 1953 edition. Others who have been removed because of unpleasant publicity include Alger Hiss in 1948, and former Attorney General J. Howard McGrath and T. Lamar Caudle in 1952. Two society women were dropped one year after engaging in a hair-pulling session at an important party. And a few men have been omitted after repeated complaints of flagrant unruliness at social events.

In a large safe in her office Callie Shaw keeps a file of cards for everyone who has ever applied for listing in the Green Book. In addition to vital statistics, certain personal notations sometimes are added. Perhaps it will be noted on the card that the person is deaf in one ear. If that person is on the list of a party Callie has been asked to seat, an effort will be made to place the individual so as to cause the least embarrassment. On a few cards there are the initials B.D. or O.F.

"We use the initials B.D. to warn of a person reported to have caused trouble as a 'bad drunk,'" says Mrs. Shaw. "The symbol O.F. stands for 'old fool' and refers to a man who may let his hands stray when near an attractive young woman. There are at present several prominent men in the O.F. category—one of them a senator. Because of their rank they are compulsory guests at some parties. We always try to seat them next to older women and keep temptation out of their way."

All information on the cards is kept locked in her safe, says Callie, and is available only to herself and her two assistants on the Green Book staff, Mrs. Ava Hills and Miss Margaret Barney.

In addition to her social advising, Callie Shaw is a manners authority. She writes a newspaper column on protocol and etiquette which appears weekly in the Washington Star, and she has recently written a book, Modern Manners.

Most of the book's advice is in folksy question-and-answer style.

QUESTION: If someone comes up to you, saying, "You don't remember me, do you?" and you haven't the vaguest idea who it is, what line of action do you take?

ANSWER: Return honesty for rudeness. Say, "I am very sorry, but I don't." Let the offender take it from there. There should be a special punishment for those guilty of this thoughtless, inconsiderate habit.

QUESTION: What do you do with an iced-tea spoon if the glass is not on a plate?

ANSWER: Your hostess has goofed. Put it on the edge of your dinner plate. Do not leave it in the glass when drinking. Decidedly awkward; it may also result in a poke in the eye.

Today, outside the society whirl, Carolyn Hagner Shaw lives quietly with her schnauzer, Boy, and her Siamese cat, Bee Poo, on a narrow Georgetown street that is sometimes referred to as Callie's Alley. Like any other grandmother, she takes pride in showing all visitors the pictures of the five children of her daughter, Jean, and the two small girls of her son, John.

On rare occasions, Callie Shaw breaks out of her quiet life and kicks up her heels. For a masquerade party a short time ago she had a make-up expert equip her with a bulbous nose. She borrowed an old baggy suit and floppy slippers from her six-foot-six-inch-tall son, slicked back her hair and tucked it under a top hat and became, for the evening, a capricious circus clown. With her identity as social arbiter thus hidden and an opportunity to throw dignity to the winds, she gaily clouted men on the back and even pinched one of the more dignified dowagers.

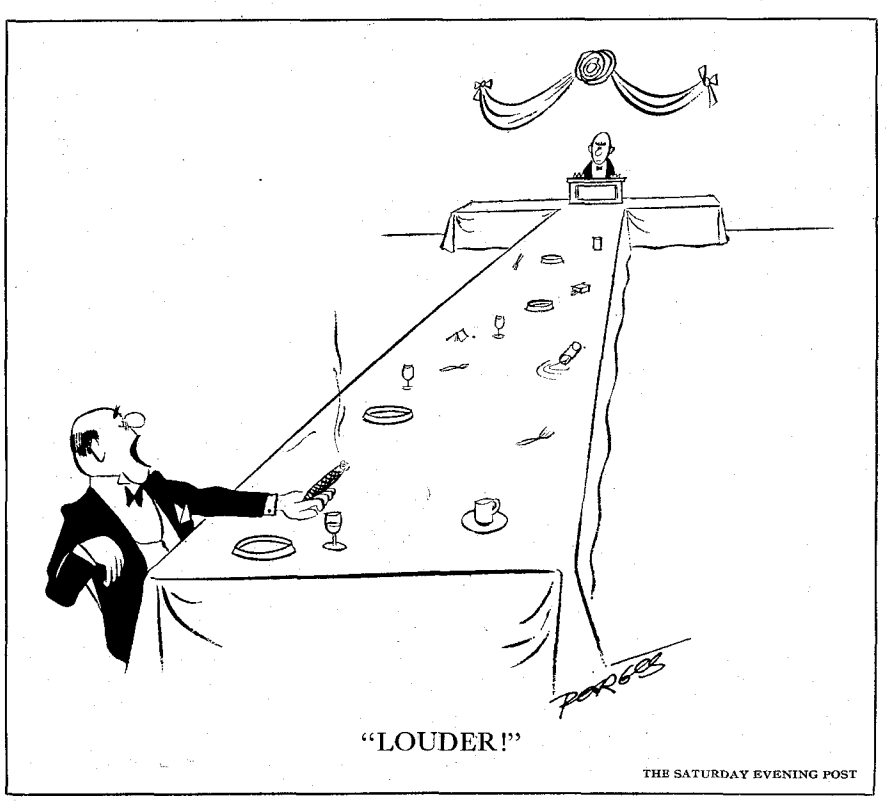
At a midnight ceremony, with everyone gathered around, the host presented the "circus clown" with the prize for the best costume, and then asked, "Will you kindly tell who you are, sir?" There was a gasp when Callie peeled off her disguise.

The following morning her host received several phone calls—one from an ambassador's wife—all shocked to see Carolyn Hagner Shaw act so undignified.

Callie's daughter, Jean, who persevered through the problems of having a mother who was both a social paragon and a bit pixilated, offers some counsel of her own.

"You should do as Carolyn Hagner Shaw says," remarks Jean, "but never as she does."

THE END



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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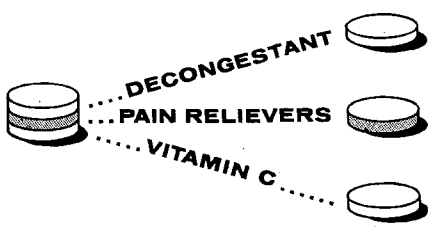

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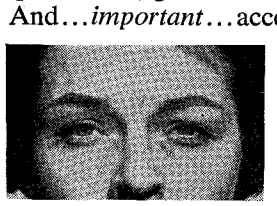

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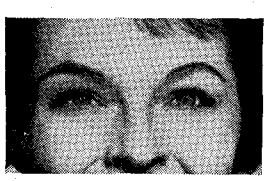

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Mayor Under the Soviet Gun

(Continued from Page 30)

ultimately, give Khrushchev just what he wants. Khrushchev wants first Berlin, then Germany, then Western Europe—without war. As Mayor Willy Brandt of Berlin puts it, "It is the salami process, cutting off our substance, one slice at a time."

An autobahn is a four-lane speedway, with overpasses and underpasses. This particular stretch of autobahn is but a small segment of the vast highway system that crisscrosses Germany. But it has an awkward importance. Important today because the free city of West Berlin lies at the other end. Important in 1945 because it was conquered by troops of the American 9th Army as they rolled to the Elbe, and could have rolled on to Berlin—but did not. The second stretch of this autobahn, beyond the Elbe, became the road not taken.

Second-guessers have always called this failure to proceed to Berlin our first awful mistake, source of our present dilemma. This is simply not so. We should have gone on to Berlin, of course. But let's just be legal. American rights to be in Berlin were signed and sealed, with our Soviet ally, at the European Advisory Commission in London in September of 1944. American troops did go on across green Thuringia, and deep into Saxony, but General Eisenhower, a man who exuded good will and soldierly decency, turned these provinces over to the Soviets, too, under the same agreement.

There is one man today who probably knows more about the modalities of legalism along this highway than any other man alive, and that is Berlin Mayor Willy Brandt. The American reader is invited to come along, as I have done, and hear the moving story as Herr Brandt tells it.

For the car that is just now drawing up to the Helmstedt check point is Mayor Brandt's official black Mercedes, returning to Berlin after a quick afternoon speech tour in West Germany. The chauffeur is Georg Holly, once the driver for Ernst Reuter, the gallant mayor of Berlin who stood up to Stalin in 1948, under the Anglo-American airlift, and beat back the blockade. Brandt is the protégé of Reuter.

All Berliners today will tell you proudly that Willy Brandt is a second Reuter, that the lightning of superb leadership has struck twice in the same place. This is true in one sense, wrong in another. Brandt, like Reuter before him, is a lifelong German democrat, an anti-Nazi exile, a man of guts, humanity, humor and political savvy.

A natural leader, like Reuter he can inspire vast crowds when the moment calls for inspiration, calm them when the need is for cool nerve.

But Reuter was a magnificent extrovert. Willy Brandt is a calm, serene introvert, surface glamour to the contrary. Both men, for the long years of the black Hitler night, ate the bitter bread of exile, Reuter in Turkey, Brandt in Scandinavia. Both know what the wine of freedom tastes like.

Just as Ernst Reuter was the perfect leader for the 1948–1949 stand against Stalin, so Brandt seems to have been endowed by destiny with the very different qualities needed in this second—in many ways more sinister—showdown with Nikita Khrushchev. Reuter saved Berlin by sheer masculine defiance. Brandt will have to do it by defiance, plus canny negotiation.

One morning, about a fortnight ago, sitting in Mayor Brandt's Berlin command post, City Hall, we were reviewing issues and memories of that first blockade:

THE REPORTER: "I remember, Mr. Mayor, that after the blockade was lifted in May, 1949, our friend, Ernst Reuter, always stubbornly insisted on driving the autobahn, rather than flying in and out of Berlin. Chancellor Adenauer, who has never come to Berlin over the autobahn, regarded this as a courageous but most dangerous act—a kidnaping, arrest or a sideswipe in the night, and Berlin would need a new mayor."

THE MAYOR: Don't be too hard on Chancellor Adenauer. He is an old man, and he has his forms of courage too. We always welcome him in Berlin, however he gets here. No false heroics, please. For the mayor of Berlin to ride the autobahn is not a dangerous adventure, rather a wearying one. Come along and see.

"It is, in fact, my simple duty. Morally, as mayor of Berlin, I cannot ask your young American G.I.'s, nor the Berlin long-haul truckers, nor the businessmen of West Germany to insist on their rights on the autobahn if I do not assert my own. We all have rights. They are substantial and are sealed in several international treaties—1944, 1945, and twice in 1949. Any new paper agreement must codify and enlarge these rights."

The alert reader may ask how come I did not make this quick trip with Mayor Brandt in both directions? The fact is that I had been so invited. Early this same afternoon at the check point of Drewitz, just outside Berlin, Willy Brandt and chauffeur Holly had been cleared through. But I, as an American, had been turned back by the East German Vopos (People's Police). I lacked a visa, which I had been told I could get at this check point. I rushed back to East Berlin, got the visa, hired a car and driver, rolled down the autobahn to Brunswick, where Brandt was speaking, and caught up with the show. I now have in my passport a visa from the East German Government, a state my own Government insists does not exist, being unrecognized by us.

We chat about this absurdity as we drive up to the Helmstedt check point. I slouch in the back seat, wondering what technicality may bump me this time. As an American civilian with no military orders, I will, of course, have to pass through the East German controls. But let us take a look now at the first, or Allied, control, where Soviet officers scan the papers of Americans, British and French.

It is a familiar scene. Out of the night there soon rolls up a solitary United States Army command car, a corporal driver and two young officers, their shoulder patches indicating they are members of the Berlin garrison. They draw up briskly to the peppermint-stick barrier. A sharp young Soviet 1st lieutenant takes their papers—military travel orders—into his shack, stamps and records them, returns, hands them back, salutes, gives a simple hand signal for the barrier to be lifted.

The Russian is asserting his right to control in the sense of look-see. The Americans are asserting a more emphatic right, the right to proceed unmolested. It is a "control"—the right to see, but not to oversee.

We pause here for a long look. This is the immediate cause of the crisis, the place where Khrushchev has proposed substituting over-all East German control for Russian. The clever Soviet chess move was the bland suggestion to send this Soviet lieutenant home for good. Then what happens?

It is necessary here to move backward in memory for the answer. In 1945, the year of glorious victory, 99 per cent of the traffic through this check point was Western Allied military traffic. The shattered German economy was truckless and fuelless. But tonight, in 1959, 99 per cent of the traffic rolling up here is German, and 95 per cent of this, in turn, is West Germans and West Berliners, trading with each other, keeping the Berlin lifeline open.

The big show just beyond, announced by customs warehouses and an endless queue of mammoth diesel trucks and trailers loaded with merchandise, is the glowering East German customs. Inspection is more rigorous than on any civilized international frontier. East German controls are deliberately slow and hence expensive, a form of economic warfare in the heart of Germany. If the West Germans had, vis-à-vis the East Germans, the same rights Americans have, vis-à-vis the Soviets—control but no inspection—there would be no bottleneck.

THE REPORTER: "Now I see, once again, why Ernst Reuter was so dubious back in 1949, why he kept telling us privately that we Americans had thrown away our airlift victory. We did not foresee that German traffic was certain, with the passage of time, to become the pay-off issue. We threw you Berliners a rope, in the form of a noose."

THE MAYOR: "No, as an old Berliner yourself, you know better than that. You Americans in 1945 should have insisted on a corridor, of course. But that, as we Germans say, is to cry over the snow in the springtime. But even I, when I was working on the Ernst Reuter biography a few years ago, was surprised to find

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how strong these subsequent agreements really are.

"The Jessup-Malik Agreement called for a return to *status quo ante*. And in Paris, in May of 1949, at the conference of foreign ministers, the Soviets solemnly agreed 'to normalize and to improve traffic.' Before new paper agreements are negotiated let us stick to our rights under the old ones."

THE REPORTER: "Yes, not all the blunders were on our side. The Soviets forgot that an air corridor has no ceiling."

THE MAYOR: "Since 1949 there have been several other unilateral concessions. I never understood why you Americans abandoned your highway and jeep patrols, the service station out here, the wrecker service and the signal detachments."

THE REPORTER: "Then, in 1954, came the autobahn tax; that must have been a tough blow for the Berlin economy. How much does it cost?"

THE MAYOR: "We are paying more than four million dollars per year. My job, as mayor of Berlin, is to try to stop this whittling-away process. We in West Berlin are linked to West Germany by the same currency, the same laws. I want to read the fine print on any new agreements that may be proposed. On 'package deals' I want first to open the package and see what is inside."

THE REPORTER: "Willy, getting back to Mr. Khrushchev's proposal. By simply hinting that the Soviets would hand over their control functions to East Germans, he encouraged all the appeasers in our western world to hint this was all simply a matter of a slight change of Communist uniforms. There was even some talk we might recognize the Vopos as 'agents of the Soviets.' How do you feel?"

THE MAYOR: "You have just seen the difference in controls. If the East Germans ever become sovereign here at Helmstedt, your American legal rights in Berlin—and hence Free Berlin itself—will be desperately undermined. East Germans, in effect, will be master of the Americans. West Berliners are courageous and hardy—but weaponless."

THE REPORTER: "Willy, what if there is another blockade?"

THE MAYOR: "In Berlin we have what we call the X-plus-Y formula. X is the stores we already have stock-piled, and they are substantial. Y is the supplement that can be flown in to feed our population of more than 2,200,000. On the other hand, in 1948 we had only a bare-subsistence, or 'dry potato,' economy. Today we are a booming city and everybody has what they call 'ballast.' But anyway, I do not think blockade is the immediate problem."

THE REPORTER: "We see how quickly Allied traffic and even German civilian pleasure vehicles are clearing tonight. But look at that costly delay on your Berlin trucks and trailers. I have seen them out here for more than seventy hours of exasperation. If these expensive delays were eliminated, wouldn't you have your economic problem just about whipped?"

THE MAYOR: "Of course. We Berliners can pay our way, with a clear road ahead. There are roughly three trucks coming to Berlin for every two that return loaded with our industrial products. That is the margin of subsidy."

Speaking of supplies, we now recall that we haven't had supper, nor are there any snack bars for westerners on the road ahead. Mayor Brandt, Holly and I adjourn to the last restaurant on western soil and order *Wurst* and red cabbage. At a table in the corner we talk of other things. Of Willy's youth in the North German Hanseatic seaport of Lübeck, famous for marzipan and Thomas Mann . . . his street brawls as a teen-ager against the Nazis . . . his escape to Norway in a fishing smack . . . how he finished his education in Oslo, became a reporter, covered the Spanish Civil War . . . his capture in a Norwegian Red Cross uniform in 1940, his escape to Sweden, marriage to a Norwegian girl . . . contacts with the anti-Hitler Twentieth-of-July rebels . . . return to Germany in 1945, recovery of the citizenship Hitler took away—"Why be just another democrat in Scandinavia?"

Germany has really changed—and how much this battle for Berlin and the emergence of democrats like Willy Brandt have helped to change it! A generation ago, for an important *Herr Regierender Bürgermeister* to be sitting in a *Bierstube*, with his chauffeur, batting the breeze with an American reporter—unthinkable, *Exzellenz!* But Brandt has flair and real modern political sex appeal. Even here at midnight one notices it, its impact on casual passers-by, travelers, waitresses, the young man who brings the beer and *Schnaps*.

Nobody comes up and slaps him on the back. But these Berlin truck drivers, the boys who really keep the show running, how their weathered faces light up when they spot him. The presence of Berlin's doughty mayor on this autobahn gives them serene confidence that the show will go on. Tough, cynical, unsentimental—I once spent a week with them in their trucks—I am amazed at how they welcome him, "Heads up, Willy." . . . "Your autograph for the kids, please."

This *charisma*—the quality of inspiring others—we have just seen it operating on the West Germans and West Berliners. Now comes a little scene. After we left the table and started moving through the long line of controls, I, as an American, was separated from Brandt and Holly. Soon I was accosted by a tough major of the Vopos, a Saxon. He asked for my passport. I got a sinking feeling, *Here comes the chicanery again.* We were alone in a long corridor. He looked to the right and left—the furtive "German look" of the Hitler days. He held my passport toward the light so the shadow fell on both our faces, and asked brusquely, "Is that Mayor Brandt of West Berlin?"

At this moment I had to think fast. If I said "No," he could obviously check the fib. I had to say yes. A dark silence. Then he slid the passport back, gave me a bone-crunching handshake. "Tell him we always listen to Where the Shoe Pinches" (a fortnightly broadcast Brandt makes to the East Zone). This People's Democracy can't even count on all the People's Police, as they discovered in the riot of June 17, 1953, and I rediscover this evening.

We move through the rest of the controls smoothly. Mayor Brandt is treated with extreme politeness. But just as we are about to roll on toward the Elbe comes a last little bit of flimflam. A policeman steps out and asks Holly for—his driver's license. He had it.

Now we remarked how the controls had been milder than usual—"Khrushchev really wants his summit conference." Berlin and the autobahn area are kind of a barometer of Soviet intention.

THE REPORTER: "Willy, we had a good long look at the bottleneck to your city's prosperity, the immediate cause of the crisis. Let us turn from economics to politics. We both agree that this is an artificial, hoaxed-up crisis. What do you think Khrushchev really wants?"

THE MAYOR: "Well, first let me say that I don't believe he loves us Berliners for our blue eyes. We are an island of freedom beyond the Elbe. As long as Berlin

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is part of the western world, Moscow's satrap, Walter Ulbricht, cannot consolidate the East Zone. Until East Germany is sealed off, split forever, Moscow can never be sure of her imperium in East Europe—Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland, above all Poland. In that sense 'this little thing, Berlin' is no local issue."

THE REPORTER: "In your Berlin cockpit, where you are very close to sentiment in the East Zone, how much warning did you get that this crisis was coming? And how much do you think Mr. K. is using Berlin merely as a lever for—other things?"

THE MAYOR: "The warning we had several months in advance. Here I feel we must make the distinction between Khrushchev and Ulbricht. We in the West, being democrats, are so used to our own divisions, some of them dangerous, that we make the mistake of assuming the enemy is monolithic. But Soviet German policy has always run on two rails. Ulbricht, to make good in the eyes of his Moscow masters, has always been hungry to swallow Berlin. But it was the Soviets who, until late in 1958, restrained him."

THE REPORTER: "That is surprising. I always knew that Ulbricht was more Stalinist than Khrushchev. I assume you mean every time the Soviet leaders ask him how come two million Germans have fled the Worker's Paradise, he answers 'Berlin.'"

THE MAYOR: "Yes, Ulbricht and those around him have one-track minds."

THE REPORTER: "What about the refugees that flow through West Berlin? In ten years more than two million. You fly most of them out to jobs in West Germany. For any state of only seventeen million, capitalist or Communist, this is a fantastic loss of skilled manpower. Many see in this the true origin of the crisis—a sealing-off operation."

THE MAYOR: "I very much doubt that. Much as I hate to say so, it is not impossible to stem this flow of humanity. You see how, since 1952, they have hermetically sealed off the Iron Curtain we just left behind us. Mayor Ebert, in East Berlin, had a kind of Chinese Wall project to run through the heart of the city. But the Soviets vetoed it. It was not until the summer of 1958, when a high-power Russian party delegation visited the zone, that we detected a change in the air. In October, when Ulbricht began to talk big, we knew he had got a green light ——"

THE REPORTER: "Meaning?"

THE MAYOR: "They decided to put the squeeze on us, like lemons. Dictators boil up crises, then simmer them down in return for substantial concessions. We Berliners simply do not want to be parboiled while the heat is on, nor slowly cooked over a low flame ——"

THE REPORTER: "Or be used as a means to an end? I have just come from the Middle East, and I have an uneasy feeling Khrushchev may walk into Baghdad now that we all have our backs up in Berlin."

THE MAYOR: "Well, it is one world, and the Soviet Union is a world power. On my local level I think Moscow would like to damage Berlin democracy—this harpoon in the blubber of the Soviet leviathan—as much as they can. On the regional or zonal level, they would like to wangle *de jure* or *de facto* recognition of East Germany as a separate German state. On the all-German level, they probably have maximum and minimum aims—knocking West Germany out of NATO, neutralization, other things."

Soon we cross the Elbe River, the historic dividing line between West and East Germany, Western and Eastern Europe. The mayor, weary Willy, has been catching a cat nap. Holly is sturdy and silent at the wheel, chary of skids. Off to the side of the road I see a signal battalion of a Russian corps, in bivouac. How young their faces look in the Tolstoyan campfires, beardless youths born at about the time of the battle of Stalingrad.

I must have nodded myself. Now I am awake again; the mayor too. And the sign ahead says Potsdam. I think of Harry Truman playing the piano for Uncle Joe; that was a long time ago. . . .

THE REPORTER: "Mr. Mayor, like most Americans I have been brooding about a paradox, this perennial question of German unity. For more than a decade we reporters wrote that it was the Soviets, despite all the flaming 'Unity' posters right here on the autobahn, who really split Germany. Now Nikita himself, in his recent frank dialogue with Prof. Carlo Schmid, has confirmed it: 'No one really wants German unity, no one.' This indicates he does not have very reliable reports from the Soviet zone. But I have been talking with several western diplomats, in Paris and in London, and they are hinting the West must now accept the inevitable. What is your answer?"

At this moment Willy Brandt had flicked his cigarette lighter. I saw his face tense, his fist clench. I had struck an open wound, although I surmised what his answer would be.

THE MAYOR: "Please, your American readers, your American statesmen, must understand one thing. On human grounds alone, no patriotic German can say 'Good-by' to his blood brothers here in the East. This is no mere German problem. The people of East Germany, the people of East Europe, are slaves in a new Soviet empire. The slaves hate the master. They hate even more the despicable puppets, the Ulbrichts, the Kadars, who helped forge the chains. But if we freely-elected democrats—in Berlin, in Bonn or wherever—if we sell them down the river, that will be the greatest betrayal of all. Communism will be consolidated—in despair. On German unity, really, we have Khrushchev on the wrong side of the *big issue*. Let us counterattack."

THE REPORTER: "Speaking of betrayal, what are the things in Berlin that might be in jeopardy if anyone gets dizzy and wobbles on the way to the summit?"

THE MAYOR: "First, the Berliners themselves, who I assure you are not worried about any big sellout. We have, thank God, many wonderful friends in this world. We fear rather some casual slip, some quibble in the position papers, some little incipient touch of—cancer.

"The bum of the year is watching the game of the week."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"We have certain things in Berlin we hold most sacred. Free citizens, free political parties, a free press, free elections, a free Senate. Then there is the Free Berlin Radio, and R.I.A.S. (Radio in the American Sector), with which we talk to the East Zone. The Free University, largest in Germany, a haven for refugee students and scholars. The League of Free Jurists, keeping careful book on the new barbarism. There is our Congress for Cultural Freedom. And we are the world's greatest refugee reception center, a ballot box for those who vote with their feet. These democratic freedoms are untouchable, unnegotiable, not for sale."

THE REPORTER: "Yes, as we Americans say, a compromise on freedom is like compromising a woman's chastity—a little quickly leads to a lot. This brings us to these many proposals to bring the United Nations into the act—a free city, Berlin as a U.N. capital, all that."

THE MAYOR: "A free city? Pardon my skepticism, but free of what? We are already a real free city, but we do not want to become a kind of Danzig on the Spree, 'free' of the western garrisons who are, in a literal sense, the guarantors of our freedom."

Now we are only fifteen minutes out of Berlin, moving across the dark sandbox plain of the Mark of Brandenburg, where giant ghosts, from forgotten battles, march through the swirling fog, the sentinel fir trees, the many glacial lakes. This is the great military highway of Europe. All the invaders of Russia—the Swede, Charles XII, Napoleon, Hitler—have here marched east. The one time the Russians reached Paris, in 1814, they took this route. This is more than an autobahn.

THE REPORTER: "Willy, I have saved for the last the toughest question, what you Germans call the *Gretchen* question. As mayor of Berlin, the whole free world knows and applauds you as a vigorous defender of the western cause, NATO.

"But some of our mutual egghead friends—George Kennan, Hugh Gaitskell, your own Social Democratic Party—have pushed forward military 'disengagement' ideas, troop thinnings out, and so forth. I do not want to sound the utter pessimist, but isn't this all based on most wishful fallacy—namely, that the piling up of weapons has produced the political tension? Is it not rather the tension, the clear Soviet menace, that produced the weapons?"

THE MAYOR: "Yes, the first blockade gave birth to NATO. The Communist attack in Korea led directly to West German rearmament, cause and effect. However, let us not forget that an effect can become a cause. Arms, and ever more terrible arms, produce new tensions. Here, frankly, I do see some hope, some possibility of honest retreat from mutual terror, solid concession for solid concession.

"Perhaps it is because we live in Berlin, surrounded by many hostile bayonets, that we feel this so strongly. The original 1945 four-power occupation of Berlin, and of Germany, was based on a fundamental fallacy—that democrats and totalitarians had, or could have, mutual aims. But today there is one common fear, the very real fear of mutual destruction. We share it with you. Some hard-headed deal on armaments may be the slow way out of the woods."

THE REPORTER: "How does that relate to Berlin?"

THE MAYOR: "There is a difference, I think, between the compromise of principle and the principle of compromise. I think it about time we westerners got out of the trenches of the cold war and entered the war of political maneuver. Even Berlin cannot be a barricade forever. No 'isolated' solution of the Berlin problem is possible. No 'package deal' is welcome that weakens us.

"But let me go back to a crucial point we mentioned before. Let us forget Ulbricht and talk back to Khrushchev directly; let us prove to him, as we can, that Ulbricht has been giving him very bad advice. It may not be impossible to convince Khrushchev that a Germany united in true freedom, its armaments controlled by some five-power pact, including Germany herself, is in the long-range interest of genuine European security, hence Soviet security.

"Herr Ulbricht, for the Russians, is expendable. A split Germany, a seething East Zone and East Europe that has erupted three times, these are the real time bombs. They are, or should be, a real Russian worry, not our island of Berlin. It is always worth while talking to a man when you really have something to tell him.

"Berlin is not a weak point in the western position. It is a very strong point. That is what Ernst Reuter succeeded in convincing Stalin, under the airlift. Now, once again, we must convince Khrushchev."

Tired, dog tired, but indefatigable. This was just one more routine day, one more long interview in the hectic life of Berlin's fast-moving mayor. We swung now through the last controls, past the little statue of the Berlin Bear, into the free air, the wonderful free air, of West Berlin. It is three A.M. We pass now the cemetery where Ernst Reuter lies buried. Three men tip their hats, and Holly wipes away a tear. Now we draw up quickly to Willy's small suburban villa by the lake. Even his Norwegian wife, Ruth, his two sons, Peter and Lars, his French poodles, are not up this late. He will meet them in four hours—at breakfast. Tomorrow Willy will be flying to London. We say good night and good luck.

Holly, the Berliner, is swinging me toward the still-bright lights of downtown Berlin. There are searchlights on several new building projects; work goes on here day and night, crisis or no crisis. Holly is tired, too, but his last words are authentic Berlin—"*Mensch* (Man), we have another Reuter."

The story of Berlin? It has just been told. It is the voice of Willy Brandt, the voice of Holly, the voice of 2,000,000 free citizens who speak as one man, in this Troy that has become our modern Athens. THE END

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You Can Get Away From it All

(Continued from Page 20)

blue, cold, clear, twenty-one miles long and twelve miles wide, is set among the spectacular ridges of the Sierra Nevada, a breath-taking beauty spot—especially breath-taking if you go in for a swim. To our delight a friend gave us the keys to his big de luxe cabin on the Nevada side of the lake, all set about by gigantic ponderosa pine trees, and told us to make ourselves at home as long as we wanted to.

So there we were with cords of firewood, big picture window overlooking the lake, big comfortable beds with box springs and spine-satisfying mattresses, and I said, "Here's our chance to try out those sleeping bags. We can't take them home all the way across country again unused."

Madame Wife looked at me skeptically. "You sure that's a good idea?" she asked.

My Frances is not a camping-type female. Her experiences with nature tend to be repellent, like the time hearty companions induced her to bathe in Puget Sound and she got numb with cold and nearly drowned; or the time she was persuaded to take exercise in the form of badminton and fractured her good right arm.

"You probably won't like sleeping out," I said, "but I think we ought to try it."

We talked, just the other day, about that night. Funny, it's the only night of the 1947 trip that now stands out unforgettable, as if we had been real adventurers. And Frances surprised me by an unexpected confession. "Sleeping out at Tahoe was one of the most wonderful experiences I have ever had," she said. "In fact, you know I hate camping, but all our camping out has been wonderful."

This bit of feminine illogic I found most comforting, because we've done a lot of camping since that night at Tahoe, and I've always felt rather guilty because I was sure my dear wife went along only to please me.

Yes, that awful night was quite wonderful. While it was still daylight I went outdoors, found a level place under the pines and stretched out the sleeping bags. I didn't have any air mattresses, but there were pine needles on the ground and it looked reasonably soft. I put down a waterproof ground sheet, then the down-filled bags "guaranteed to a temperature of twenty degrees" and the rubber pillows. It didn't seem too inviting, but I spread a steamer rug over the whole, which made it look more bedlike. Frances came and looked at it and went away without saying anything.

We put off bedtime until midnight, when she said, "Still think it's a good idea?"

A night wind had come up. As we went out of the warm house to go to bed, it was shiveringly cold. We hurried into the sleeping bags, struggled with the fasteners—oh, but the ground was unyielding! Every star in the heavens was out, and the tall straight ponderosa pines reached loftily skyward like ships' masts, their tops swaying lazily back and forth against the infinite night sky.

Thunk!

"What was that?" Frances sounded real scared, the way I felt.

A heavy, jagged ponderosa pine cone a foot long had landed close to us after plummeting from the top of one of those giant trees. Would one of those cones mash your skull if it landed on your noggin?

"I just pulled my sleeping bag over my head," I announced.

"Beat you to it," said a muffled voice.

The needle-covered ground was as unresilient as hard ground used to be when I was a kid going on overnight hikes in the Catskills. The uneasy wind blew the lake lapping against the shore, and those tall trees swayed with a restless rustle. As pine cones thunked down sporadically I lay wide-eyed, peering out from under that protective sleeping bag. Presently I didn't care whether I slept. However uncomfortable, I quit being afraid, not only of pine cones but of anything else.

"You asleep?" Frances whispered.

"No. Want to go in to a bed?"

"No. I never knew there were so many stars."

Ultimately then, we slept, and eventually it was daylight and we rose stiffly,

WHAT DO YOU NEED TO CAMP OUT?

Paul Schubert, who in the accompanying article describes the joys and economies of a camping-out vacation, lists the essential items of equipment for such a trip, and the approximate costs, as follows:

TENT: A new pup tent, for two persons, $8.00. An 8-by-10-foot wall tent with poles, for four, $35.

SLEEPING BAG: Good quality, new, $31.50.

AIR MATTRESS: Rubber type ranges from $9 to $15.

GASOLINE STOVE: $15 to $20, depending on size.

COOK KIT: Compact aluminum kit for four persons, complete with plates and cups, around $13.

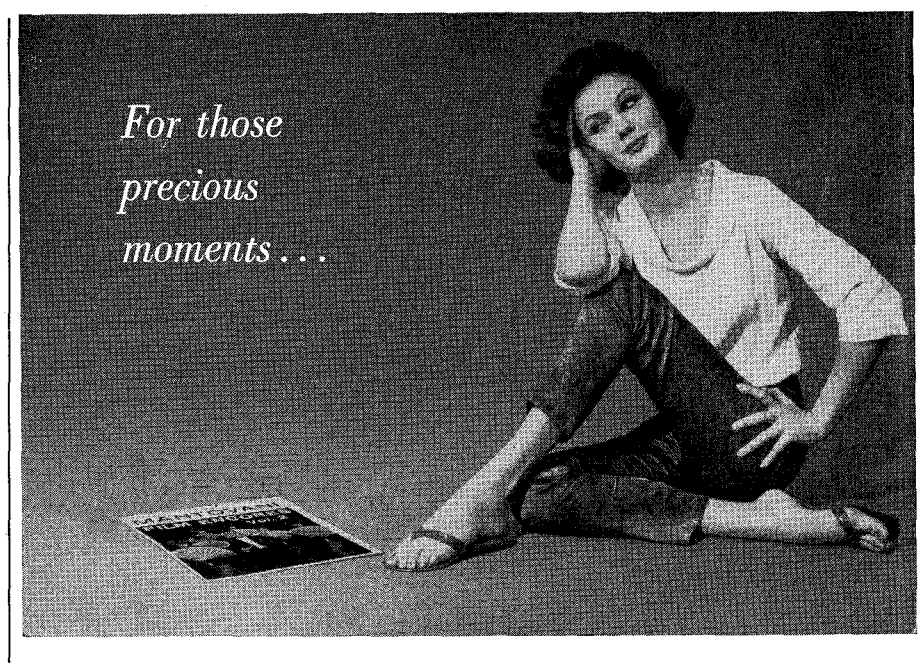
BAGGAGE TRAILER: Beginner would do well to rent or borrow one until he decides the type that best fits his needs. Rental fee is $3 to $5 a day, depending on size of trailer and length of trip.

CAMPSITES: Most are free, or involve only a nominal fee.

FOOD: Plan to take enough for well-rounded meals—a diet of canned beans and wieners gets tiresome. Cost will depend on your taste and appetite; should run about same as meals at home.

MISCELLANEOUS: Take along from home such handy equipment as flashlight, hatchet, small spade, hammer and nails, clothesline.

FISHING LICENSES: Cost varies by states; usually $3 to $5 for nonresidents.



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yet somehow hating to leave the place. I went down to the lake and had a morning swim. Frances took her swim in the house in a bathtub full of hot water.

That winter I began to buy camping equipment, starting with air mattresses. Later I added cots, a great help on wet or rough ground—I like the kind supported on flexible metal rods, comfortable even without air mattresses. I also like to keep air mattresses mushy when I blow them up; you might as well sleep on the ground as put too much air in them.

I like to buy camping gear, always with the idea of one day accumulating the perfect, compact, complete outfit that will make me completely independent for a night or a week. Sometimes it's a year or two before new acquisitions get used, but as I stand in the shop I like to speculate on where this particular hatchet or lantern or bucket will travel with me to come into its own.

Since Tahoe we've camped in Nebraska, South Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah and California, and I have big plans for this summer.

In July of 1958 we camped beside Fiddler Lake in Wyoming's Wind River Mountains, in the Shoshone National Forest, on a fishing expedition with another couple and their three small boys. This was the most successful, most comfortable and best camp we have had to date. Here's what I took along in the way of equipment:

To begin with, while many public campgrounds are provided with permanent outdoor tables, I knew this one was not, so I took along two outdoor tables and four benches. This was a lot of bulk, but it meant we could all sit down to eat, which is real camping luxury. I also took along two campstools and two folding aluminum deck chairs, and I wish I had taken four. Purists will scoff, but anyone who has ever camped knows that the lack of a decent place to sit is a discomfort that nags you, especially in the late afternoon when you come in tired.

I took a two-burner gasoline stove, also a charcoal-burning outdoor grill, plus a sack of charcoal and a can of starter fluid. Yes, we made a campfire and used it, but this little grill was a real inspiration.

I took along three water buckets and a plastic dishpan, a washbasin, a mirror. I have a nest of pots and pans, coffeepot and cups; that went in, plus a couple of extra iron skillets and a Dutch oven, and lots of tableware, both paper and enamel, and plenty of cooking and eating tools, and soap and towels and matches and scourers and all that stuff. And candles and flashlights and a gasoline lantern with extra mantles.

We have a larger tent now than the original little pup—we set the pup tent up for the kids. The kids' parents use a good-sized wall tent and, while it's clumsy to set up, it's hard to beat once erected. We four adults had sleeping bags and air mattresses; the kids slept on improvised beds of pads and blankets.

Plenty of warm clothing went along, and boots to hike in, and steamer rugs for the evening chill. We took ax, hatchet, mattock and spade, rake, nails and hammer, saw, rope, clothesline, clothespins, cameras, binoculars, fishing tackle, an accordion, a plentiful supply of grub, a vacuum jug of ice cubes, a cocktail shaker and the ingredients. Everything we took was used.

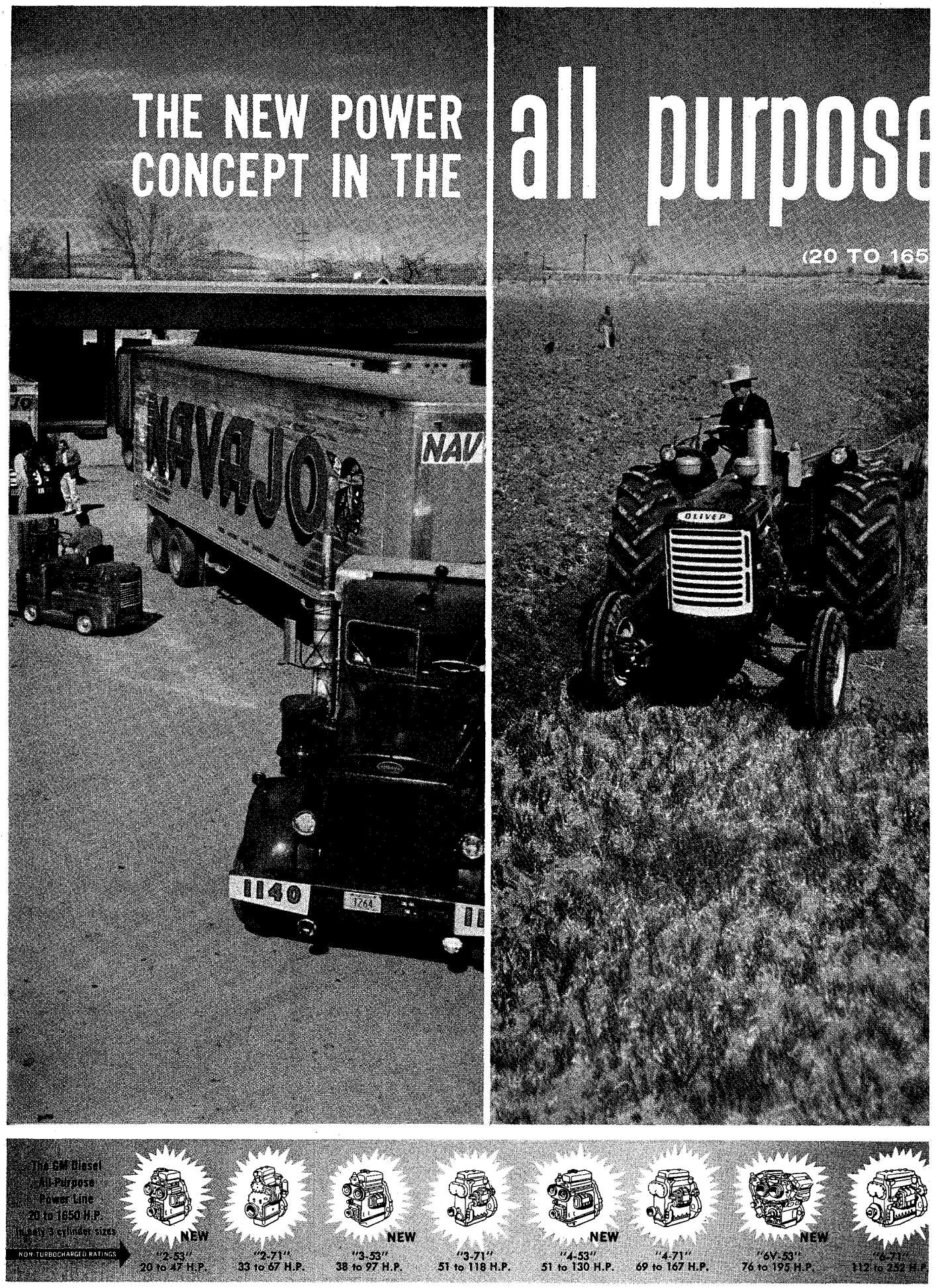
How does a fellow lug so much stuff? My theory is that you are smarter to haul a two-wheel baggage trailer behind your car, and load it with enough camping gear to make you comfortable, than to burden the old sedan with massive roof load and stuffed interior and still skimp on comfort. You can rent a trailer for not too much money almost anywhere. Dyed-in-the-wool do-it-yourself artists make their own trailers from parts bought at the junkyard. Lucky are the campers who can put their hands on a pickup truck; they can lug all the gear they want and camp in style.

As to destination, all our national forests and parks are dotted with innumerable campsites complete with permanent tables and fireplaces and garbage pits and cans and permanent toilets.

That July expedition of ours, however, was a fishing trip to a wilder, more primitive spot. Wyoming's high mountains have numerous lakes and streams alive with fish, readily accessible if you'll take the trouble to turn off the beaten path, and Fiddler Lake is one of them. You get to it by a dirt road near the summit of the South Pass on Wyoming Highway 28. There were thousands of trout rising to feed as we set up camp late Friday afternoon. There was also a thriving beaver family domiciled in a mud-and-brush lodge forty yards from our campsite, and the kids weren't the only fascinated watchers as mamma and papa beaver swam about the lake, slapping the water with their tails as they dived into their dwelling.

Our fishing objective was still higher up—Silas Lake. We reached Silas on foot next day, after a walking tour following the contours of the mountain slopes, stopping often to rest and take pictures, watch grouse and deer and chipmunks and squirrels and a porcupine.

Ever see a small boy catch his first fish? The fat brook trout of Silas were so hungry that the most unskilled kid could



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throw out a lure and know the surprise of a rod that jerked and quivered while Pop, trying not to be more excited than the kid was, coached, "Reel him in. Turn that little crank . . . no, the other way! Gosh, don't lose him—keep a strain on your line!"

We caught forty-one fish, and fished our way home along narrow, marshy Silas Creek, where every little pool and bend was coursing with darting brook trout—in one of those pools even the six-year-old took a fish.

There we sat that evening enjoying solitude and comfort only a few hours from Yellowstone Park, where the crowds were jamming each available bit of accommodation, and Dad, feeling no trace of pain, said, "Gosh, how the boys come along! Turning into fishermen! First thing you know they'll be going off to college. Hope I can give them a good send-off—maybe give each one of them a car ——"

Mom said quietly, "What I'm glad about is that we gave them today."

How right she was! Today was bigger than life-size.

How can a guy find places like Fiddler Lake? I'll tell you a secret. Leave the pavement and go exploring. Highway-spoiled Americans, who want pavement laid down to every beauty spot, have become loathe to explore, having a naïve belief that the only places worth seeing are those that get the heaviest sell on the biggest billboards.

Anyone venturesome enough to swallow some dust and absorb some rattles and scrape some rocks can find more lovely unvisited places left in our enormous back country than will ever be reached by pavement in 100 years of highway building.

Even the public campsites in most of our national forests are patronized almost entirely by local westerners hep enough to know a good thing when they see it, while the tourists go rushing for much-publicized Yellowstone or Glacier or Bryce Canyon or the Grand Canyon. Yellowstone, Glacier, and all the great resorts are terrific, but they have an exclusiveness similar to New York's Times Square.

Consider, in contrast, the Big Horn National Forest 150 miles east of Yellowstone Park in Wyoming. This forest is eighty miles long and thirty miles wide and contains 1,121,541 fabulous acres of spectacular mountain terrain including a large wilderness area. The forest abounds with good lake and stream fishing—my Wyoming friends, who like to keep good fishing to themselves, will murder me for publicizing this. A recent Big Horn Forest game count listed 10,000 deer, 4000 elk, 250 white-tailed deer, 140 black bear, seventy bighorn sheep and twenty-five moose. There are fifty-eight public camp and picnic grounds in the forest, almost all accessible by car. Yet the local ranger recently told me, "My district gets almost no out-of-state campers, maybe three or four parties a week."

You see, though highways U.S. 14 and U.S. 16 cross the Big Horn National Forest, these beautiful paved roads lead to Yellowstone Park, and the cars sail through at sixty and seventy miles an hour *without stopping.*

"You'd think," said the ranger, "more of them would be smart enough to try our campsites one after another, instead of lugging their camping gear after the crowd. The locals—they're the ones who camp here. But then, they know what camping means."

I'll tip you to other fascinating camping areas I've come upon in my travels in the West.

1. Follow U.S. 89 down across Montana from Great Falls toward Livingston. This highway crosses the Little Belt Mountains and passes through Lewis and Clark National Forest, then near Gallatin National Forest and Absaroka National Forest. Don't stick to the pavement. Turn off onto the dirt roads and explore. For on-the-spot advice, stop at any ranger station—the ranger is there to help you. If you tell him he's got the most beautiful forest you ever saw, he'll probably soften up and help you find the real beauty spots, especially if you let it slip that you've brought your own gunny sack to carry away your own empty tin cans.

2. Farther south, the same U.S. 89 passes through the Star Valley of Wyoming, north and south of the town of Afton. The map shows a road paralleling the highway for about 100 miles along Grey's River. That country in there, in the Bridger National Forest, is fabulous.

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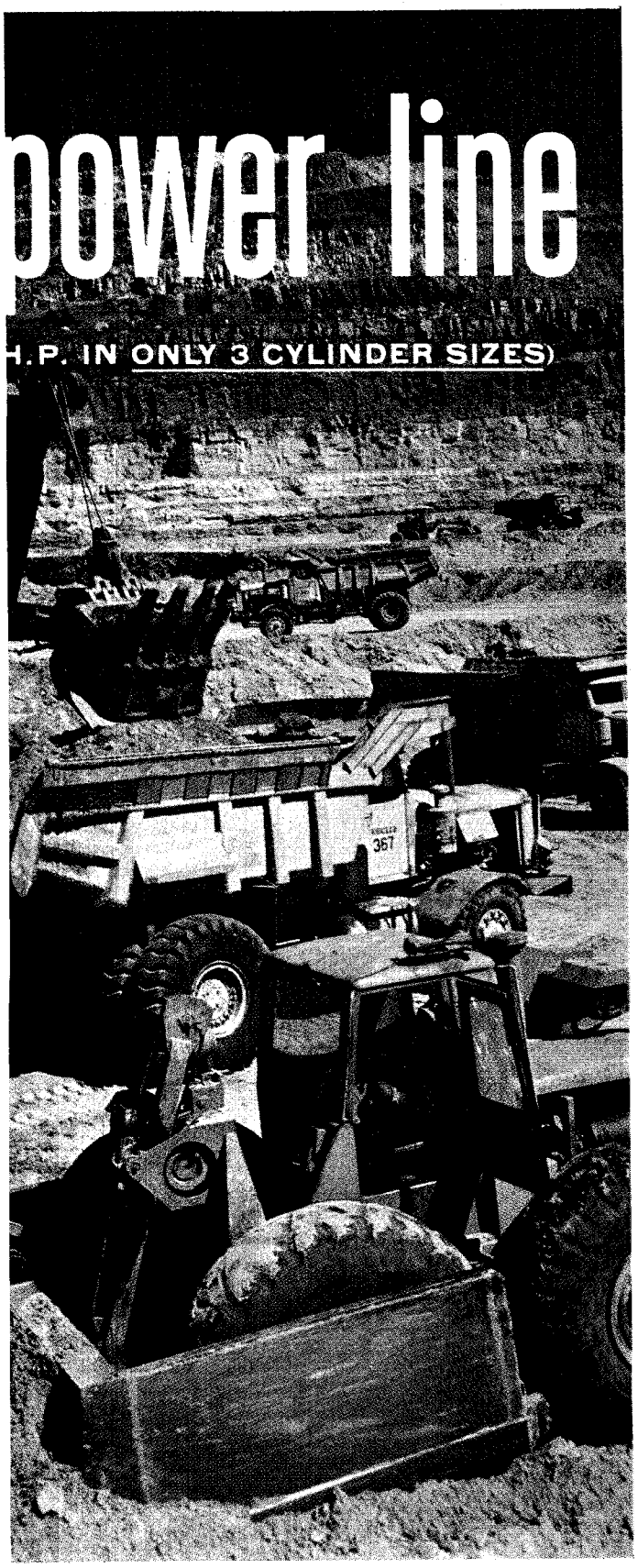
Jeanne W. Canaday



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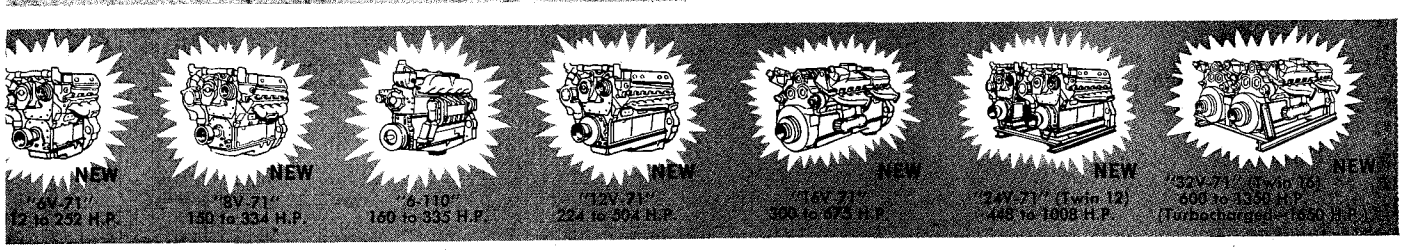

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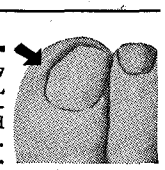


PAIN STOPS FAST! A few drops of Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL in the nail groove relieve soreness, pain — soften embedded part of nail for easy removal. Insist on Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL.

3. A wonderful area is that reached by Utah State Highway 44 north of Vernal, Utah, in the Ashley National Forest in the Uinta Mountains. One feature of this road is the succession of geology signboards and formation markings maintained by the University of Utah.

4. Thirty miles southeast of Elko, Nevada, there's a beautiful camping area in the Humboldt National Forest not far from Lemoille. As you travel highway U.S. 40 with its roaring traffic, you'd never suspect there was anything like this in the vicinity, and you do have to swallow dust to get to it, but once on the spot it's cool and shady, and a plashing stream flows through it.

These are just a scattering of places stumbled onto by turning off the pavement and being willing to explore. Sometimes you get let down, but usually you are richly rewarded.

Caution: In the arid states it's a good idea to take water along when you explore. Then, in a pinch, you can make a "dry camp."

Camping isn't confined to the Rocky Mountain area. You can do the same thing East, West, North, South. Nor are national forests and parks the only places that offer public camping. There are dozens of state parks, and there's no law against your approaching a private owner and asking permission to camp, especially if you volunteer to pay a rental and convince him that you won't abuse his property. Most Americans are reasonable if reasonably approached, though the same man may come after you with a shotgun if you trespass, leave gates open, strew litter.

In spite of all I've said about the crowded camping places, I am not necessarily against crowds—I've camped in the middle of them and had a wonderful time. In 1957 I joined sixty-two persons on a "bedroll seminar" which toured mission, hospital and school activities among Indians and Spanish-Americans in Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado.

On this 2000-mile, two-week Presbyterian junket, everybody slept on the ground under the stars every night, using old-style cowboy bedrolls—fifteen-foot canvas tarpaulins doubled back to enclose mattress pad, blankets and pillow. The company was mixed, men and women of all ages from twenty to sixty-five, a lot of ministers, mostly strangers to one another and mostly tenderfeet unaccustomed to sleeping on the ground.

On the second night, the seminar camped beside Arizona's scenic glory, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Our cars rolled into the public campground called Desert View, where the bedrolls had been unloaded in a big heap. There were plenty of campers already established as we began hunting choice spots to roll out sixty-two beds. It seemed like starting to camp out on the plaza in front of the national Capitol, and I felt sure this was one night when I shouldn't sleep, fussy as I am about privacy and quiet.

But the problem proved to be no problem. Though 300 persons were camped there at Desert View that night, they kept out of one another's way and there was no lack of privacy at all. The unforgettable part of it was getting up at the crack of dawn to see the sunrise over the canyon. Those Presbyterians began to sing, "When Morning Gilds the Skies," and that was all right too. I noticed most of the other campers joining in. So, somewhat to my surprise, did I.

How about house trailers? They certainly solve the living problem, and there's no reason why they can't be hauled into our national forests and parks. In some of the parks special areas have been set aside as trailer camps, and in time the same thing may be done in the forests. At present, however, house-trailer accommodations are practically nonexistent in forest camps, there being no electric, water or sewerage connections. It is very difficult, moreover, to get long trailers into most forest campsites, and even more so to turn them around and get them out again.

Personally I think the camping that is the most fun of all is that in the remote high mountains that can be reached only with pack animals over steep mountain trails.

In the high mountains last September, we camped in eight inches of snow. I remember one day I had been out for hours bucking a blizzard, helping pack a quartered elk into camp, lifting and tugging at heavy, frozen, canvas panniers full of meat, with my hands and feet as cold as stones, and then sitting in the saddle, hauling on the halter rope of a reluctant pack horse during the long, cold ride back to camp. Under my heavy clothing I was getting pretty high after a week without a bath. When I reached the tent I felt pooped. The tent was hung with wet clothes; wet boots were stuck upside down on stakes all around the little tent stove.

I got a fire roaring in the stove and went and got hot water at the cook tent, and started the luxury of a shave. My hands were still numb, and I cut myself two or three times, but it felt good to have a moment by myself, to clean up a bit and sort of pull myself together. I didn't know whether this uncomfortable, dirty, messy business of camping was worth it or not.

"Hey!" My partner stuck his head through the tent flap. "Get that lather off your face and grab your coat and your camera. The sun is coming out, and you ought to see it!"

Cursing inwardly, I nevertheless obeyed. The other guys were in the mess tent playing poker, but outside in the cold, after the storm, the afternoon sun was poking under the clouds, turning the snow and the mountains to ruddy gold. The wind was bitter, temperature down around zero, but you didn't even feel it.

Me? I forgot about feeling sorry for myself and knew I was the luckiest guy alive.

Those two sleeping bags and the pup tent have come a long way. The bags? We've used them year after year in a succession of unforgettable camps—they're old friends now.

The tent? A long jagged scar, proudly patched, runs across it like a badge of honor. A couple of years ago my friend Walter Kussy, a recently naturalized citizen, got a construction job up at Canyon Junction in Yellowstone Park, helping build the new tourist facilities there. Being a thrifty Teuton by heritage, he decided to save money by camping out near the job in preference to paying dollars for a construction-camp domicile. So he borrowed our tent and set up camp.

One Sunday afternoon he was lying in the tent, reading, occasionally munching crackers from a box beside his bed. Balmily contented, he fell asleep.

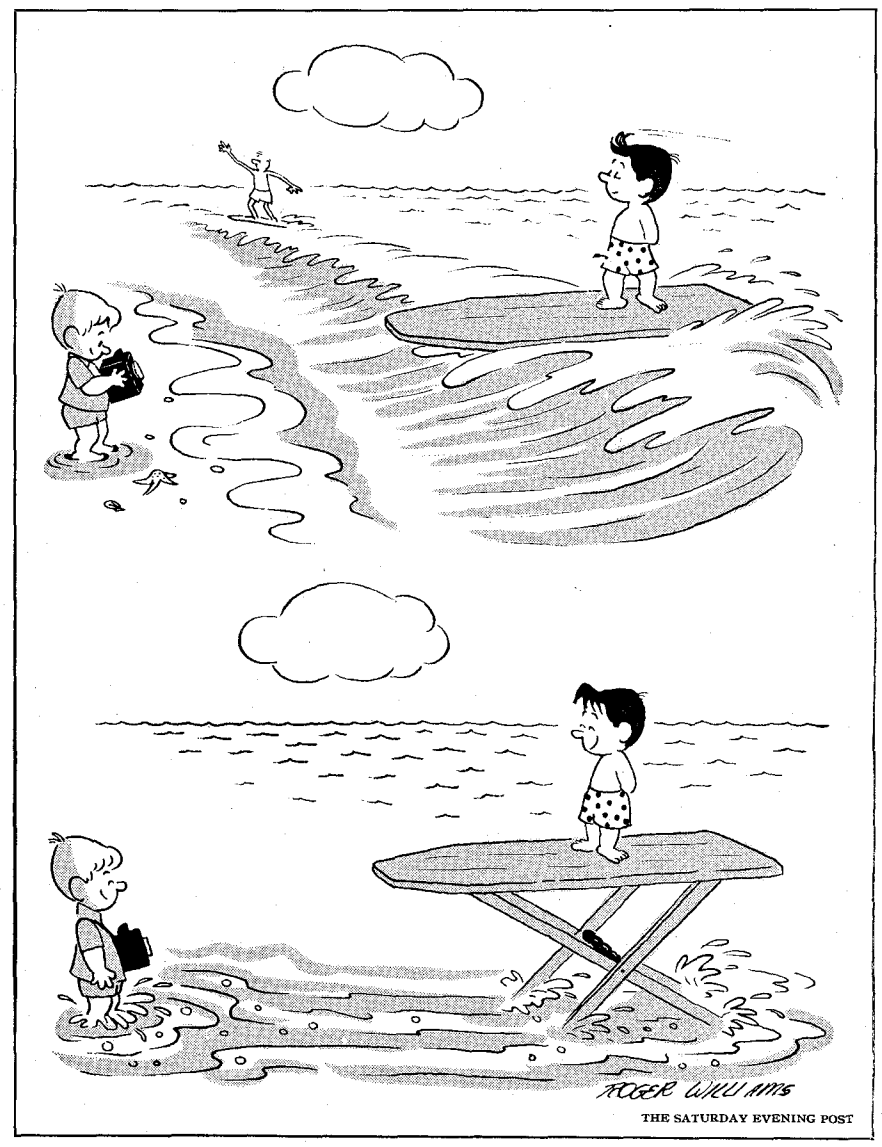
Swoosh! He woke to see a bear's paw rip the pup tent apart and grab the box of crackers.

"It make me so mad!" he told me afterward in his own English.

"What did you do?"

"I am jump up! I yell! That bear run away just like a bad boy, and I run after him. That bear climb a tree, and I don't let him down for two hours! Your little tent, look what he do to her!"

But we got her sewed up and she's still our little tent. It was a great day when I bought that pup tent and those two sleeping bags. THE END



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My Life at West Point

(Continued from Page 16)

When the Hellcats' bugles blew taps that night, and silence fell upon the barracks, it was the sweetest moment I've ever known. I lay there in the dark with a thousand unpleasant pictures flashing through my mind. My first impulse was to pack my bags, sneak out and find Larry Asbury, and give him a bust in the chops for not warning me about what I was getting into. Then I'd catch the bus for home. But I didn't know where to find Larry. And as I lay there another thought came into my mind. Life, I figured, was just one cycle of ups and downs after another. A youngster starting off in first grade is pretty scared and confused. By the time he's a sixth-grader, he's a big shot. Then he goes swaggering off to junior high, and he's scared and confused again, with those cocky ninth-graders pushing him around. Then he gets to be a ninth-grader, and knows the score. Then he moves into high school, and he's back down at the bottom. But as a senior he's king again. He thinks he knows everything—until he hits college.

I kept telling myself that was the way things were with me. Yesterday I was a high-school senior, a big wheel. Today I was back at the bottom of the ladder. It was pretty clear that these people were going to test me until I broke—or came up to the impossibly high standards they set for a plebe. O.K., then. I'd show 'em they couldn't intimidate me. Whatever they handed out I could take. With that off my mind, I went to sleep. Two minutes later, it seemed to me, drums were beating and the bugles were blowing reveille. It was 5:50 A.M. It was agony to drag out at such an hour, and in four years it hasn't got much easier.

Probably most of the plebes who joined the class of 1959 that day had the same thoughts I did that first night. One of the greatest aspects of plebe year, and Beast Barracks in particular, is its function as a great "evener." Everyone—generals' sons, sons of the rich, sons of the poor, sons of all races—faces the same difficulties. Most of them feel the same doubts, anxieties and joys. But when it's all over there is a certain unity, a humility, a sense of consideration for others and a willingness to accept responsibility which makes everything worth while. Hardships teach the plebe that he is in a man's world, where praise and commendation come only from doing more than is required, and that all jobs—no matter how insignificant they may seem—must be done with a precision of which he can be proud.

Reporting for plebe football practice didn't do much to exalt my bruised ego. The plebe squad had more quarterbacks than we had players on the Cranbrook team, and that was discouraging. But I gave it all I had and got into nearly all the plebe games as the starting quarterback. I was pretty sad, though. My passes looked more like punts, end-over-end instead of spiraling. I also had trouble on defense figuring out what the other team was going to do. I seemed to have an amazing consistency—I analyzed every play wrong! If I played back for a pass, they went into the line. If I played up close, they passed over my head. We had a good plebe team, though, and they made up for most of my errors. We lost one, tied one, and won the rest that year.

Spring football was worse. I was still playing quarterback and doing very poorly, and I ended up down in the deep depths of the scrubs. But a plebe gets a great lift from June Week. He loses his ignominious status then, and is "recognized" by the upperclassmen. So I got motivated again. I did a lot of practice on my passing during my month's leave at home, and in the two months of yearling training at Camp Buckner I fell in with a lot of fellows who liked to lift weights and do pushups and keep fit in general. We didn't have any weights, so we used big rocks, and I really felt good.

Maybe this is as good a place as any to explain why I'm sort of a nut about lifting weights. As a little fellow I used to spend my summers up at my grandmother's flower farm near Cadillac, Michigan. When I was eleven years old, I was there and came down with high fever and headache; but it was at the time of the gladioli harvest, and nobody had time to pay much attention to me. When the fever stayed high, though, my aunt took me to a doctor. He gave me a shot of penicillin, and pretty soon I was all right.

The next year, though, my right arm and leg began to get weak, and I started carrying my head to one side and forward a little bit. My father noticed it first. We'd go out in the afternoons to a vacant lot so I could practice jump passing, throwing a football through a tire hanging from a tree, and he noticed my right arm didn't seem to have much strength. I was naturally a left-handed passer, but was trying to learn how to pass with either hand. So he took me to the hospital and they made a lot of tests, and the decision was that I had had a light attack of polio. My spine was beginning to curve, and my right arm and leg were weak.

There was a lot of talk about putting me in a brace, which upset me, for I knew I couldn't play football in a brace. Finally, however, it was decided not to put me in a brace, but to treat me at the Sister Kenny Clinic in Detroit. A wonderful lady doctor there named Doctor Calhoun gave me the treatments, and taught my father how to lay me out on a table and exercise me by pushing on my legs and arms to stretch my muscles. She also encouraged me to use bar bells to develop the weakened muscles, and I have worked with them ever since, even after I came to West Point. It is against regulations here to have weights in your room, but I sneaked some in anyway and used them at night after Taps. Then I'd tape the bar to my bed rail and hide the flat weights under the mattress. I slept on that lumpy iron a year before an inspecting officer caught me. This year I'm allowed to keep them in my room—out of sight.

I came back for early football my yearling year in pretty good shape from lifting all those rocks during the summer. I figured I'd show those people who was going to play quarterback for Army the next three years. I showed them, all right; I showed them I couldn't block and I couldn't tackle. As a split-T quarterback I'd never had to do any blocking, and I just couldn't get the hang of it. Naturally I ended up far down in the list of scrubs. I found out later that coach Earl Blaik was thinking of dropping me off the squad, for an Army quarterback has to be a good blocker. Late one afternoon, though, the scrubs were doing a little head knocking and I was lucky enough to get off a couple of good long punt returns. The next day I wasn't a quarterback any more. I was a halfback.

At the moment it was a bitter disappointment. Then I had another one of those soul-searching sessions and decided maybe it was for the best, after all. I wasn't much of a passer, but I could run with the ball pretty well, if my blockers would knock down all the other people for me. But at halfback, when I wasn't carrying the ball, I'd have to take out the defensive end; and some of those ends Army plays against are big, rough fellows who just don't like to be knocked down.

So I knew I'd have to concentrate on my blocking, which I did all through yearling year. I never quite came up to par, and I didn't get to play much. The high lights of the year for me came in the last minutes of the Michigan game. My parents were in the stands watching their alma mater maul Army, and I was fretting on the bench, waiting an opportunity to get in there to play before the home folks. So late in the game, when the score was about 48 to 7 against us, I got in. Michigan must have had the cheerleaders and the water boy in there by that time, for I managed to get away for a touchdown.

That encouraged me, and a year of hockey, at which I managed to do quite well, lifted my spirits still more. This new confidence reflected itself in spring football practice. By the end of it I was playing second-string halfback, along with Bob Anderson, who to my mind is one of the greatest backs West Point ever produced.

That summer, on my month's leave, I went to Europe with a couple of my classmates, Howie Styles and Digger Moorhous. It was tops. We spent most of our time in the Scandinavian countries, and there were plenty of those tall Scandinavian beauties about, and plenty of good Danish beer. I tried to keep in shape, though, and every night when we'd come in I'd do a lot of pushups and setups in my hotel room. In fact, trying to keep in shape nearly ruined me. I was running along a beach, in water about ankle-deep, to develop my leg muscles when I spotted a black clump of what I thought was seaweed. I gave it a tremendous kick, and nearly tore my leg off. It was a rock.

I was still limping a little when I got back to early football practice, but not enough to hamper me too much, and early in the season both Andy and I were moved up to first string. He went on to make All-American that year under a tremendous handicap—the handicap being that when he was running with the ball I was blocking for him.

That year—1957—is not one I treasure in my memory. We lost the two big ones, Notre Dame and Navy, and my contribution to the Navy game is something I don't look back on with pride. I had a great deal of difficulty deciding which way to run. Three times I ran smack into Andy going in the opposite direction right behind the center, just about killing him. I did him more damage that day than the Navy tacklers. The score was 14–0, Navy, and that was a long, miserable ride home on the train. And I can honestly say that nobody was more surprised than I when we took the vote for the next year's captain, and the team elected me. I figured after my performance that afternoon they'd do anything but choose me. But when they gave me the job, I resolved that next year things were going to be different.

Of course, there were a lot of tough people we had to beat before we got to Navy. And we were trying something new—the lonely end. Coach Blaik put Bill Carpenter out there by himself, about fifteen to twenty yards from the center of the line. Bill was big and fast, and a good pass catcher, which made him a constant threat. At first Carpenter would huddle with us, then run out to his post, but after half a dozen plays he was pooped. So we devised a set of signals. He'd watch quarterback Joe Caldwell's feet as we went into the huddle, to know whether it was a run or a pass. Then as we lined up I'd flash him the signal which way the play was going.

The first big test was the Notre Dame game. We were still sore about losing

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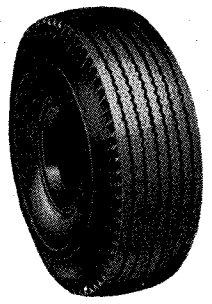

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23–21 the year before, so we were really going at it all afternoon. I've never been hit so hard and so continually in my life, and I think the Notre Dame fellows felt the same way. When I came off the field I was really beat—but happy. We won, 14–2. So one old score was settled.

The Pittsburgh game is one I'd like to forget. We were leading 14–0 just before the end of the half, as I remember it, when Pitt got a drive going that looked as if it were going all the way. I'd been riding the bench with a Charley horse, but it wasn't bothering me too much. So I figured that if I could go in there, fresh and rested, I might be able to stop this drive. I asked the colonel to let me go in, and he hesitated a moment; but I told him I was feeling good, so he waved me in. So there went old Dawkins, racing to the rescue! It was a miserable day, rainy and cold, and all the players were brown with mud from cleats to helmet. Except me, in my fresh, clean uniform.

The Pittsburgh quarterback took one look at me and sent an end straight down the field. He didn't fake to the right. He didn't fake to the left. He came right at me, and I fell in step beside him, and he ran right off and left me, and over my head came this beautiful rippling pass, right into his arms for a touchdown.

I was so mad I couldn't speak for three days afterward. I think Pitt had a psychological block up to that point. They didn't really believe they could score on us, and this touchdown broke that mental block. They went on to tie us, 14–14.

So we came up to the Navy game with only that Pittsburgh tie to mar our record. We had to beat Navy, though, or the year wouldn't be a success. Everything about the Navy game is important. The old graduates in the stands judge the whole corps by the way the cadets march when they come on the field between halves. If one man is bouncing in ranks, they feel that the place has gone to pot since their day. The big thing, though, is winning the ball game. Lose it, and a pall of gloom settles over Army installations around the world.

On the kickoff, because of a masterful play by me, it looked as if our chances were nil. I remember waiting for the whistle, just praying that they'd kick it to me, for if they did I was going all the way. Well, there it came, right down to the goal line, and off I went, the happiest guy on the field. The blocking was good and I was beginning to move and things were opening up over toward the left—at least I sensed daylight over that way. So I cut to the left, with a Navy tackler bearing down on me from the right front, and Bill Rowe, our center, cut across to nail him. My elbow bumped Bill, and the ball squirted up in the air, and the whole Navy team fell on it.

But we still had a football game to play, so I called a quick huddle and said that we were in a hole, and it was my fault, but we could hold these people and beat them. And we held and we did beat them, 22–6. I didn't score, but it was the happiest day I ever knew, I guess—a fitting end to a wonderful season, and I had almost a feeling of reverence for having had the privilege of associating with such a group as that Army team.

Looking back to the football season and all my experiences in athletics, I realize how much they have done for me. I have been blessed with the physical ability to participate in athletics, and I'm grateful for that. I'm grateful, too, for the opportunity to enjoy a sense of teamwork, and sacrifice to an ideal, and the self-confidence a man gains from participation in sports. West Point emphasizes these qualities with its concern for the physical training of cadets and full programs of intercollegiate and intramural sports.

I may have talked too much about football, but I recognize that all the publicity and the recognition that followed—about what I was doing at West Point—stemmed from the fact that I played football. A man could make First Captain and stand high in his class academically for four years, and be class president and everything else, but it wouldn't attract attention outside of West Point if he weren't a football player. So, wherever I've gone, to dinners and banquets, I've tried to point out that there's a whole lot more to cadet life than football.

I'm proud of being football captain, and grateful to those people who thought I was good enough to be rated All-American. But I'm equally as proud of a lot of other things that West Point has done for me. Sometimes when I get out as First Captain to command the corps at a review for some visiting head of state, my mind flashes back to plebe year and the bewildered character I was then. And I find it hard to realize that four years can make such a difference.

I never had had a day of military training before I entered here. A lot I had to do here was foreign to my nature. At West Point you have to keep your room as clean as an operating room and as bare as a monk's cell. At home I'd lived in the clutter the average boy keeps in his room. My father was a genius with his hands, an artist who liked to work in gold, making little sentimental bangles for my mother's charm bracelet. I guess I inherited a knack of working with my hands, for my room was always strewn with model planes, or model boats, or pieces of furniture I was trying to put together. And I guess I wasn't any more tidy in my person than the average boy, or any more aware of the passing of time.

But somehow up here they develop a sense of orderliness and neatness and promptness in you from the first. Then they begin to test you to see what other qualities you possess. They are looking for leaders, and you get every chance to prove yourself. One way you prove yourself is by getting to formation on time. It's a plebe's job to stand out in the hallway, calling the minutes to go before you have to fall in, and as a yearling I got where I could lie in my rack until I heard the two-minute call. Then I'd jump up, dress, get down four flights of stairs and be in ranks by assembly.

They start testing you for leadership qualities early. At Christmas the plebes can't go home. The upperclassmen are all gone, so the plebes take over the positions of command during the holiday period. I was a company commander, and I guess that's when I first began to feel motivated, just a little, toward the military service. It was the first responsibility I'd had, and I found out I could handle it; and it was enjoyable.

Yearling year is a fairly easy one. You aren't being dominated, as are the plebes, and you don't have any command responsibility, as do the first classmen—seniors—and a few of the second classmen. You hit the books in yearling year and really feel you are making progress. The academic side, fortunately, wasn't too tough for me, for Cranbrook had provided me with a good background. Anyway, despite a nearly total incapacity to learn any foreign language, I managed while at West Point to get up into the top 5 per cent of the class. And once I had those little gold stars sewed on my collar—for scholastic excellence—I didn't want to have to pay the cadet store to take them off.

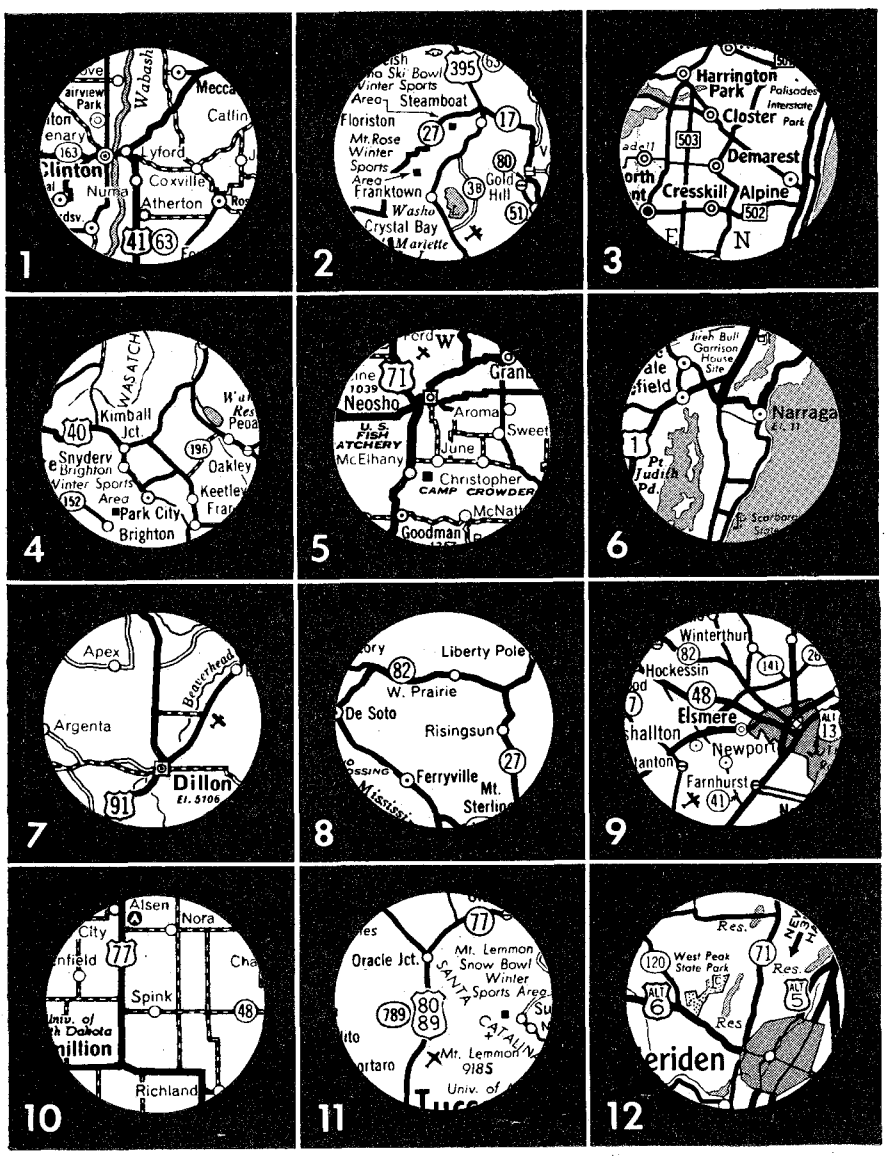
As a second classman—the equivalent of a junior in college—your responsibilities get a little heavier. They try you out in various positions of command on your sixty-day training trip in the summer, when you visit military posts around the country. You make a lot of mistakes, of course, but that's expected. You are responsible for seeing that your squad, or platoon, or company, or regiment is at the right place at the right time, wearing the proper uniform, and that proper decorum is maintained. It's a matter of seeing that everybody gets the word, and then insuring that they abide by it.

Up to this time my studies had concentrated mainly in the sciences. Then, as second classmen, we had a good deal of social studies, and I found out there had been a great blank in my previous education. I began to get interested in history, political science and economics, and at the moment those are my main fields of interest. In fact, I applied for a Rhodes scholarship, so that I could have a couple of years of concentrated study in these fields.

When I came back for my senior year, I was surprised to find out that for the first half of Beast Barracks, the plebe-indoctrination period, I was to be King of the Beasts—the man responsible for getting the plebes off to a good start. The Superintendent and Commandant had refined the approach toward the handling of plebes since I had been a "new cadet." They felt that a plebe could be treated in a dignified and gentlemanly manner and still find his experience rigorous and demanding. Reflecting upon my experiences as a plebe, I was thoroughly in accord with the new attitude; such practices as denying plebes food to punish them for making mistakes are methods appropriate to training animals, not men. My job was to insure that all the cadets on the Beast Barracks detail understood the new approach. The response was extremely gratifying. Some of the cadet officers were so good with the silent treatment that they could send a plebe into a brace that resembled paralysis merely by looking him in the eye. We were tough, but we tried to be absolutely fair and impersonal when we corrected the plebes.

It seemed to work all right. Old-timers around here say we got fine results and turned out a smart, soldierly, well-drilled bunch of plebes. Anyway, to my surprise, and I'm honest about this, when the "makes" came out for the year I was First Captain and Brigade Commander. This meant that I was to be responsible for the behavior of the corps for the whole year. I was commanding more men than I might command again for fifteen or twenty years.

Being a product of the system, of course, I am probably too close to it to see all its flaws; but there are a few things I would like to see altered. The marriage situation is (*Continued on Page 72*)



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(*Answers on page 72*)

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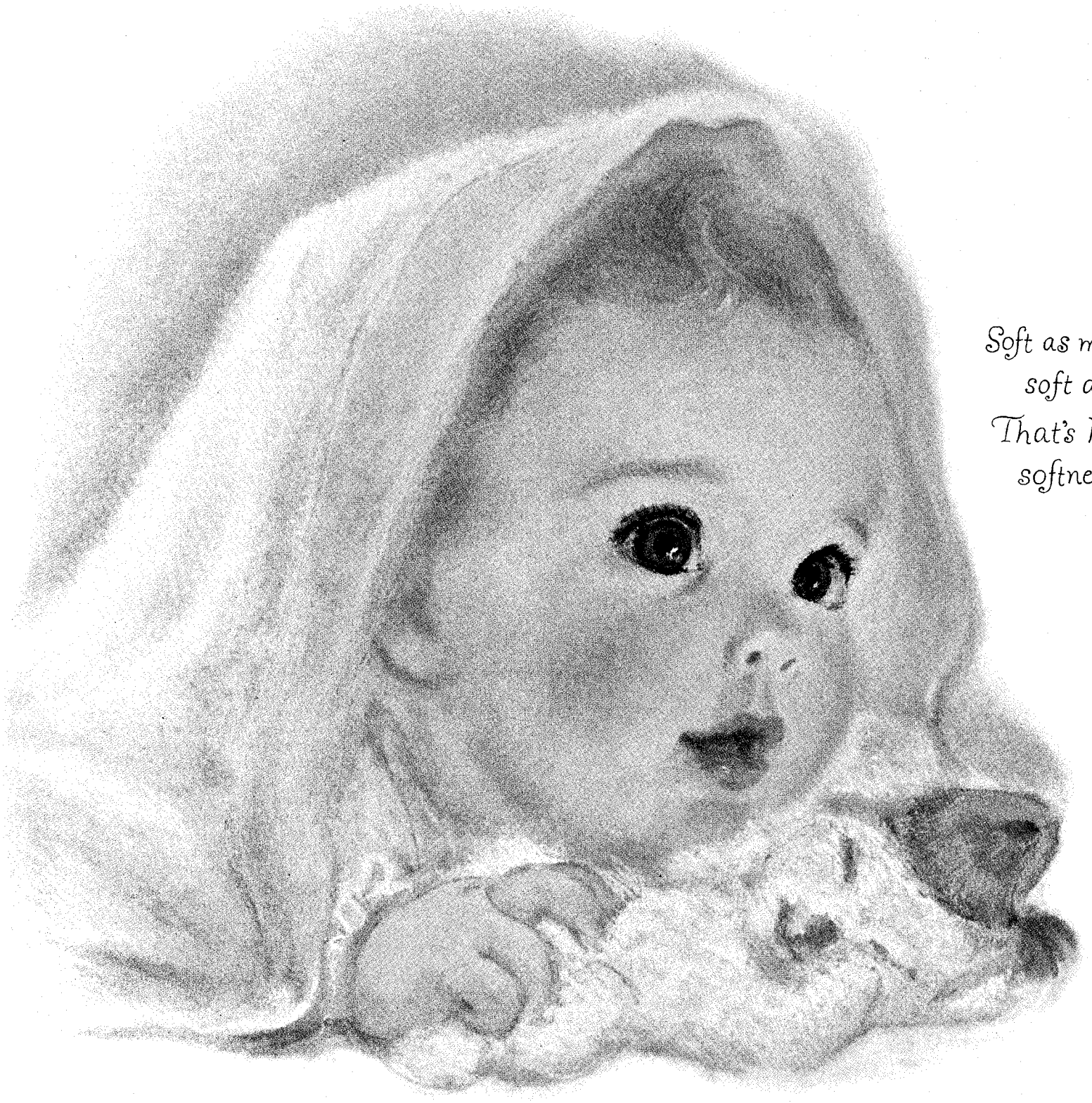

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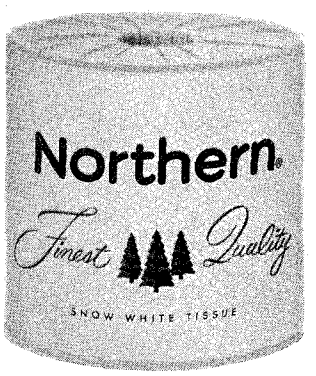

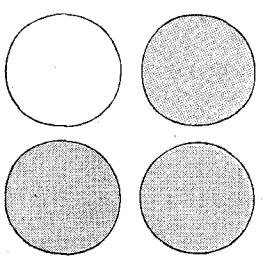

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(*Continued from Page 70*) a particular object of my wrath. A cadet usually comes in here straight out of high school. The only opportunity he has to know any girls is on the weekends, when they come up for the hops, and then you get to see them only from two P.M. Saturday to one A.M. Sunday, and for a few hours on Sunday morning. It's mostly glamour—uniforms and parades and dance music, and a stroll on Flirtation Walk. But there's little chance for two people really to get to know each other, as students at colleges get to know each other when they study together, and have a chance to fight and make up, and talk for hours about how each one really feels about life. Quite often the cadet who marries on the day after graduation marries a stranger, and the girl does too. The risk that these marriages may go sour might be avoided if we had the opportunity for a more normal relationship than we are afforded here.

Even the honor code we live under presents a problem for us when we get out. I don't want to be misunderstood. The honor code is close to my heart, as I believe it is with every cadet. It is the one thing, above all else, that sets West Point apart from other schools. President Eisenhower once described it as "occupying a position in his (the cadet's) mind akin to the virtue of his mother or his sister." I believe in the honor code, and I would not suggest it be weakened or modified in any way. But after four years of living under this inflexible code, a cadet, when he goes out, sometimes makes the mistake of assuming that all other people he may meet in civilian life subscribe to his standard of honesty and absolute truth. He soon finds out that he is playing by a set of rules that many people never heard of.

I feel that we lead so cloistered a life here that we find it hard to adjust to the freedom we will have as second lieutenants. We find it difficult to shed our typical attitudes and blend with civilians in everyday life. I do not know exactly what changes should be made to prepare cadets to fit in better with the world outside. I do feel, however, that if West Pointers were given the opportunity to make some of the decisions that people have to make in the normal course of life, we'd be a lot less naïve and a lot better prepared for the big change that comes when we walk out of here as second lieutenants. But the point can't be pressed very far. After all, 157 years of experience carry a lot of weight. In a number of fields we get a better background perhaps than some of our contemporaries on the outside. We supposedly can think quickly and logically under stress and express our thoughts clearly. But in the general field of social adjustments our contemporaries get the jump on us.

One reason I look forward to my two years at Oxford is that I will at last have some opportunity for reflection, for examining myself and the world I live in. Here there are so many demands on our time that a man has little opportunity to develop much of a philosophy, little chance to think about what he wants out of life.

I don't mean to imply that I am in any sense thinking of leaving the service when my time is up. I am obligated for two years of service after my tour at Oxford is over, and at the moment I have no other thought but that I will make the Army my lifetime career. I am very much attracted by the challenges a service life affords; besides, I know what West Point has done for me, and my sense of obligation is deep. Going to West Point is not the same as going to college, mainly because it is West Point's mission to provide officers for the regular Army. Obviously the academy must demand much of the cadets, to develop in them the attributes an effective military man must have. These demands are not the most beloved aspects of cadet life; yet it is in meeting requirements that the cadet finds the pride and *esprit de corps* which seem to characterize a West Pointer.

I do know that, just as my first day as a plebe was the most humiliating of my life, my proudest moment will come next Wednesday, when I march up to the platform with my classmates to receive my diploma. I'll be starting back at the bottom then—there's a saying that the greatest demotion a soldier ever receives is when he goes from cadet to second lieutenant—and no man can foresee what the future holds for him.

But General MacArthur spoke for every cadet, I think, when he wrote an open letter to the corps a dozen years ago. He spoke of the day he first joined The Long Gray Line, of the years of war that followed, and "the dreams that vanished with the passing years."

"But through the grime and murk of it all," he added, "the pride and thrill of being a West Pointer has never dimmed . . . I can still say that is my greatest honor."

I emphatically agree.

Slightly Indiscreet (Continued from Page 31)

appearance, with his brown hair and great golden freckles on his fair skin. These were his only heritage from his father, except possibly a truant belief, once in a while anyway, that there ought to be more to life than the mere avoidance of tears.

This girl, now, might not take it amiss at all if he made small talk with her and said some of the amusing things he was always thinking up, but never found occasion to say. They were alone in the place and likely to remain so, for it was the dark of the morning, with all possible strays from the bars and night clubs gone home, and too early yet for truck drivers and workers in the wholesale meat and poultry and vegetable markets to be starting their day with breakfast here in McGivney's All-Night Diner. Besides, it was raining—an uneven chancy spring rain, sometimes slowing down to a drizzle or hardly more than a heavy mist, and again turning into a regular drencher, cascading off roofs and eddying through the gutters with unholy noises.

It was a puzzle why she should be here at all, at this hour and unescorted, anyway. Another time, she'd have been no more out of place than anyone else in a miscellany of a neighborhood, where tenements and luxury apartments adjoined, where industry of the statelier sort, like communications, stood side by side with lofts and store fronts housing sundry and seedy little enterprises in textiles and small manufacturers whose profits evidently did not depend on presenting a fair front to the passer-by. The water front lay a couple of blocks to the west, and its helter-skelter of noble passenger liners and dirty-nosed freighters affected the whole area. Anything went in this part of the city, and contrast was its very soul.

It was not that the girl was out of place. The question in Vincent's mind was what her place would be. She was dressed for the weather in a dark coat with a hood, and Vincent was no judge of the cut and quality of women's clothes—or men's, for that matter. This one, he was sure, would look well in burlap. A dark tress, uncaptured by the hood, lay on a white cheek. The eyes were of that maligned color, green, for there was no jealousy or any frowardness in this green; it was like new grass or the tint of sea water near the shore on a mild day. The face had something better than prettiness. It had—it had ——

Vincent began to hum a song his father used to sing when there was some strain in the house after one of his absences, with the money all gone. It never worked, at least with any visible results, but he always tried it. Vincent softly sang it now, incompetently, for the melody was a hard one to carry and really needed a trained voice. It was one of those tunes that ring easy in the head, but come out all wrong when you try to do it out loud.

"One evening last May as I traversed the grove
In thoughtless retirement, not dreaming of love,
I chanced to espy the gay nymph, I declare,
And really she had a most delicate air."

It became very tough on the refrain. With a "de-e-e-elicate air"—the first syllable impossibly protracted. He had been making a more daring try than he knew. The girl was smiling at him, the green eyes mirthful in a way he wasn't sure he liked. Vincent blushed. He was likely to be hell's own blusher at the best of times, and the golden freckles were all but washed away in crimson.

"More coffee, miss?" he said, more to be saying something than to be businesslike. But the girl took it as a hint that she was buying shelter for a ridiculously small rental, and the mirth left her face.

"Yes," she said and then, with an appalled fumble toward a pocket, she said quickly, "No—no thank you. I've had enough." She started for the door.

The inference of the fumble for the pocket was clear, for she carried no bag. She hadn't another dime. Vincent dropped his towel and swiftly drew a coffee from one of the two huge silvered urns on the service shelf. "Wait," he said. "Look, I've already poured a cup and I wouldn't want it to go to waste."

"Another time," the girl said and went out into the rainy street.

Vincent leaned on the counter unhappily, looking at the worn red leather of the stool she had vacated. No use in looking through the wide window to the street; she had gone around the corner into the big crosstown street, and the diner had no window on that side. He was sad for her, though common sense suggested there need be no tragedy in the case. She probably lived a few doors away and had come out into the rain because she couldn't sleep. A lass with a delicate air like that wouldn't be homeless. This very minute she might be hailing a taxi to take her to her door, where one of the servants would pay the fare. He was not really sad for her; he was sad for himself because it would have been pleasant to have a cup of coffee with her and make her laugh with amusing remarks, not with bad singing.

The door from the street was flung open and banged shut—and she stood there again. "Please!" she said breathlessly. "Is there somewhere I can hide? Right away—right away. I'm sure he saw me and he'll be here in seconds."

"This way, miss," Vincent said promptly, asking no questions. She ran back of the counter, and he guided her into a little closet for brooms and mops and other cleaning gear. It was all the hideaway the diner afforded; for the place was tiny, an oblong of compact utility—counter and stools and back of them the cooking ranges, steam table, refrigerator, shelves for canned goods and sundries, more shelves for dishes, and drawers for cutlery and utensils. The broom closet also served as a washroom. Vincent shut the door, but not all the way, and resumed leaning on the counter. He was pleased with the turn of events, taking it for granted that anyone this girl was fleeing from ought to be fled from. He was ready to do battle for her, but since deception was what she wanted at the moment, he summoned his meager reserves of guile to make his face look innocent.

A man came in from the street, bringing the rain in with him, almost as though it had washed him all the way across the wide crazy intersection from where a traffic light now showed a round, damp, blurry red and beached him here in McGivney's All-Night Diner. He was a huge man, handsome in a jowly blue-jawed way, and he looked expensive though dripping. He looked, Vincent thought, like a man given to massages and facials to keep his weight and his chins at a minimum. But, of course, in his present mood of gallantry Vincent wouldn't have liked him if he resembled Peter the Hermit or Abou ben Adhem.

"I'm looking for a girl," the man said.

"This isn't that kind of place, sir," Vincent said priggishly. "Anything within reason in the way of short orders—but debauchery, no. A little south of here you might find something." He clucked. "But why not try to conquer yourself? Why be the plaything of every wayward passion? You'll only hate yourself in the morning."

The man, who had taken in the diner at a glance, gave Vincent a cold stare. "I'm in no frame of mind for comedy," he said.

"I see that, but you'd be a better man if you were. Would you like a glass of cold water?"

"I saw her come in here," the man insisted. "A girl in a hood."

Vincent waved his hand. "You see for yourself. I'm pretty sharp-eyed, and if a girl were here I'd be sure to notice. Business is lousy tonight. It is still," he added meaningly, staring the man down, "lousy."

"What's in there?" the man asked, pointing at the closet door.

"Different things. Water beetles, mostly, on a night like this. They whoop it up in there a lot. There's some stuff we use

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Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

(Page 70)

1. Ind.	2. Nev.	3. N.J.
4. Utah	5. Mo.	6. R.I.
7. Mont.	8. Wisc.	9. Del.
10. S.D.	11. Ariz.	12. Conn.

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which is supposed to kill them, but as far as I can see it only makes them fat and rosy. A few belts of beetle repellent in them and they're singing Sweet Adeline with their arms intertwined."

"Shut up!" the man said.

Vincent straightened up. "Get out of here!" he said.

"And what if I don't?"

"If you don't," Vincent said, lifting the hinged ledge in the counter for passage to the front, "if you don't I will bash you on the chin. Which chin remains to be seen. It isn't often a man finds such a wealth of chins for bashing, all in one large economy package."

The man, surprisingly, laughed. "All right, son. Don't get yourself in an uproar. It isn't that important. The city is full of what I want, and you can't score every time. All I wanted really was to give her some money. I know she's broke, and I'd have given her at least enough to get back home."

"She wouldn't take any money from you," Vincent said.

"You should know, son, you should know." The man was staring at the closet door.

"And how do you make that out, dad?" Vincent asked.

"When you close doors, son," the man said, "close them all the way. One of those water beetles is sneezing. Put it to bed with some of that repellent and a splash of hot lemon juice." He walked to the street door. "If you should see a girl in a rain hood, tell her she knows where to find me. What with one thing and another, I never did find out whether she has talent." He laughed again with offensive heartiness and went out into the rain, not bothering to look back.

"Is he gone?" the girl's voice whispered.

Vincent was annoyed. "Come out, for goodness' sake, and stop muttering. Yes, he's gone. But what if he weren't? What if ——"

He stopped, appalled at himself; the blush was back in business, blazing. "What am I saying? I'm not like this at all."

The girl threw back her head, so that the hood fell to the shoulders, tousling the dark hair. She laughed with all her slight body until, to steady herself, she reached a hand for the nearest solid object. This happened to be the cash register, which gave out a resonant clang.

"For goodness' sake," Vincent said quaintly, "look at the sale you rang up. McGivney doesn't do that kind of business in a whole night. Get out from behind here now and sit down."

She did as she was told, the laughter quieting somewhat. "I'll have that coffee now," she said, reaching for the cup. "Now that you know I can't pay for it anyhow."

"It's cold," he said, taking it away. "Here's a fresh cup."

She sipped and said, "What's your name?"

"Vincent. Vincent Feale." He was shy again, all the civility and strangeness urged on him by his mother back in his voice and manner.

"I'm Nan. The rest of it doesn't matter. If I tell it to you, you'll call me Miss, and I won't have that. Vincent, you were spectacular. Would you really have hit him?"

He thought a moment. "I might have. I never hit anybody in my life. I'm against it as a general thing. One punch leads to another, and then one fellow goes away to get his big brother, and the other one brings back his gang, and the big brother goes and gets his gang, and the next thing you know it comes up in the United Nations." He stopped again, with the same appalled look. "Golly, there I go again. I'm never like this."

She said admiringly, "You ought to start then, Vincent. It's very becoming. I never heard such eloquence. And you were so funny. That wasn't a sneeze he heard; I was trying not to laugh. Aren't you always that funny?"

Ruefully he said, "Not out loud. I'm a scream when I'm alone. Every other word a laugh. But not with people. Especially not with ——"

"—— with girls. I know," she said. "But why, Vincent? It breaks the cliché of romantic tragedy. Christian's looks with Cyrano's words —— Gracious, Vincent, what a blush! You ought to be able to fence a little compliment like that with a few of your own. Don't blush with me, Vincent—not after what we've been through together."

The blush subsided and he laughed, a relaxed enough laugh for him. "I don't understand it. I'm what the French call a staircase wit. I think up all the good things to say when it's too late to say

... ...

How Guess?

By May Williams Ward

I wish that I could
understand
As well as my eyes can see
The blue miraculous bird
which lands
On the green miraculous
tree.

How do they guess, from
nature's store,
To take what each needs,
to be
Blue and winged and bird,
the one—
The other, green and tree?

... ...

them, when the party's over and I'm on my way home. Except that that's a lie. I never go to parties."

She was interested. "And why is that? No, never mind. I know. But how do you know what the French call things?"

"The dictionary of foreign words and phrases, that's how. I went to school but I don't remember that I learned anything except how to read." He went bashful again. "Excuse me, but are you hungry?"

The green eyes sobered. "Starved. That—that—whatever he is didn't give me time to swallow a truffle before I knew I was in the wrong company."

"Did he really have truffles?"

"A manner of speaking. If he does have them I bet he snouts them up out of a patch on the terrace himself."

"McGivney forgot to lay in any truffles," Vincent said. "But I can do you bacon and eggs. I can tout you off Today's Special. With McGivney, yesterday's disaster is today's special. He has some arrangement with the city pound that cuts down expenses, but ——"

"Bacon and eggs!" she said hastily.

The rain and the hiss of frying blended and, when he turned to serve the food, her head was on her hand and she was half asleep. But she ate hungrily, the eyes still sober.

He watched her wistfully, hating the thought that presently she would be gone. Gone to wherever she was going.

"It's none of my business," Vincent said diffidently, but ——"

"Anything's your business now, Vincent. You want my whole sordid story?"

He shook his head. "I don't want anything. I was only wondering."

She pointed a finger at him. "You were wondering how I happened to let myself in for an intimate evening with that—that ——"

"Vice lord?"

She spluttered, with a scattering of toast crumbs. "Sorry. Vice lord! Vincent, you've been watching the Late Show or something. No, he isn't that. He's ——"

Vincent was embarrassed. "I wasn't wondering about that. I was wondering where you go from here. This is an awful time of night, even without the rain, to go traipsing around a big city. This is an all-night place, and you can stay as long as you like. Only you can't sleep on a stool, and you look like you need sleep."

She passed a hand over her forehead. "I do, I do. You can't know how much I need sleep. Don't they have shelters for homeless women? I can ask a policeman."

Firmly Vincent said, "You wouldn't care for the shelters. I was in one of the ones for men once and it wasn't cozy. Besides, if you go to a policeman he'll ask a lot of questions that maybe you won't want to answer. And when he finds you have no visible means of support, they call it, he might run you in for vagrancy. You don't know anybody in the city?"

"Nobody." The voice was steady, without a trace of self-pity in it. "It's not quite true that I'm homeless. But home is a long way off. Anyway, I'm not sure I want to go back there—or that I'd be welcome if I went. I need time to think. I need ——" Her voice broke, but steadied immediately. She stood up. "Sorry, Vincent. I didn't mean to go tugging at your heartstrings. The meal was fine, and you did rescue me from a dragon." She started for the door.

"Wait!" he called, and she turned. "Come back here!" She went back. "Now, look," he said, "don't tease me about the blushing because I'll blush all through this. I'd give you money to go to a hotel, but I don't have enough. But I get paid tomorrow—today, I mean. I work midnight to eight, and McGivney will pay me when he comes in."

He reached under his apron into his pants pocket and handed her a key ring. "You can get a few hours' sleep at my place. It's only upstairs in this same building. It's a furnished-apartment place that's run like a hotel. I take the apartment by the week because, the way I am, I never know when I might want to be moving on. I do a little of this and a little of that. I can do a lot of things well enough, but nothing what you'd call extra. I'm a counterman and short-order cook now, as well as dishwasher, because McGivney likes value for money and he thinks one man on the overnight shift is enough. I'm not complaining. I'm only telling you how things are. Next week, if I feel like it, I'll quit and go be something else for a while. But you take these keys—the rounded one is for downstairs and the entry is the next door to the right as you go out. The other one is for the apartment—Fourteen-A, third floor."

She looked at the hand holding the keys. It trembled a little.

"Go on," he said. "Take them. I have three hours here yet, and I never go to sleep till the afternoon anyway. So you sleep as long as you want. Nobody will bother you. And when I come up this afternoon I'll knock, and you'll know by my voice who it is and can make yourself decent before you let me in."

She was smiling, white teeth biting the lower lip. "You have another set of keys, then?"

"Yes, I have," he said. "But you don't have to let me in until you're ready. The door can be (*Continued on Page 75*)

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Setting up a portable mast to doctor a sick well

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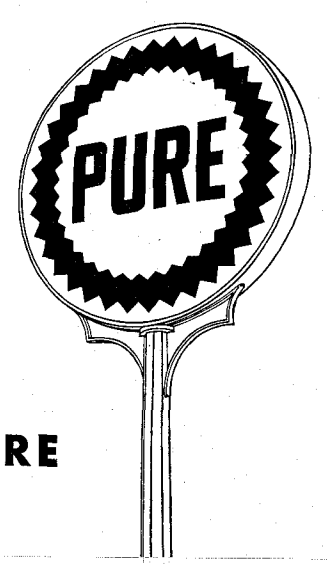

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(*Continued from Page 73*) bolted inside, so you won't ——" He broke off, the color high again. "My gosh! You don't think I'd—you don't think I'm ——"

"A vice lord? No, Vincent, I don't. And I doubt that you jump out of park bushes in your spare time, either." Tired as they were, the green eyes were very bright.

She took the keys. The moment was perhaps an unfortunate one, for two customers came in in time to see the exchange. They were truck drivers, and they grinned knowingly as Nan went out.

"Oh, you Vincent!" one of them said. "The best is none too good for you."

"And with that blush, too," the other one said. "Wait till you have something to blush about. Wait till ——"

"Shut your head!" Vincent said. "Shut your heads, the both of you!" And he used an unwonted profanity before the noun. He had learned how to be strange without being civil; it remained to be seen whether he could be civil without being strange.

In midafternoon he knocked and spoke his name and she opened the door for him. The day had cleared into a fine one, and the sun shone through the partly open slats of the rickety Venetian blinds, making a barred pattern on the linoleum, a relic patterned with some flower never known to God or Nature. The place was clean, and that was the best that could be said for it. The chairs were the unmatched hand-me-downs of a fire sale. A chest of drawers and a secretary stood incongruously side by side, as though they were stored there and not meant either for use or decoration. It was like furnished apartments everywhere in neighborhoods like this one—bleakly impersonal quarters that would do as well for one occupant as for another, a place to stay for anyone whose life was lived from week to week if he could get the rent up. But it had books in it, perhaps a hundred of them, in shelves built into the soiled plaster walls. They were thumbed and dog-eared, too, and one lay open on a table. Vincent's apartment didn't look lived in, but it looked read in.

"This was all I could find," Nan said, with a gesture that was almost a theatrical bow. "It doesn't fit very well, but I needed something when I came out of the shower." She was wearing a worn old bathrobe of nappy cloth; the sleeves were doubled back up the arms, and it trailed the floor like an evening gown.

"Gosh," he said, "that old thing!"

"It's beautiful, Vincent, and I won't hear a word against it. When you're more seasoned at luring girls into your den, you'll lay in a supply of filmy black negligees and subtle essences to spray the place. That detergent in the kitchen doesn't do a thing for me except make me cough. Why, Vincent, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," he said, tossing his hat and coat onto a chair. Nan's face and hair were still wet from the shower. It took his breath away to look at her. "Nothing," he repeated. "It's never happened to me before—to have the door opened by a girl. In my own place, I mean."

She giggled wickedly. "You mean you always go to their —— No, Vincent. I'm not ferreting out your squalid little secrets. I know what you mean. You needn't tell me. I made coffee. You made some for me and fair's fair. Come into the kitchen."

He followed her and sat opposite her at the shaky little porcelain-topped and badly chipped table. The kitchen was bright, for the blinds were pulled up here and afternoon sunshine had wide and easy entrance. The noise of traffic in the crisscross of streets below was loud and strident, but Vincent was too used to it to pay it much mind. It would have taken marvelous sounds to distract him from the sight of her.

"Did you sleep all right?" he asked.

"As though I hadn't a care in the world."

He lifted his coffee cup. "McGivney paid me. So you'll be all right. You can—you can do whatever you want to do."

She folded her hands under her chin. "And you'd let me go away without even asking me what brought me here? Without asking how I happened to be mixed up with the wicked pursuer?"

Slowly he said, "Why, it's none of my business. I've been on the bum lots of times, and lots of people were nice to me without asking me how I got that way. Some people are nice, some people aren't; but it's always better to do something because you want to, not because you want something back."

"Do you think I'd have come up here if I hadn't known you thought that?"

"I don't know. I don't think it matters. People do what they have to, mostly, and I'm not one to tell them different."

"You won't ask questions, will you, Vincent? Sometimes courtesy can be a nuisance. But I'll tell you the answers anyway and then I'll—I'll do whatever I'm going to do. I live a long way from here, all the way out in the Middle West. My people died a long time ago. I don't even remember them—my mother and father, I mean. I grew up with aunts. First this aunt and then that aunt. There were enough of them for a circuit, but one finally decided that I could stay with her. She took me in, as they say, and gave me the best of everything. Everything that was left over, that is. I was a sort of upper servant, only I wasn't called that. She meant kindly, I think, but she's a stupid woman and when I came of age, not long ago, she took it hard when I told her I wanted to be on my own. She isn't rich, but she's comfortable and didn't see why I couldn't settle into a happy life fetching her sewing for her and reading to her out of pretty awful books. She thought I'd have to stay with her because I couldn't really do anything, you know. I'd never learned office work or anything like that. She carried on something awful, and I left. I pawned a few things and had a little money saved—enough for a train ticket to come here.

"I met that man on the train. I—I let him pick me up, mostly because I was hungry. He bought me a meal in the club car and told me that he was a theatrical producer. He said he was sure I had talent, and it did just cross my mind that that was a peculiar thing to be sure of on the basis of hearing me order a meal. It was already late at night when the train arrived here, and when we came out into the station I found I had lost my bag. It had what little money I had and I was frantic. Then this man suggested that I stay the night at his apartment. Wait—don't look so contemptuous. He said he lived with his sister and she would be there."

"My gosh," Vincent said. "It would pay you to take a look at the Late Show once in a while."

"I know," she said meekly. "Anyway, you can guess the rest of it—between what happened at his apartment and the time I came into the diner. He didn't know I'd gone right away, you know. I slipped out when he ordered food up from somewhere because he'd—what do you think?—remembered that his sister was out of town. That's it, Vincent."

"As time draws near for the launching of the first manned satellite—wait, there appears to be some confusion on the launching pad. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

She went into the living room, calling to him to stay where he was for a few moments. When she returned to the kitchen, she was dressed in a plain, pretty frock and had the raincoat with the hood over her arm.

"I'll be off, Vincent."

"Where?" He stood up.

"Back to the aunt, I suppose. If you lend me the money, I can wire her. She'll send the fare if she really believes I'm coming back."

Vincent handed her some bills. "Do what you want to do," he said. "I hope you get used to handing her the sewing and that her taste in books gets better."

She looked her surprise. "Why, Vincent! What a bitter thing to say!"

He stared at the floor. "It's none of my business. Only—now you're here, why don't you do what you said you wanted to do? You can make out."

She reached out a hand. "Do you think I have talent, too, Vincent?"

He said vehemently, "Anybody that's alive has talent for something. We can't all act or sing or play. Somebody has to watch and listen."

She clasped his hand and then stood on tiptoe as if to kiss him. "No," she said, "it would only frighten you and make you blush again. You don't blush when you're being stern, Vincent. I bring out things in you. I'm not sure if they're for better or worse. Good-by, Vincent."

With heavy heart and feelings of mixed disappointment for himself and her, he watched her go.

In the diner sometime after midnight he was not altogether surprised to see her come in. Business was slow again, though there was no rain, and one other customer, a longshoreman taking a blow from the docks. He was drinking soup in a way that made you know he was there.

"May I have some coffee?" Nan said.

Vincent served her, saying nothing.

"I spent most of the money you gave me," she said.

"That's your business," Vincent said.

"I thought you might want to know how I spent it. Oh, I forgot. You don't ask questions. I've taken a room in this building—only for a week, you know, while I look around. We're neighbors, so don't be surprised if I come knocking at the door, asking for the loan of a pinch of this or a pinch of that. But you don't give girls pinches, do you, Vincent? Oh, I knew it would come back. You're blushing again."

He was smiling too. "I'm glad, Nan. I'm delighted, Nan."

She clapped her hands. "He called me by my name! Vincent, in a year or two I bet you'll be making bold advances. And you're humming again. Same song as last night. This morning, I mean. No, yesterday morning."

He sang with great heart and no more skill than before:

"*A thousand times o'er I've repeated my suit,*
But still the tormentor affects to be mute!
Then tell me, ye swains who have conquered the fair,
How to win the dear lass with the delicate air."

"But delicacy isn't everything, Vincent," she said and joined him in the chorus. With a "de-e-e-elicate air," they sang.

"You can't carry the tune any better than I can," Vincent said.

The longshoreman dropped his soup spoon. "Brother," he said, "you never said a truer word. I drink soup prettier than you two sing." THE END

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Strangers in Town (Continued from Page 18)

I must say she was a pleasant-speaking woman, although too old, I'd think, for domestic work. The poor thing must have been in sad straits to hire out, and yet here she was just as jolly and round as an apple. I thought maybe she was an old aunt or something and they took this way of keeping her, so I said, still very polite, "I see you just moved in today?"

"Yes," she said, not really telling me much.

"The family's name is West?"

"Yes."

"You might be Mrs. West's mother?"

"No."

"An aunt, possibly?"

"No."

"Not related at all?"

"No."

"You're just the maid?" I thought afterward that she might not like it mentioned, but once it was out I couldn't take it back.

"Yes." She answered pleasant enough, I will say that for her.

"The work is hard, I expect?"

"No."

"Just the two of them to care for?"

"Yes."

"I'd say you wouldn't like it much."

"It's not bad," she said. "I use magic a lot, of course."

"Magic?" I said. "Does that get your work done sooner?"

"Indeed it does," she said with not so much as a smile or a wink. "You wouldn't think, would you, that right now I'm down on my hands and knees making dinner for my family?"

"No," I said. "I wouldn't think that."

"See?" she said. "Here's our dinner." And she showed me an acorn, I swear she did, with a mushroom and a scrap of grass in it.

"It hardly looks like enough to go around," I said, kind of backing away.

She laughed at me, kneeling there on the ground with her acorn, and said, "If there's any left over, I'll bring you a dish; you'll find it wonderfully filling."

"But what about your chicken?" I said; I was well along the path away from her, and I did want to know why she got the chicken if she didn't think they were going to eat it.

"Oh, that," she said. "That's for my cat."

Well, who buys a whole chicken for a cat, that shouldn't have chicken bones anyway? Like I told Jane over the phone as soon as I got home, Mr. Honeywell down at the store ought to refuse to sell it to her or at least make her take something more fitting, like ground meat, even though neither of us believed for a minute that the cat was really going to get the chicken, or that she even had a cat, come to think of it; crazy people will say anything that comes into their heads.

I know for a fact that no one next door ate chicken that night, though; my kitchen window overlooks their dining room if I stand on a chair, and what they ate for dinner was something steaming in a big brown bowl. I had to laugh, thinking about that acorn, because that was just what the bowl looked like—a big acorn. Probably that was what put the notion in her head. And, sure enough, later she brought over a dish of it and left it on my back steps, me not wanting to open the door late at night with a crazy lady outside, and like I told Jane, I certainly wasn't going to eat any outlandish concoction made by a crazy lady. But I kind of stirred it around with the end of a spoon, and it smelled all right. It had mushrooms in it and beans, but I couldn't tell what else, and Jane and I decided that probably we were right the first time and the chicken was for tomorrow.

I had to promise Jane I'd try to get a look inside to see how they set out that fancy furniture, so next morning I brought back their bowl and marched right up to the front door—mostly around town we go in and out back doors but being as they were new and especially since I wasn't sure how you went about calling when people had a maid, I used the front—and gave a knock. I had gotten up early to make a batch of doughnuts, so I'd have something to put in the bowl when I took it back, so I knew that the people next door were up and about because I saw him leaving for work at seven-thirty. He must have worked in the city, to have to get off so early. Jane thinks he's in an office, because she saw him going toward the depot, and he wasn't running; people who work in offices don't have to get in on the dot, Jane said, although how she would know I couldn't tell you.

It was little Mrs. West who opened the door, and I must say she looked agreeable enough. I thought with the maid to bring her breakfast and all she might still be lying in bed, the way they do, but she was all dressed in a pink house dress and was wide awake. She didn't ask me in right away, so I kind of moved a little toward the door, and then she stepped back and said wouldn't I come in, and I must say, funny as that furniture is, she had it fixed up nice, with green curtains on the windows. I couldn't tell from my house what the pattern was on those curtains, but once I was inside I could see it was a pattern of green leaves kind of woven in, and the rug, which of course I had seen when they brought it in, was green too. Some of those big boxes that went in must have held books, because there were a lot of books all put away in bookcases, and before I had a chance to think I said, "My, you must have worked all night to get everything arranged so quick. I didn't see your lights on, though."

"Mallie did it," she said.

"Mallie being the maid?"

She kind of smiled, and then she said, "She's more like a godmother than a maid, really."

I do hate to seem curious, so I just said, "Mallie must keep herself pretty busy. Yesterday she was out digging your garden."

"Yes." It was hard to learn anything out of these people, with their short answers.

"I brought you some doughnuts," I said.

"Thank you." She put the bowl down on one of those little tables—Jane thinks they must hide the wine, because there wasn't a sight of any such thing that I could see—and then she said, "We'll offer them to the cat."

Well, I can tell you I didn't much care for that. "You must have quite a hungry cat," I said to her.

"Yes," she said. "I don't know what we'd do without him. He's Mallie's cat, of course."

"I haven't seen him," I said. If we were going to talk about cats, I figured I could hold my own, having had one cat or another for a matter of sixty years, although it hardly seemed a sensible subject for two ladies to chat over. Like I told Jane, there was a lot she ought to be wanting to know about the village and the people in it and who to go to for hardware and what not—I know for a fact I've put a dozen people off Tom Harris' hardware store since he charged me seventeen cents for a pound of nails—and I was just the person to set her straight on the town. But she was going on about the cat. "—— fond of children," she was saying.

"I expect he's company for Mallie," I said.

"Well, he helps her, you know," she said, and then I began to think maybe she was crazy too.

"And how does the cat help Mallie?"

"With her magic."

"I see," I said, and I started to say good-by fast, figuring to get home to the telephone, because people around the village certainly ought to be hearing about what was going on. But before I could get to the door the maid came out of the kitchen and said good morning to me, real polite, and then the maid said to Mrs. West that she was putting together the curtains for the front bedroom and would Mrs. West like to decide on the pattern? And while I just stood there with my jaw hanging, she held out a handful of cobwebs—and I never did see anyone before or since who was able to hold a cobweb pulled out neat, or anyone who would want to, for that matter—and she had a blue jay's feather and a curl of blue ribbon, and she asked me how I liked her curtains.

Well, that did for me, and I got out of there and ran all the way to Jane's house, and, of course, she never believed me. She walked me home just so she could get a look at the outside of the house, and I will be everlastingly shaken if they hadn't gone and put up curtains in that front bedroom, soft white net with a design of blue that Jane said looked like a blue jay's feather. Jane said they were the prettiest curtains she ever saw, but they gave me the shivers every time I looked at them.

It wasn't two days after that I began finding things. Little things, and even some inside my own house. Once there was a basket of grapes on my back steps, and I swear those grapes were never grown around our village. For one thing, they shone like they were covered with silver dust, and smelled like some foreign perfume. I threw them in the garbage, but I kept a little embroidered handkerchief I found on the table in my front hall, and I've got it still in my dresser drawer.

Once I found a colored thimble on the fence post, and once my cat Samantha, that I've had for eleven years and more, came in wearing a little green collar and spat at me when I took it off. One day I found a leaf basket on my kitchen table filled with hazelnuts, and it made me downright shaking mad to think of someone's coming in and out of my house without so much as asking, and me never seeing them come or go.

Things like that never happened before the crazy people moved into the house next door, and I was telling Mrs. Acton so, down on the corner one morning, when young Mrs. O'Neil came by and told us that when she was in the store with her baby she met Mallie the maid. The baby was crying because he was having a time with his teething, and Mallie gave him a little green candy to bite on. We thought Mrs. O'Neil was crazy herself to let her baby have candy that came from that family and said so, and I told them about the drinking that

You be the Judge

By FLORENCE K. PALMER

When District Attorney Clarence persistently refused to bring any criminal cases in Justice of the Peace Blackstone's court, the justice charged the district attorney with "gross partiality in office" and demanded his removal as provided by law for the offense.

"Clarence is miffed because I stumped the county against him in the last election," Justice Blackstone averred. "He knows full well that justices of the peace in this state get no salary and must depend on trial fees for a living. Obviously he is doing my court out of its fees because of a political grudge."

"Why should I help Blackstone make money to be used in fighting me in the next election?" Clarence replied. "The state law authorizes me to file cases in any of the several J.P. courts in the county so long as the administration of justice does not suffer."

If you were the judge, would you remove Clarence from office?

• •

Clarence won. In view of the state law, the court said, "it is a matter of personal discretion which J.P. court is to be used so long as such choice does not interfere with, or affect detrimentally, the administration of justice and a proper fulfillment of the district attorney's sworn duty."

Based upon a 1957 Oklahoma case.

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went on and the furniture getting arranged in the dark and the digging in the garden, and Mrs. Acton said she certainly hoped they weren't going to think that just because they had a garden they had any claim to be in the Garden Club.

Mrs. Acton is president of the Garden Club. Jane says I ought to be president, if things were done right, on account of having the oldest garden in town, but Mrs. Acton's husband is the doctor, and I don't know what people thought he might do to them when they were sick if Mrs. Acton didn't get to be president. Anyway, you'd think Mrs. Acton had some say about who got into the Garden Club and who didn't, but I had to admit that in this case we'd all vote with her, even though Mrs. O'Neil did tell us the next day that she didn't think the people could be all crazy, because the baby's tooth came through that night with no more trouble.

Do you know, all this time that maid came into the store every day, and every day she bought one chicken. Nothing else. Jane took to dropping in the store when she saw the maid going along, and she says the maid never bought but one chicken a day. Once Jane got her nerve up and said to the maid that they must be fond of chicken, and the maid looked straight at her and told her right to her face that they were vegetarians.

"All but the cat, I suppose," Jane said, being pretty nervy when she gets her nerve up.

"Yes," the maid said, "all but the cat."

We finally decided that he must bring food home from the city, although why Mr. Honeywell's store wasn't good enough for them I couldn't tell you. After the baby's tooth was better, Tom O'Neil took them over a batch of fresh-picked sweet corn, and they must have liked that, because they sent the baby a furry blue blanket that was so soft that young Mrs. O'Neil said the baby never needed another, winter or summer, and after being so sickly, that baby began to grow and got so healthy you wouldn't know it was the same one, even though the O'Neils never should have accepted presents from strangers, not knowing whether the wool might be clean or not.

Then I found out they were dancing next door. Night after night after night, dancing. Sometimes I'd lie there awake until ten, eleven o'clock, listening to that heathen music and wishing I could get up the nerve to go over and give them a piece of my mind. It wasn't so much the noise keeping me from sleeping—I will say the music was soft and kind of like a lullaby—but people haven't got any right to live like that. Folks should go to bed at a sensible hour and get up at a sensible hour and spend their days doing good deeds and housework. A wife ought to cook dinner for her husband—and not out of cans from the city, either—and she ought to run over next door sometimes with a home-baked cake to pass the time of day and keep up with the news. And most of all a wife ought to go to the store herself where she can meet her neighbors and not just send the maid.

Every morning I'd go out and find fairy rings on the grass, and anyone around here will tell you that means an early winter, and here next door they hadn't even thought to get in coal. I watched every day for Adams and his truck because I knew for a fact that cellar was empty of coal; all I had to do was lean down a little when I was in my garden and I could see right into the cellar, just as swept and clear as though they planned to treat their guests in there. Jane thought they were the kind who went off on a trip somewhere in the winter, shirking responsibilities for facing the snow with their neighbors. The cellar was all you could see, though. They had those green curtains pulled so tight against the windows that even right up close there wasn't a chink to look through from outside, and them inside dancing away. I do wish I could have nerved myself to go right up to that front door and knock some night.

Now, Mary Corn thought I ought to. "You got a right, Addie," she told me one day in the store. "You got every right in the world to make them quiet down at night. You're the nearest neighbor they got, and it's the right thing to do. Tell them they're making a name for themselves around the village."

Well, I couldn't nerve myself, and that's the gracious truth. Every now and then I'd see little Mrs. West walking in the garden, or Mallie the maid coming out of the woods with a basket—gathering acorns, never a doubt of it—but I never so much as nodded my head at them. Down at the store I had to tell Mary Corn I couldn't do it. "They're foreigners, that's why," I said. "Foreigners of some kind. They don't rightly seem to understand what a person says—it's like they're always answering some other question you didn't ask."

"If they're foreigners," Dora Powers put in, being at the store to pick up some sugar to frost a cake, "it stands to reason there's something wrong to bring them here."

"Well, I won't call on foreigners," Mary said.

"You can't treat them the same as you'd treat regular people," I said. "I went inside the house, remember, although not as you might say to pay a call."

So then I had to tell them all over again about the furniture and the drinking—and it stands to reason that anyone who dances all night is going to be drinking too—and my good doughnuts from my grandmother's recipe going to the cat. And Dora, she thought they were up to no good in the village. Mary said she didn't know anyone who was going to call, not being sure they were proper, and then we had to stop talking because in came Mallie the maid for her chicken.

You would have thought I was the chairman of a committee or something, the way Dora and Mary kept nudging me and winking that I should go over and speak to her, but I wasn't going to make a fool of myself twice, I can tell you. Finally Dora saw there was no use pushing me, so she marched over and stood there until the maid turned around and said, "Good morning."

Dora came right out and said, "There's a lot of people around this village, miss, would like to know a few things."

"I imagine so," the maid said.

"We'd like to know what you're doing in our village," Dora said.

"We thought it would be a nice place to live," the maid said. You could see that Dora was caught up short on that, because who picks a place to live because it's nice? People live in our village because they were born here; they don't just come.

I guess Dora knew we were all waiting for her, because she took a big breath and asked, "And how long do you plan on staying?"

"Oh," the maid said, "I don't think we'll stay very long, after all."

"Even if they don't stay," Mary said later, "they can do a lot of harm while they're here, setting a bad example for our young folk. Just for instance, I heard that the Harris boy got picked up again by the state police for driving without a license."

"Tom Harris is too gentle on that boy," I said. "A boy like that needs whipping and not people living in a house right in town showing him how to drink and dance all night."

"I'll think your suggestion over, Harris, and reject it later."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Jane came in right then, and she had heard that all the children in town had taken to dropping by the house next door to bring dandelions and berries from the woods—and from their own father's gardens, too, I'll be bound—and the children were telling around that the cat next door could talk. They said he told them stories.

Well, that just about did for me, you can imagine. Children have too much freedom nowadays anyway, without getting nonsense like that into their heads. We asked Annie Lee when she came into the store, and she thought somebody ought to call the police on them, so it could all be stopped before somebody got hurt. She said, suppose one of those kids got a step too far inside that house—how did we know he'd ever get out again? Well, it wasn't too pleasant a thought, I can tell you, but trust Annie Lee to be always looking on the black side. I don't have much dealing with the children as a rule, once they learned they'd better keep away from my apple trees and my melons, and I can't say I know one from the next, except for the Martin boy I had to call the police on once for stealing a piece of tin from my front yard, but I can't say I relished the notion that that cat had his eyes on them. It's not natural, somehow.

And don't you think it was the very next day that they stole the littlest Acton boy? Not quite three years old, and Mrs. Acton so busy with her Garden Club she let him run along into the woods with his sister, and first thing anyone knew they got him. Jane phoned and told me. She heard from Dora, who had been right in the store when the Acton girl came running in to find her mother and tell her the baby had wandered away in the woods, and Mallie the maid had been digging around not ten feet from where they saw him last. Jane said Mrs. Acton and Dora and Mary Corn and half a dozen others were heading right over to the house next door, and I better get outside fast before I missed something, and if she got there late to let her know everything that happened. I barely got out my own front door when down the street they came, maybe ten or twelve mothers, marching along so mad they never had time to be scared.

"Come on, Addie," Dora said to me. "They've finally done it this time."

I knew Jane would never forgive me if I hung back, so out I went and up the front walk to the house next door. Mrs. Acton was ready to go right up and knock, because she was so mad, but before she had a chance the door opened and there was Mrs. West and the little boy, smiling all over as if nothing had happened.

"Mallie found him in the woods," Mrs. West said, and Mrs. Acton grabbed the boy away from her; you could tell they had been frightening him by the way he started to cry as soon as he got to his own mother. All he would say was "kitty," and that put a chill down our backs, you can imagine.

Mrs. Acton was so mad she could hardly talk, but she did manage to say, "You keep away from my children, you hear me?" And Mrs. West looked surprised.

"Mallie found him in the woods," she said. "We were going to bring him home."

"We can guess how you were going to bring him home," Dora shouted, and then Annie Lee piped up, from well in the back, "Why don't you get out of our town?"

"I guess we will," Mrs. West said. "It's not the way we thought it was going to be."

That was nice, wasn't it? Nothing riles me like people knocking this town, where my grandfather built the first house, and I just spoke up right then and there.

"Foreign ways!" I said. "You're heathen wicked people, (*Continued on Page 79*)

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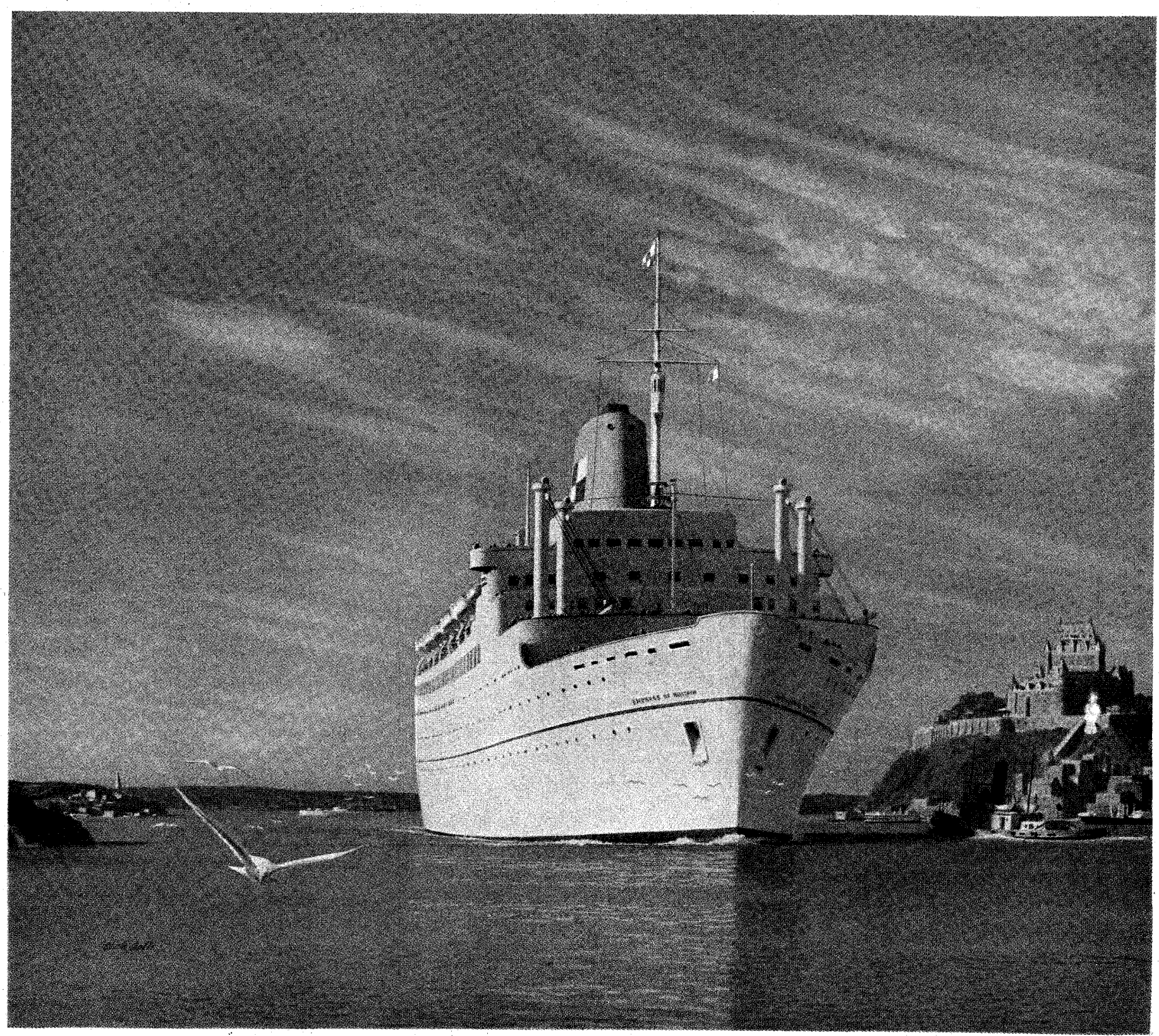

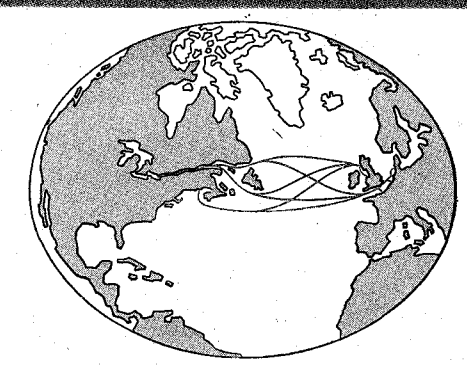

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(*Continued from Page 77*) with your dancing and your maid, and the sooner you leave this town, the better it's going to be for you. Because I might as well tell you"—and I shook my finger right at her—"that certain people in this town aren't going to put up with your fancy ways much longer, and you would be well advised—very well advised, I say—to pack up your furniture and your curtains and your maid and cat and get out of our town before we put you out."

Jane claims she doesn't think I really said it, but all the others were there and can testify I did—all but Mrs. Acton, who never had a good word to say for anybody.

Anyway, right then we found out they had given the little boy something, trying to buy his affection, because Mrs. Acton pried it out of his hand, and he was crying all the time. When she held it out, it was hard to believe, but of course with them there's nothing too low. It was a little gold-colored apple, all shiny and bright, and Mrs. Acton threw it right at the porch floor, as hard as she could, and that little toy shattered into dust.

"We don't want anything from you," Mrs. Acton said, and as I told Jane afterward, it was terrible to see the look on Mrs. West's face. For a minute she just stood there looking at us. Then she turned and went back inside and shut the door.

Someone wanted to throw rocks through the windows, but, as I told them, destroying private property is a crime and we might better leave violence to the menfolks, so Mrs. Acton took her little boy home, and I went in and called Jane. Poor Jane; the whole thing had gone off so fast she hadn't had time to get her corset on.

I hadn't any more than gotten Jane on the phone when I saw through the hall window that a moving van was right there next door, and the men were starting to carry out that fancy furniture. Jane wasn't surprised when I told her over the phone. "Nobody can get moving that fast," she said. "They were probably planning to slip out with that little boy."

"Or maybe the maid did it with magic," I said, and Jane laughed.

"Listen," she said, "go and see what else is going on—I'll hang on the phone."

There wasn't anything to see, even from my front porch, except the moving van and the furniture coming out; not a sign of Mrs. West or the maid.

"He hasn't come home from the city yet," Jane said. "I can see the street from here. They'll have news for him tonight."

That was how they left. I take a lot of the credit for myself, even though Jane tries to make me mad by saying Mrs. Acton did her share. By that night they were gone, bag and baggage, and Jane and I went over the house next door with a flashlight to see what damage they left behind. There wasn't a thing left in that house—not a chicken bone, not an acorn—except for one blue jay's wing upstairs, and that wasn't worth taking home. Jane put it in the incinerator when we came downstairs.

One more thing. My cat Samantha had kittens. That may not surprise you, but it sure as judgment surprised me and Samantha, her being over eleven years old and well past her kitten days, the old fool. But you would have laughed to see her dancing around like a young lady cat, just as light-footed and as pleased as if she thought she was doing something no cat ever did before; and those kittens troubled me.

Folks don't dare come right out and say anything to me about my kittens, of course, but they do keep on with that silly talk about fairies and leprechauns. And there's no denying that the kittens are bright yellow, with orange eyes, and much bigger than normal kittens have a right to be. Sometimes I see them all watching me when I go around the kitchen, and it gives me a cold finger down my back. Half the children in town are begging for those kittens—"fairy kittens," they're calling them—but there isn't a grownup in town would take one.

Jane says there's something downright uncanny about those kittens, but then Jane would even gossip about cats, and I may never speak to her again in all my life. She won't tell me what folks are saying about my kittens, and gossip is one thing I simply cannot endure.

Your Brain and Your Behavior (Continued from Page 22)

they specialize in forming different tissues and organs. Muscle cells differ vastly from skin cells. Liver cells and kidney cells, both concerned with chemical changes, are readily distinguishable under the microscope.

The cells in the nervous system especially concerned with behavior are called neurones. Most cells resemble packed spheres, like marshmallows pressed together in a bag. They may lie close together, or they may be separated by fluids or by strands of fibrous material. Whether close or separate, they have little more immediate relationship than strangers in a crowd. Neurones are different. Extensions from their roughly spherical cell bodies make contact with other neurones, often far distant, and carry messages to or from them. Think of a spider suspended from a roof by a long, slender strand, its several legs extending from its body. Reduced manyfold it somewhat resembles a neurone. The long strand suggests the axone, as in man's sciatic nerve, a single, thin, protoplasmic thread that constitutes an unbroken expressway for zooming nerve messages; the legs suggest the dendrites, shorter receiving branches that convey messages to the cell body.

These neurone strands comprise set paths linked to other neurones within the nervous system and form the nerves connecting to outside structures. Nerves from the sense organs bring information to the brain; nerves to effectors, such as muscles and glands, carry instructions for action. Normally, our muscles contract only when aroused by nerve messages, and these must be sent from the appropriate neurones. In taking a simple step, for example, several dozen muscles must contract and relax at the proper moments and in the proper strengths, and the neurones that control them must send their signals in precise patterns of time and space. When many potential connections become effective simultaneously, as occurs under strychnine poisoning, any incoming nerve message—even one from a gentle stroking of the skin—can discharge into so many channels that practically all the muscles are activated at once, and convulsion results.

This plurality of connections is further revealed by microscopic examination. There are well over 10,000,000,000 neurones in the human brain, and a single neurone may receive axones from as many as 10,000 other neurones. These axones end on the dendrites and body of the neurone, often in small knobs so closely packed as to form a covering scale, and each junction, or synapse, might transmit a message.

Ordinarily, only a small fraction of the synapses is working at any one time. Some important crossings are always open; some only when the traffic is heavy; some stay closed, like ceremonial gates, except under very special circumstances. Which paths are open, and when, is determined by the flow of messages and the local situation. By producing tiny electric currents or specific chemical substances, neurones can also influence their close neighbors even without sending messages along connecting fibers.

Three decades ago, when the outlines of neuroanatomy were already sketched, but before modern neurophysiology emerged, the problem of the organization of the brain could be presented to beginning students in some such terms as these: Imagine a modern city, with billions instead of millions of people and buildings, and the whole shrunk to the size of a softball. The problem then is to work out the complete wiring connections—phone, light, appliances, intercoms. Today, knowing more, we must ask for far more information. Which switches are open? What fuse loads can be handled? Where can wireless signals operate? In what patterns can messages flow? Fortunately, in some ways all this makes the story simpler, for patterns of activity replace patterns of structure; it is easier to follow the action of a crowd than the behavior of individuals in it. In fact, the synapse, or junction, has taken front stage center in present-day thought. Here is the decision point that controls the action of the nervous system, and what a synapse does is more important than which one does it.

In an axone the nerve message runs like a train rushing along its private track. From toe to spinal cord and back would require only a fiftieth of a second in an unbroken nerve fiber. Yet the actual time required to pull away from a painful jab—and this can be done by the lower part of the nervous system, the spinal cord, with no attention from the brain—may be much longer than this. Part of the lost time is spent crossing junctions within the spinal cord, where the effective speed may be only a slow crawl. Moreover, the messages leaving any neurone may have little direct relation to those reaching it. Many factors besides the arrival of a single message at a single synapse determine whether the neurone fires a message along its axone and, if it does fire, how often and when the impulses run. Yet synapses are everywhere in the nervous system, especially in the gray regions of brain and cord where neurone bodies are gathered, and where the most important events occur. Clearly, speed and precision in carrying messages are of less importance than the contribution made by synapses—the decision points of the brain.

The situation resembles that of a telephone system. Messages rush accurately over the wires; at central stations time drags in comparison, and many errors occur. But a central, whether human or automatic, makes the great system wieldy, permits any station to reach any other with facility, and generally controls performance.

The significant point, then, is that what emerges from a synapse is not wholly determined by what enters the synapse. Variability and novelty, learning and imagination depend on just this loose relation between input and output. This loose coupling of direct stimulus and immediate response, even at a single junction, clearly foreshadows the great problems of awareness and action at the level of the whole individual. The issues of determinism and freedom, of automatic and willed behavior, of sensation and memory and volition are thus raised. Before deciding on answers let us look at some further facts.

When one impulse in one axone reaches a neurone, this is usually not sufficient to make the neurone fire its own impulse. Often, series of impulses in one axone or simultaneous impulses in several axones are necessary. But conversely, an excess of ordinary incoming impulses may fail to activate a neurone and even make it less responsive. Further, certain types of nerve messages have an inhibiting effect upon neurones. Whether these reverse effects depend on special substances released at the axone ending or on the particular parts of a neurone to which the ending comes or on yet other mechanisms is still under vigorous study. (Extensive research on exciting and inhibiting transmitter substances has not yet firmly jelled. Acetylcholine, norepinephrine, serotonin, histamine, and gamma amino butyric acid are at present of great interest.) In effect, some totalizing of all arriving messages is achieved at the neurone—much as a pari-mutuel totalizer takes account of all bets to determine the odds in a race—and if the stimulating level is high enough, the neurone fires.

Just how high the stimulating level must be is a separate problem. A neurone that has been active recently or is bathed by depressant chemicals—whether formed in the body or given as drugs—or is in a low phase of its own spontaneous cycle of sensitivity or subjected to the feeble electric currents always flowing in the brain will be aroused to fire only at a relatively high level of stimulation. Other conditions of stimulation or of chemicals or currents reaching a neurone can make it more responsive.

For Steven at Three

By Marjorie Lederer Lee

Singing sounds have turned to words;
Thought sets firmly on the face;
The hop-and-skip, the pitter-pat,
Are now become a steadier pace.

All so swiftly, all so sure
The change occurs; the clock careens
And magically the pastel suit
Is transformed to a pair of jeans.

Who was it leaped the sill last night,
Popped inside with elfin joy,
Whisked our baby from his bed
And left instead a little boy?

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Still, a good many specific predictions can now be made, and even more can be said about the direction of change in neurone firing that one or another change in conditions will bring about. But, with billions of neurones, each connected with thousands of others and subject to unlimited patterns of arriving messages, electric currents and ambient substances, it is almost impossible to say whether a given message in a given axone will fire a given neurone. What I wrote three decades ago on this point is still valid:

> And from this welter of influences . . . comes a single result: The cell fires messages along its own fiber to still other cells, or it does not fire. There is, to be sure, some gradation in number and frequency of impulses sent or in duration of inactivity and depth of inactivability, but essentially the balance is between action or no action. Just so the judge, depending on the state of his stomach or the temperature of the courtroom or the bombardment of arguments on each side of the case, renders a single decision for or against.

Fortunately, we can still work out a good deal without such detail, for considerable groups of neurones—thousands or millions of cells—are likely to work together. Then it is not as important to know whether given individual cells are active as to know what fraction of a group will respond. This can often be predicted with great precision. It is rather like a traffic survey. To predict or even to follow the path of each car is hopeless, but we can ascertain, and later predict, traffic loads on a road network under varied conditions. Thus, the integrated action of the nervous system is more understandable than the sum of all the actions of the separate neurones.

Is the action of each neurone, then, determined, while that of a collection of neurones—and so of an individual—is free? Is each unit neurone free, while the action of the whole brain is determined? Are both the unit and the whole determined? Or are both free? Perhaps a further look at the cell groups, or centers, will enlighten us.

Anatomists have charted the nervous system. The main neurone centers and the main fiber paths are well known. The anatomist can do more than describe the various nerve centers. By comparing them in different animals he can tell when they evolved and often can make shrewd guesses as to their function. The pathologist, comparing symptoms of disease with defects, also contributes to knowledge of the actions of particular neurone centers.

The physiologist developed his own methods of determining the function of each brain region. Originally there were two methods: A part of an animal's brain would be stimulated, mainly by electric shocks, or it would be destroyed. Such experiments are useless unless performed under conditions prevailing in human surgery. Movements in response to stimuli are the most easily observed, so that knowledge of where the nervous system receives sensations and how movements are controlled came early. Reflexes in the lower spinal cord, separated by surgery from the brain, for example, were found to be complex and precise. The foot will pull away from a pinch or will scratch at an irritant on the other leg, all unknown to the brain end of the animal. Today animals are led to gorge or to fast, to fight or cringe, mate or reject by local brain manipulation.

Recently many psychological tests for more complex behaviors have been developed, and the influence on these of under- and over-activity of many brain centers explored. Stimulant or depressive drugs are often injected directly into the brain. To study the problem of feeling, animals have been allowed access to a key that controls the administration of shocks by wires or of drugs by tubes reaching into particular brain centers. When a monkey presses the key several times a second, day and night, until exhausted, it seems reasonable to infer that the brain region so stimulated is associated with pleasurable experiences. So, too, humans report amorous feelings and sex arousal when electrical stimuli are sent through comparable portions of their brains.

Physiologists have long known that when a nerve fiber carries a message a tiny electric pulse accompanies it, that the brief current is, in fact, an essential part of the conducting mechanism. But only within recent decades have instruments been developed to exploit and extend this knowledge. Microelectrodes, ending in hollow tips less than 1/100,000th of an inch in diameter, are now thrust into single neurones without damaging them and measure electrical changes produced by natural and artificial activation or depression. The amplifiers must be powerful for this, and the cathode-ray tube used, similar to the TV picture tube, rapid, for the electric flicker may be as feeble as a few millionths of a volt—as in brain waves at the scalp—and last only a few ten-thousandths of a second. Currents can be passed through one set of microelectrodes to stimulate a single neurone or an axone uniting with it, and the neurone response be measured by another set.

By such refined methods, the neurobiologist today can influence behavior almost at will by brain manipulation and, conversely, detect changes in the brain associated with all sorts of behavior. For example, injecting a minute amount of strong salt solution into a certain region in the hypothalamus will cause the animal to drink itself to death if allowed enough water. Destroying or stimulating, say, a cat's amygdala—part of the older cortex—will arouse exaggerated sexual impulses, as will similar manipulation of different portions of the hypothalamus in a rat. Repeated shocks to the hippocampus of a monkey can make it submissive; other stimuli make it bolder. When a psychotic patient experiences hallucinations, a fine electrode harmlessly buried deep in the brain will disclose violent electrical activity, and a tranquilizer will abolish both the mental and electrical changes. Stimulation by the same electrode can produce the hallucination. Other regions, when stimulated, can set off other psychotic states even in normals, and still others bring back various past memories.

Such experiments indicate that unmanipulated human behavior is also related rather precisely to the grouped neurones. No amount of willing can keep the brain awake if deprived of oxygen and sugar. No amount of willing can stop the cold sweat of fear or the flush of anger, can allay anxiety or desire or sadness. Behavior depends on, and the brain acts in terms of, the responses of its myriad neurones.

So we return to the great questions about man's behavior. Can he control that behavior? Does he have real volition and therefore responsibility for his acts? Is one neurone, or one group of neurones, the captain of the ship of life, the maker of ultimate decisions? Was Descartes right, in principle, when he conceived of a single brain structure—he guessed wrongly that it might be the pineal gland—as a center through which will controls action?

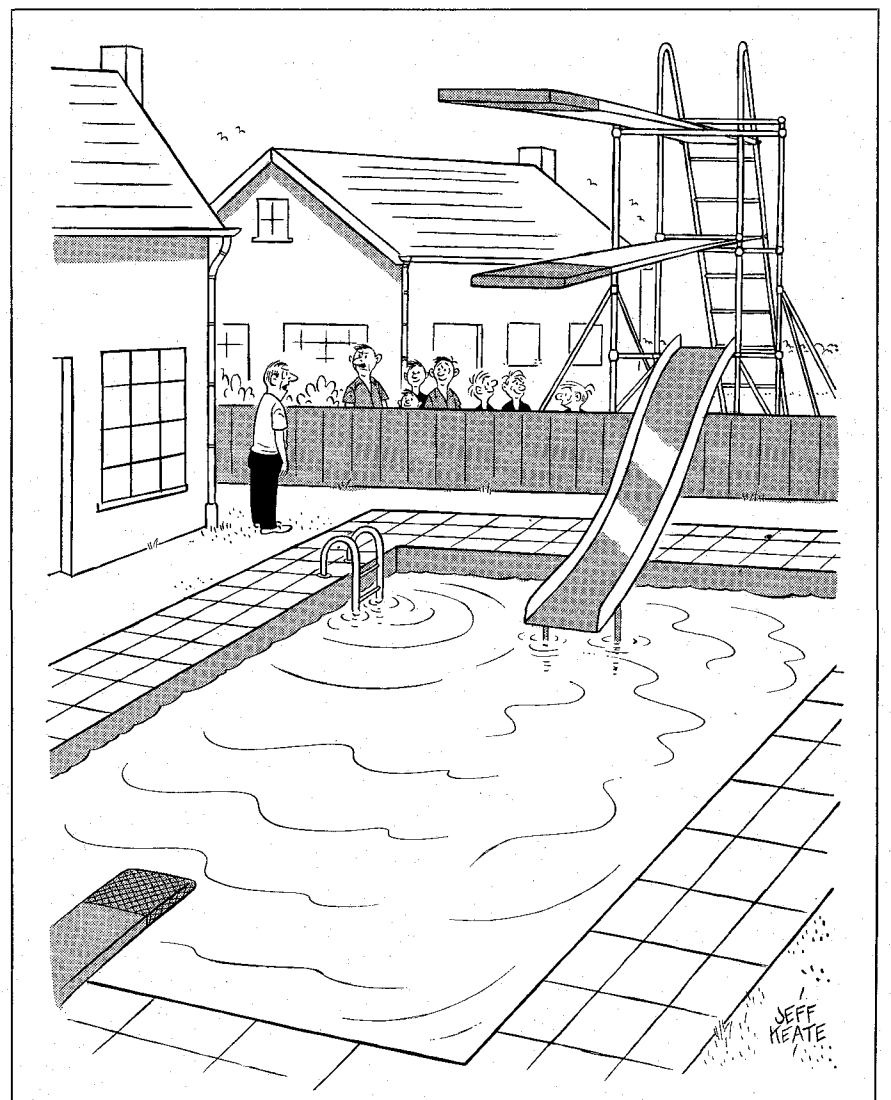
Something similar to Descartes' guess could be inferred from the fact that certain brain centers are now known which do control sleep and wakefulness. Yet it seems unlikely that any single neurone group could control the whole brain, let alone serve as a channel from mind to body. Almost any small part of the nervous system can be lost without destroying life, many different parts can each contribute to a particular major change in behavior, and damage to even a large area of the brain may cause only minor behavioral changes. Besides, even if we could establish the dominance of specific neurones, the problem would still remain—how could an act of the psyche affect those neurones? As we have seen, physical and chemical events activate or deactivate neurones. But a thought or a wish is no such event. Thoughts and wishes do surely accompany the activity of neurones, and willing an act might be the conscious counterpart of action by some master neurones. But this would still not explain how these neurones are aroused, if not through other neurones, chemicals or physical agents. Perhaps, then, freedom of action is something of a wholly different nature.

The most impressive attribute of man's behavior is its overt purposefulness, paralleled by an internal experience of purpose. So strong is the subjective feeling of free action that any sort of goal-directed behavior seems conscious and voluntary. When a torpedo tracks a zigzagging ship, we must sometimes remind ourselves that it is behaving as designed, that no consciousness or volition was built into it. The child or savage personifies the stone that tripped him and kicks back at it. An adult may become just as angry at a chess-playing machine that beats him, although he doesn't really believe it has personality. (In Portugal there is a chess-playing automaton that growls ominously when it loses and gloats when it wins.) Scientists combat harmful microorganisms without attributing hostility to them. These simple bodies, like the cells in our own bodies, merely perform the chemical functions their design permits, without motive or awareness, like the stone or the machine.

Our own bodies likewise perform all manner of "purposive" acts without our awareness. The endless balancing of blood chemistry, keeping each substance at a particular concentration, involves the on-and-off activities of liver, kidneys, digestive tube, endocrines and many other organs. Blood pressure is similarly balanced by the steady play of signals through the visceral nervous system. The eyes follow a moving object, the lenses focus, the pupils adjust for brightness just as well in a man with a cerebrum damaged to the point of blindness as in a normal man. A headless chicken can run around for a while. If a dog's brain is removed carefully, the dog can continue running for months or even years. In fact, decerebrated animals may prowl restlessly when starved, yet neglect the food offered to them. They must be hand-fed to survive.

In these various ways one sees fragments of purposeful behavior, which are yet mechanical. But, whereas no reason exists to attribute awareness to the stone, the engine or even the microbe, in some cases we are not so certain. It would be hard to say that the starved, prowling dog feels no hunger, even though its cerebrum is gone.

There is reason to believe that, in the course of organic evolution, consciousness evolved along with the nervous system. Simple awareness came first, with the swelling of the upper spinal cord. Then, as the core of the cerebrum appeared, feeling arose. Probably, painful sensations (*Continued on Page 82*)



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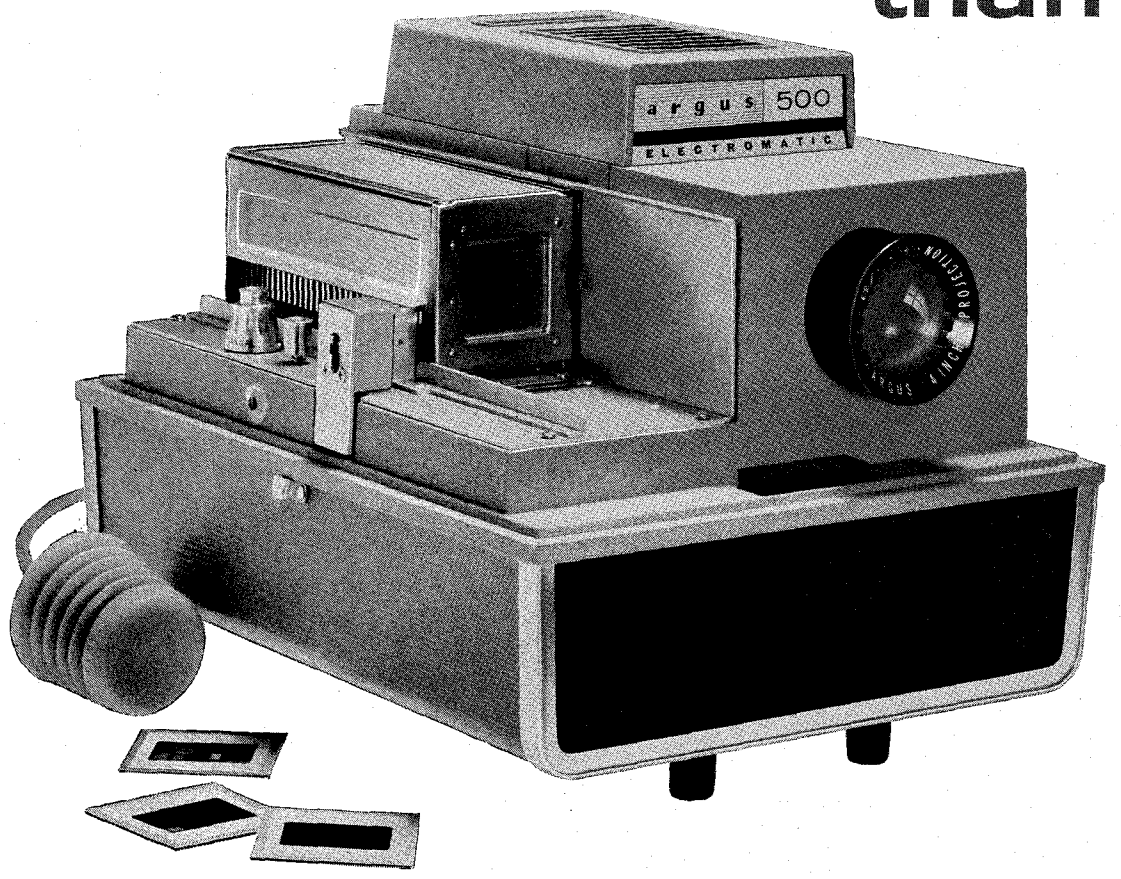

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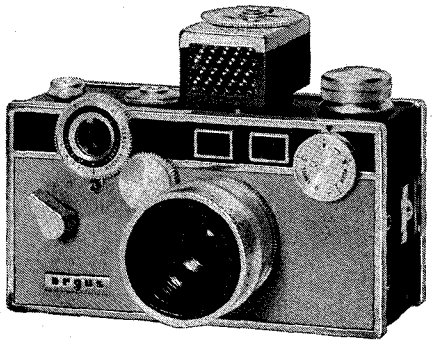

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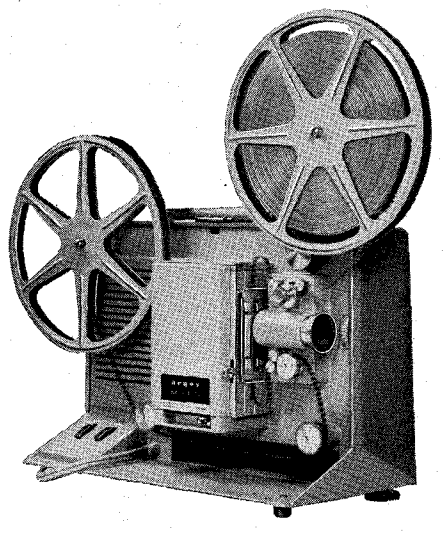

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(*Continued from Page 80*) preceded pleasurable ones. Later, with the development of sight, sound, smell, touch—all associated with the growth of the cerebrum—came discrimination and conceptual thinking, came memory, reason and conscious purpose.

Certainly, behavior is wholly determined neither by a single external stimulus nor by the internal state. The entire past experience of the race and of the individual is also built into the neurone connections. The present state of health—physical and emotional—is coded in the condition of the synapses. Encouragement or rejection or neutral information from the outside world is brought by nerve messages converging upon the synapses. All together produce flickering patterns of neurone discharges that constitute both objective behavior and subjective experience.

The nervous system is indeed a superb servomechanism, but so infinitely more complex than any yet made by man that its resources of behavior partake of an entirely different order.

A distinguished scientist said we once thought that if we knew "one" we knew "two," since one and one are two; but we later found that we needed to know far more about "and." Neurobiologists know a great deal about the single neurone and synapse, and much about nerve centers. But at the higher levels of combination, vast areas remain to be explored. New properties and principles arise with increasing complexity. Even in mathematics the properties of a solid cannot all be found by extending the properties of a plane, nor those of a cubic algebraic equation from those of a square one. Theoretically, a machine, after reaching a sufficient level of complexity, can build a new machine more complex than itself. Certainly living organisms have steadily evolved into abler ones, and in the human brain the vast number of interacting neurones can give a practically limitless array of patterns of activity.

With half as many neurones in its cerebrum, the capacity of the cleverest ape is dramatically less than that of man. Among the properties of such magnificent machinery are self-consciousness, awareness of goals and the will to achieve them, symbolic communication and cumulative knowledge, altruistic co-operation and group aspiration.

Subjective awareness presumably has value or it would not have evolved. Yet it remains inconceivable in the light of our present knowledge that conscious experience can direct the material events in the brain. Rather, the active neurones and synapses seem to be responsible for both behavior and consciousness. All our knowledge of brain and behavior won in recent decades harmonizes with this view. Formerly, what happens in that soft, grayish mass, the brain, had to be inferred. Now, with tubes and wires, drugs and electric currents probing minutely the cells that compose it, the answer remains the same. Our increasing knowledge reveals no capacity of the brain that need be more than the action of a responding mechanism.

As recently as the turn of this century, "vital forces" were respectable crutches for our ignorance of life processes. Today, though much remains unexplained, no serious biologist doubts that these life processes can be explained through information-carrying patterns of matter and energy. Only three decades ago a sovereign state outlawed the teaching of evolution. Today the laws governing evolution are among the most precisely known in biology. Until yesterday, mind was beyond the reach of science. Today new tools for experiment and observation have breached this final wall.

But the capacities of mechanisms become richer with increasing complexity, and to a fantastic degree. The elements of earth and water, the atoms, built into intricate combinations in new molecules, gave rise to blobs of matter that replenished and reproduced themselves, and so were alive. The units of behavior, the neurones, embroidered into far more elaborate patterns, gave rise to individuals with directed and conscious behavior. The vastly enhanced repertoire of actions means an increased uncertainty as to which will actually occur. This unpredictability amounts to a sort of freedom, associated with a sense of purpose. We are satisfied that the organ of the brain plays the tunes of the mind; we are far from a full understanding of how it does so. And since each answer in science raises new questions, there will always be a penumbra of ignorance surrounding our zone of illumination. As Meredith said:

> The mastery of an event lasteth among men the space of one cycle of years, after that a fresh illusion ariseth to befool mankind. Doubtless other masters of the event will follow . . . and through the dispelling of illusion after illusion, mankind may ultimately encounter the ultimate residue, perhaps the ultimate of all illusions, which we optimistically designate as truth.

With understanding, even if partial, comes application. The life sciences have led to modern medicine and an almost unbelievable increase in physical well-being. The sciences of behavior will similarly lead to a great increase in the positive balance in mental and social health. Knowledge increases control, but even more it expands freedom. Language permits restrictive rules, but it also makes possible most of the riches of civilization. Bands of neurophysiologists, social psychologists, cultural anthropologists and other workers in the domain of behavioral science are moving across the open frontier to chart the great new continent stretching before them. Greater understanding will enlarge man's self-respect and enhance the dignity of mankind. Here also applies the motto of my alma mater, the University of Chicago: "Crescat scientia, vita excolatur"—"Let knowledge grow from more to more and thus be human life enriched."

For readers who may wish to pursue this subject further the following books are recommended:

Brazier, M. A. B.
THE ELECTRICAL ACTIVITY OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM
Macmillan
$5.00

Fields, W. S. (Ed.)
BRAIN MECHANISMS AND DRUG ACTION
Charles C. Thomas
$4.25

Herrick, C. J.
THE EVOLUTION OF HUMAN NATURE
University of Texas Press
$7.50

Pfeifer, John
THE HUMAN BRAIN
Harper
$3.75

Gerard, Ralph W.
THE BODY FUNCTIONS
Wiley
$3.50

The Untold Story of Little Rock (Continued from Page 27)

integration problem and I began a campaign—it was to last for months—to sound out public opinion and to formulate a gradual plan of integration. In all I attended some 225 meetings of civic, business, church and social groups as well as white and Negro Parent-Teacher Association sessions at all levels. I listened to all shades of opinion—those who wanted immediate integration, those who believed the court decision was premature, those who feared integration of Negroes would lower school standards, and those who preferred abolition of the public-school system to desegregation. But, in the end, I was convinced of one thing: the great majority of the people of Little Rock, while not favoring integration, believed that the law must be respected. They accepted the board's policy.

Meantime, my research staff was making progress. I originally had firmly in mind that integration should start in the lowest grades. I believed six-year-old children would be least prejudiced and that, as they progressed from grade to grade, the process of integration would take place slowly and naturally over the years. This proved to be a completely mistaken theory. I discovered that the parents of children in the lowest grades were the most bitterly outspoken against integration. In addition, our surveys showed that in the western part of the city there would be only one or two Negro children eligible for integration into predominantly white elementary schools, but in the eastern part of the city there would be only fourteen white children among 726 Negroes in the first grade. The school board decided, and I agreed fully, that such an initial distribution would hinder rather than help the task of integration.

I then turned to the senior high school—the tenth, eleventh and twelfth grades. There would be, by the time we started integration, three high schools in three separate school areas with the student population divided—I will give the figures for 1957—as follows:

School	Area	Total Eligible	White	Colored
Horace Mann	No. 1	959	426	533
Central High	No. 2	2651	2135	516
Hall High	No. 3	968	960	8

These statistics favored the school board's hope of reducing the impact of integration to a minimum by initially enrolling comparatively few Negroes in a single predominantly white school—Central High School. This might be done through a system of voluntary transfers for both Negro and white students. We knew, for instance, that all white students eligible for Horace Mann in Area No. 1 would want to transfer to Central High. We believed, correctly, that the few Negro students in Area No. 3 would transfer to Horace Mann. The big question was whether a large majority of the 516 Negro students in Area No. 2, who were eligible for Central High, would voluntarily transfer to Horace Mann—leaving only a handful to be integrated into Central High in the first, small integration step.

Now, I have no doubt many persons will regard such a plan as an evasion or an unworthy compromise. I can only say that such persons fail to understand the circumstances—as these articles will demonstrate. Our purpose was minimum compliance with the law in a manner acceptable to the courts and the community—not to wreck the school system by arousing resentment.

Furthermore, I want to emphasize that when we hoped most of the Negro students in Area No. 2 would voluntarily transfer to Horace Mann, we knew what we were talking about. Let me explain. Many Southerners argue that Negroes did not approve the Supreme Court decision and do not want their children to attend school with white children. This argument is ridiculous. Most Negro parents want their children accepted and want them to have better educational opportunities than they normally get under a segregated system. But, in my many talks with Negro parents and leaders, I found them keenly aware of the dangers of immediate, complete integration. There were some who demanded speed, but most of them favored moderation for sound reasons—fear of economic retaliation, fear that the legislature would abolish public education or, in most instances, a sane desire to avoid a violent upheaval. They wanted to co-operate with the school board.

I believe this can be demonstrated by looking ahead for a moment. When the time came, only eighty out of some 500 eligible Negro children in Area No. 2 indicated interest in enrolling at Central High. And, following conferences among teachers, parents and Negro leaders, this number was reduced to seventeen who were regarded as qualified and who actually applied and were approved by me. Then, before school opened, eight of the seventeen withdrew—leaving nine to attend Central High. This obviously does not mean the others preferred to attend Horace Mann, but it does mean a heavy majority of Negro residents willingly co-operated with the board.

To get back to my story, I worked out a plan for gradual integration with the close co-operation of the school board and repeatedly explained it at scores of public meetings during the 1954–55 school year. We were confident that a large majority of citizens favored the plan, which was officially adopted by the board on May 24, 1955. It was called the Little Rock Phase Program, but it soon became known, popularly or unpopularly, as the Blossom Plan.

Briefly, the plan was designed to provide "the maximum in educational opportunity for all children" and to guard against "possible educational loss of attainment" for all—a policy intended to offset the sincere belief of many white parents that integration would lower school standards. To give each child the best education in the "light of his individual ability and achievement," the board inaugurated a policy of allowing transfers from one school area to another upon request of parents or as a result of conferences among teachers, students and parents. This, in effect, enabled any student who was a member of a racial minority in his own school area voluntarily to transfer to the nearest school in which his own race was in a majority.

Three phases of integration were described in detail, starting with the senior high school on (*Continued on Page 85*)

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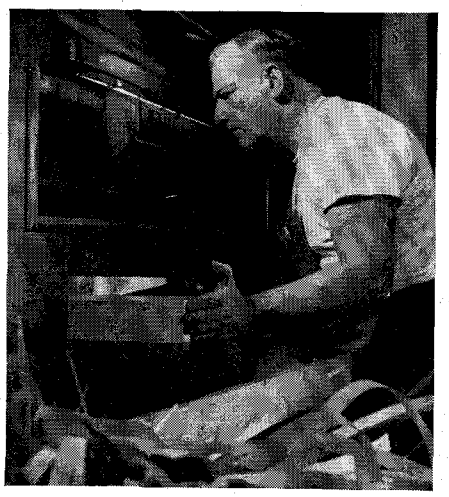

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(*Continued from Page 82*) September 3, 1957, and continuing with the junior high school as the second phase, and the elementary schools as the final phase during a period—set later—of about seven years. "To move faster," the board said, "could easily result in placing our system of free public education in danger."

A week after the board adopted the plan, the Supreme Court, on May 31, 1955, clarified its 1954 decision and instructed local school boards to integrate at the earliest possible date under the supervision of the Federal District Courts. We believed that our plan met those conditions.

Meanwhile, there had been a number of developments in Arkansas that had a direct bearing on integration. Orval E. Faubus, regarded then as a liberal Democrat, was elected governor in 1954. Faubus made it unmistakably clear that, while he felt Arkansas was not yet ready for sudden integration, the issue was a local one to be decided locally. He pledged "the facilities of the governor's office to implement and assist in any way possible" the decisions of each local school district in regard to integration. That suited the Little Rock School Board exactly.

I might also mention that after our phase plan of integration had been thoroughly discussed by the public and officially adopted by the board, I was chosen as Man of the Year in Little Rock for 1955 in the annual popularity election staged by the Arkansas Democrat. In the same election, Winthrop Rockefeller, who had become a cattle breeder in Arkansas and was chairman of the Arkansas Industrial Development Commission, was named Man of the Year for the state. His support of greater opportunity for all was well known.

These were all encouraging developments, but they did not mean that the extremists on either side were satisfied. About five A.M. on the morning of January 24, 1956, I was awakened by a telephone caller who said leaders of the NAACP would make a legal test of gradual integration by attempting to register Negro students in every grade later that day, when the second semester of the school year began. Fortunately, we had anticipated such a move and all school principals were under instructions to send Negro children who attempted to register to my office in midtown. As a result, a procession of about thirty children trailed into my office at midmorning, accompanied by their parents, Mrs. Daisy Bates, state president of the NAACP, and a Negro minister.

"These children cannot register in white schools," I told them. "We are going to follow the board's plan of systematic integration."

They protested formally and departed, but on February eighth, officers of the NAACP filed suit against the school board in an effort to upset our phase program and force immediate integration. The net results of this suit, which was dismissed in Federal District Court and also by the United States Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals in St. Louis, were in our favor. For example, the NAACP did not carry the case to the United States Supreme Court, presumably because they feared our program would be upheld and would set a pattern of gradual integration everywhere. At the same time, the legal action by the NAACP strengthened support of our plan in Little Rock, where the public generally concluded that we had devised the best possible program for giving them the least possible integration in the longest possible period of time.

Governor Faubus was re-elected in 1956, and it was significant that he defeated in the Democratic primaries a rabid segregationist, Jim Johnson. But these triumphs for moderation did not mean that the segregation extremists—mainly in eastern Arkansas—were yielding. On the contrary, they were busy behind the scenes and, still more important, leaders of the bitterly segregationist White Citizens' Council throughout the South were closely studying developments and trying to decide whether they could keep the integration problem off their own doorsteps by joining in a fight to the finish at Little Rock.

Under pressure from segregationists, Governor Faubus sent a committee to Virginia to study their plans for "massive resistance" to school integration, and later four so-called "segregation bills" were drawn up. Favored by Attorney General Bruce Bennett, they were introduced in the 1957 legislature. Among other things, these bills authorized school boards to use school funds to oppose integration. Political observers regarded them as a kind of political springboard for Bennett, who hoped to succeed Faubus as governor in 1958.

Faubus did not want these bills, and in several casual conversations with him I got the strong impression that he regarded Bennett as an extreme segregationist and did not want to see him come into power. The governor, however, was subject to some complex political pressures. There were, for example, certain powerful business interests which had opposed him in 1954 but later joined him, and in doing so acquired considerable backstage power. These few men were not concerned with the integration issue so much as they were with extending their own political influence.

In addition, Governor Faubus had a comprehensive tax program that he was determined to get through the 1957 legislature. Representatives from Eastern Arkansas usually were able to dominate the legislature and they could block his tax program unless he accepted the segregation bills. Faubus believed, realistically, that he had to do some horse trading and as a result the segregation bills were passed and signed by the governor on February twenty-sixth.

Author Blossom, now superintendent of schools at San Antonio, Tex., with his family at their new home. From left: His daughters Gail, 18, and Bette Sue (Mrs. Edmund B. Deane), 21, and his wife Clarrene.

This success for the extremists did not cause us any great concern, however, because in March the correctness of our phase program of integration was put up to the voters of Little Rock in the election of two new members of the school board. The Capital Citizens' Council, a local adjunct of the White Citizens' Council, came into the open by running its president, Robert Ewing Brown, and another avowed segregationist, Dr. George P. Branscum, for the board. They were opposed by two moderates, Wayne Upton and Henry V. Rath, who favored our phase program. It was a vicious campaign in which the segregationist organization fired its heavy guns, but leading citizens rallied behind Upton and Rath and scored a smashing two-to-one victory.

Thus, by the spring of 1957, the extremists had been defeated in every attempt to turn the people of Little Rock against respect for the law. We had every reason to believe our plan could be put into effect the following September. This attitude of complacency was shattered for me by a newspaper reporter who came into my office soon after summer vacation had started.

"Mr. Blossom," he began, "do you know what they're getting ready to do to your integration program?"

"What do you mean?" I said. "Most of the people are behind us."

"Yes," he replied, "but this is not just Little Rock people. I was at a meeting of the Capital Citizens' Council here last night, and they're ready to shoot the works to stop integration. The first big attack will be on you and the school board this summer. They're already putting the heat on the governor and they seem to have plenty of money. This isn't just a local thing any longer. They've got people and backing from Eastern Arkansas and other states."

In the next few days I began to recognize many danger signs. Having been defeated at every turn in Little Rock, the die-hard segregationists were shifting their strategy and with the aid of the White Citizens' Council were concentrating money and talent from Eastern Arkansas and from all over the South to force a showdown fight in our city. They didn't want to be forced to defy the Federal Government in their own home towns or home states. They wanted to fight it out in Little Rock and they were out for the kill.

Amis Guthridge, an attorney of the Capital Citizens' Council, went over into Oklahoma to carry the word. He bitterly attacked Faubus as a "do-nothing governor on the segregation issue" and, picking up an old frontier phrase, added, "'There'll be hell on the border' if they try to integrate at Little Rock in September!"

Sitting at my desk and reading newspaper accounts of the activities and defiant words of avid segregationists, I recalled the calculated intolerance with which the Bolsheviki purged Russia of political moderates. I remembered the hysteria and racial bigotry that marked destruction of democratic processes and the seizure of dictatorial power by a Nazi minority in Germany. Yes, these things had happened, but they were past and far away. I looked out the window at the peaceful, prosperous city of Little Rock on a pleasant summer day in 1957. I knew the people in the offices and the homes. I knew they were reasonable and law-abiding, and my ominous thoughts faded like a wisp of fog in the warm sunshine.

Yes, I told myself confidently, *those things happened long ago and far away—but it can't happen here.*

Yet the fireworks had not really started. It was in mid-July that our integration program came under a massive attack backed by segregationists from all over the South—and as superintendent of schools I was the main target. I was denounced at meetings by demagogues imported from other states. I was derided in pamphlets and leaflets filled with hate propaganda and circulated throughout the state. I was bombarded by letters and telephone calls designed to intimidate me and arouse racial prejudice in the city. For example, my mail one morning included a letter from the Rev. Wesley Pruden, Sr., pastor of a small suburban church and later head of the Capital Citizens' Council. I discovered even before I had read the letter that it had been used as the basis for a three-quarter-page advertisement in a local newspaper, which said in part:

Virgil Blossom and
Little Rock School Board

SPEAK UP SO WE CAN HEAR YOU!!!

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A prominent Little Rock minister has asked you publicly the following questions about your race-mixing plans. Come out in the open and let us know in plain words what you are planning to do with our children!

Will Negro boys and girls be permitted to attend the school-sponsored dances? Would Negro boys be permitted to solicit the white girls for a dance?

Will the white girls be forced to take their showers with the Negro girls in connection with their gym classes?

Because of the high venereal disease rate among Negroes, the public is wondering if the white children will be forced to use the same rest rooms and toilet facilities with Negroes?

In the dramatic classes . . . when the script calls for the enactment of tender love scenes, will these parts be assigned to Negro boys and white girls without respect for race or color?

LAWYERS TO WHOM WE HAVE SUBMITTED THESE QUESTIONS AGREE THAT ONCE NEGROES ARE ADMITTED AS STUDENTS, ANY DISCRIMINATION WILL BE ILLEGAL.

JOIN HANDS WITH US, YOUR NEIGHBORS IN THE CITIZENS' COUNCIL, AND HELP STOP IT!

This was but one example of an intense campaign of misrepresentation and of vicious appeal to racial prejudice that was launched that summer, against the school board and me. The board members were all prominent citizens—a surgeon, the chief engineer of a huge steel foundry, an attorney, the head of an outstanding firm of certified public accountants, an eye specialist and the comptroller of a bakery chain. All of them came in for abuse, but I was the main target of the character assassins.

I was attacked as a "carpetbagger" from the North—though I was born in Missouri—and as "a confirmed follower or disciple of the NAACP." Some time later the Monroe, Louisiana, World summed it all up by saying, "It would not be beyond the bounds of reason to suppose that he is a paid agent of this organization [the NAACP]. . . . It was Blossom, and not the Federal Government, the United States Supreme Court, nor the Federal District Court, who instigated integration. . . . It was Blossom and not the Negroes who actually instigated the idea of placing Negroes in that school."

The Rev. J. A. Lovell, a Dallas minister, covered a wider field, when he addressed the Capital Citizens' Council. Advocating "bloodshed if necessary," he was quoted in the press as denouncing the Supreme Court, Eleanor Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, the United Nations and Communism. Race mixing, he added, was "a device by Satan to destroy the fertility of the white man's brain."

One morning I read in the newspaper that segregationists had organized a League of Mothers of Central High School. At their first meeting of about 100 persons, an unidentified man stood up and asked how many volunteers would gather at the high school on opening day to "push back" any Negroes who tried to enter. "And I imagine," he added, "that there are a few shotguns in Little Rock too." But he was greeted with silence and a few moans. Then the president, Mrs. O. R. Aaron, declared the group was opposed to violence and would work "as Christian mothers in a Christian-like way."

Members of the Mothers' League and their spokesman-attorney, Amis Guthridge, attended meetings of the school board in an attempt to get us to abandon our gradual integration plan. When we said we had no choice but to respect the law, they appealed to Governor Faubus to prevent integration. The governor told them he believed the board had acted "under duress"—presumably from the courts or the NAACP or perhaps from me—in regard to integration and that he was under the impression a majority of people were opposed. But he did not commit himself, but said only that he would exercise his "best judgment" when necessary.

Faubus was under increasingly severe segregationist pressure that summer. The heat had first been turned on him in an important way in April when he received a letter—later widely circulated in leaflets—from Robert Ewing Brown, president of the Capital Citizens' Council. This letter was the key to the second main avenue of segregationist attack. It was subtle and clever and highly misleading,

"He passed!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

but it was effectively designed to convince uninformed Southerners that they did not have to obey the law.

The basic point of the letter was a statement by Sen. James O. Eastland of Mississippi, that the Supreme Court decision could be enforced in a school district only if the district lacked the support of the state government in opposing desegregation. It pointed out that the governor of Texas had defied the orders of a Federal judge by sending Texas Rangers to the town of Mansfield to prevent school integration and to send thirteen Negro children "back to their schools. That was the end of the trouble."

The letter then said that the people of Arkansas had approved three segregation proposals on the ballot in 1956, and the legislature had passed four segregation laws; but that the Little Rock School Board, under "domination by its superintendent," was attempting to say that Negroes were to attend the white Central High School in September.

Then the letter put Faubus squarely on the spot: "Under the sovereignty of the State of Arkansas, you can, under our police powers, in order to preserve domestic tranquillity, order the two races to attend their own schools. As the sovereign head of a state, you are immune to Federal court orders. Just why do Negroes need to go to our white school? Governor, as executive head of this state . . . you alone can act on this most serious matter—will you?"

During the summer this theme—that the governor had the power to prevent integration and that he had immunity—was broadcast day after day in leaflets, in newspaper advertisements and in speeches. Letters and telegrams and telephone calls from political personages in eastern Arkansas and other Southern states rained down on the governor's office as a result of a well-organized pressure campaign. Leaflets were everywhere urging citizens to write to the governor, and the same appeal was repeated in flamboyant newspaper advertisements that distorted and misrepresented the facts. For example:

THE PEOPLE OF ARKANSAS VS. RACE-MIXING

Official policy of the State of Arkansas. The power to operate the public schools . . . on a racially separate but substantially equal basis was granted by the people of Arkansas to the government. . . .

Where does the governor stand?

Governor Faubus told us last year that . . . no school district would be forced to race-mix against its will. . . . Now Little Rock . . . and other places have been ordered by courts to race-mix or have been betrayed into a race-mixing policy. . . . When will the governor speak?

Parents! Support the Citizens' Council! A small clique of white and Negro revolutionaries, supported by wealthy tax-exempt foundations, is trying to force RACE-MIXING on the unwilling people of Arkansas . . . on YOUR CHILDREN AND OURS. . . . The black plague of race-mixing must be stopped in Arkansas! It can be stopped by perfectly legal, constitutional methods. . . . Mail contributions now!

As the summer vacation drew toward an end and the opening of school approached, I began to feel that all of the segregationists of the South were beating a path to Little Rock. What we had hoped would be strictly a school administrative matter now was in danger of becoming a political atom bomb that might explode as loudly in Washington as in Little Rock. The campaign of prejudice and politics was being intensified each day.

Now I do not believe for a moment that these demagogic appeals to racial prejudice changed the majority sentiment of the people of Little Rock which supported observance of the law. But the steady pounding of propagandists did have its effect in the month of August. The minority that had never accepted the idea of integration in any form became more determined and more vocal. Those who had been in a neutralist or undecided position tended to retrogress toward the segregationist. And, most important of all, there were those who are always ready to succumb to hysteria at a moment's notice and, by proclaiming their own fears, imaginary or otherwise, add fuel to a fire that might run out of control.

At first the school board and I had attempted to keep the situation under control by answering the published or spoken misrepresentations of our policy but, like denials of an evil rumor, the truth can seldom catch up with the original lie, and the end result often is merely to spread the rumor more widely. Eventually, we decided it was best to make public statements only when it seemed absolutely necessary. This, however, had the effect of turning the initiative over to the segregation extremists, because not only state government officials but the officers of the Federal Government obviously were running away from the unpopular task of enforcing the Supreme Court decisions.

Thus the atmosphere of hysteria grew, and there came to me once more that ominous feeling that we were drifting despairingly into another time and another place where normal, reasonable people were so distracted by demagoguery that they were unable to realize until it was too late that they were surrendering dictatorial power to an extremist minority. But, again, I knew that it couldn't happen here in the city of Little Rock. These people were not sheep, to be swayed by the first cry of panic. All that was needed was a single gesture of firm and courageous leadership in behalf of law and order—and the danger would be gone.

Where that leadership would have to originate was now obvious. The integration of Central High School was no longer a local problem. The segregationist leaders had succeeded in their strategy of building it into a state problem, with repercussions throughout the nation. Governor Faubus had tried desperately to confine integration to a local issue and had promised to support whatever policy was adopted in each school district. But he had wavered and faltered under segregationist pressure and had been maneuvered into a political corner. Now he was the key man and he had to choose. Would he speak out in support of law and order and democratic processes? Would he call out the National Guard if necessary to protect Negro students? Or to prevent integration?

"Where does the governor stand?" the segregationists had demanded. Now the school board also wanted the answer. I decided I had better find out in a hurry.

In next week's article, Mr. Blossom discloses his last-minute pleas for support from the wavering Governor Faubus up to the first day of school. —THE EDITORS

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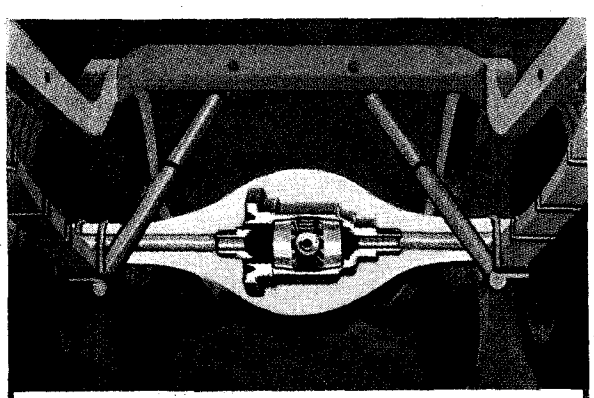

Here's why you GO . . . on ice, in mud or snow. The B-W Spin-Resistant Differential gives each wheel power to match the traction it has. You'll find it's simple, rugged, dependable.

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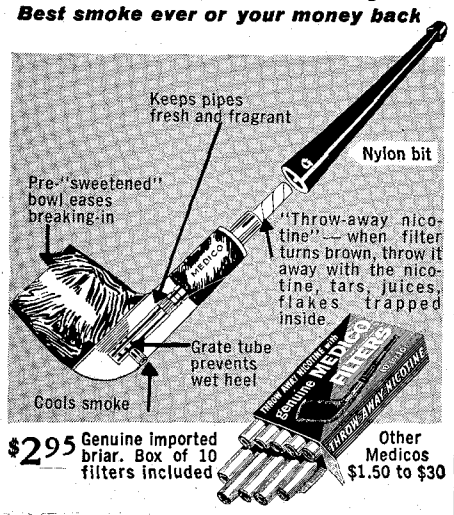
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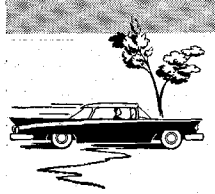

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Keeping Posted

Ambulatory Author

Erle Stanley Gardner, whose famous Perry Mason is unraveling another mystery on page 39, reported recently from his California ranch, "Your letter arrived this morning, and I wanted to have a special picture made this afternoon, but a Federal judge and some prison officials came in for a day's conference. Tonight I'm flying to Tucson at three A.M. Wednesday I have a TV conference in Hollywood; next day I address a law-enforcement group in Fresno; and then I fly to Mexico to inspect mining property."

He said he was sorry not to send the picture and would do better next time.

However, a few days later there arrived from Gardner a new picture of himself at his ranch with a Mexican guest, José Gandara. Several years ago the two had made an expedition into the Mexican wilds, as related in a Gardner book, Neighborhood Frontiers (Morrow). Now they were conferring on a plan Gandara has to enhance Mexican-American understanding by urging tourists to get off the beaten track and into less-traveled country—"Let's get people acquainted with people." Thus Gardner made good on his promise to do better by Keeping Posted—this time.

Erle Stanley Gardner and José Gandara.

So They Were Married

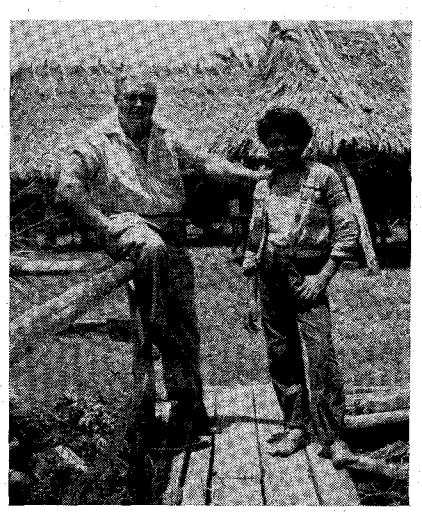
Jake Moon, his family, his trusty guitar.

J. R. Moon, Jr., whose page 24 story is the first he ever wrote, had "a completely unremembered" introduction to Helen, his bride-to-be, when they were little "Army brats" and their parents, who had been friends for a long time, met for a holiday in 1938. The boy and the girl did not meet again until 1950, when Jake Moon went to have his first look at New York before enlisting in the Army. Helen met him at the station, since he had been invited by her parents to stay at their New York home; and—oh, sure—Jake was an Army radio correspondent in Korea until 1953, covering the truce negotiations and the prisoner exchanges. Afterward, in the United States, he wrote and sang—with his guitar—in sixty-five Reserve recruiting shows, and since his discharge in 1954 he has done film-script writing for both civilian producers and the Defense Department, including work on the Army's TV series, The Big Picture. The Moons and their two boys live in a Riverside Drive apartment in Manhattan, with a view of the George Washington Bridge arching over the Hudson. There, in lieu of an open fireplace, their northern windows flicker and glow in the evening "as a zillion headlights move up and down the West Side Highway."

Tales of the Authors

A new husband-and-wife writing team turns up on page 25; **Robert Cahn,** a Post regular, has been joined by **Patricia.** Bob and Pat have seemed so happy together—will they survive this entangling alliance? "Mostly," says Bob, "I hogged the typewriter while Pat sat alongside making suggestions and revising copy. We didn't have any fights—well, at least not many." Anyway, they plan to write separately except when collaboration is especially indicated, as in their portrait of Carolyn Shaw, Washington social counselor. Pat, always helpful in her husband's work, started writing on her own a year ago, and now she's doing fine as Washington correspondent for Women's News Service, appearing in sixty daily papers.

Author **Zachary Ball,** pictured with the Seminole Indian youth deep in the Florida Everglades, neatly blends a profession and a hobby. Besides his short fiction (page 28), Ball writes books for teen-age boys featuring life afloat and ashore in the environs of Miami. So he and a friend frequently go airboating at thirty mph across the vast and lonely water of the Glades. At the remote Indian villages they are welcome, and so are the gifts they bring.



Zachary Ball visits Everglades Indian village.

In 1925 an uncle of **Paul Schubert** died and left him a legacy of $100. This was the only legacy he ever got, but it was enough to make him an incurable camper (see page 20). He spent the $100 on camping gear and made nightly use of it while driving from California to Connecticut in a four-cylinder roadster. Time: twenty-eight days; modern motels: zero.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Why Auto Insurance Costs So Much"

Our annual bill for automobile accidents runs from five to seven billion dollars—and the insurance rates keep soaring.

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